

SEE IT FOR YOURSELF: TWO TICKETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE FOR *the avengers* PAGES THIS SECTION



THE INDEPENDENT

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(1R50p) 45p

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PLUS HEALTH, ARTS, COMMENT AND MEDIA

Blair tells grieving Omagh: 'Any parent would go mad with grief'

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

AS THE TOWN of Omagh went about the melancholy business of preparing to bury its dead, the political and security authorities yesterday began laying plans for dealing with the threat posed by the Real IRA.

In an early move, the Royal Ulster Constabulary arrested five men for questioning about the Saturday afternoon attack which claimed 28 lives. Around a hundred people injured by the blast are still in hospital, eight of them critically ill.

Survivors and the bereaved yesterday continued to tell heart-rending stories of their losses, their ordeals in waiting for news of relatives, and of the shocking sights and sounds both at the scene of the explosion and later in hospitals as doctors and nurses struggled to cope with the casualties.

Two potentially encouraging pieces of news emerged during the day concerning other paramilitary organisations. The Loyalist Volunteer Force, the most volatile of the extreme Protestant groups, let it be known that it did not intend to end its ceasefire to retaliate for the Omagh attack.

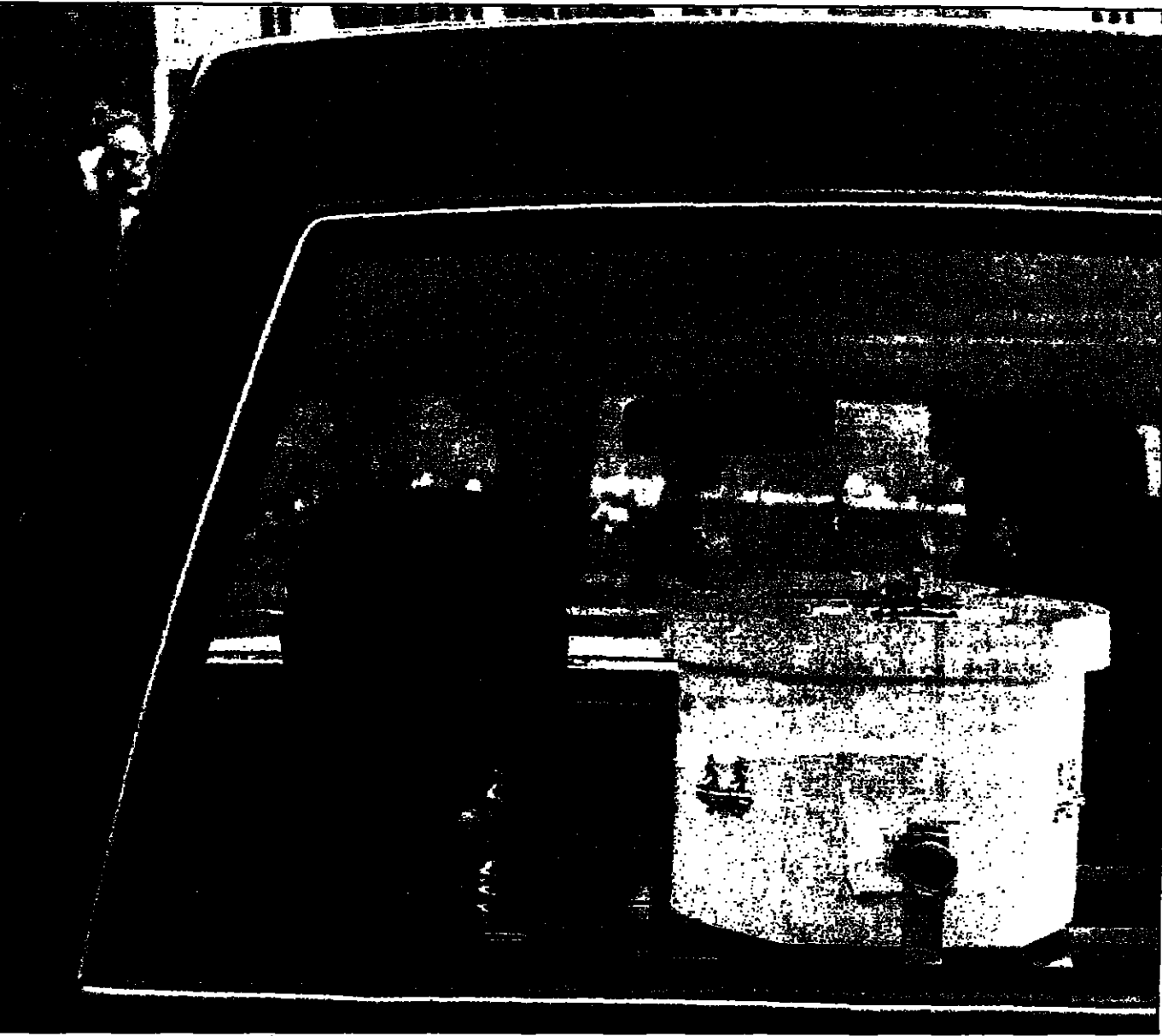
The authorities are hoping that it will keep to its word, although LVF statements are generally treated with caution. The organisation declared a ceasefire some weeks ago, but its commitment and sincerity have yet to be fully tested.

On the republican side, the Irish Republican Socialist Party, the political wing of the Irish National Liberation Army, announced that it had concluded "that there is now no basis for the continuation of armed struggle by Irish republicans". The hope is that this is intended to pave the way for the declaration of an INLA ceasefire which - if genuine - would be welcomed by the authorities as a significant advance. The INLA has been responsible for a series of killings this year, and was suspected of forging an alliance with the Real IRA.

Meanwhile, Tony Blair spent more than an hour visiting 22 people injured in the explosion who are being treated at Belfast's Royal Victoria Hospital. He said afterwards: "It was



A coffin arrives at Tyrone County Hospital in Omagh yesterday, where victims of Saturday's bombing are being treated. Twenty-eight people died in the blast. *Dan Chung/Reuters*



WITH EACH STATISTIC, A TRAGIC STORY

BY LOUISE JURY

BEHIND EACH of the names on the list of the Omagh bomb victims lay the extremities of suffering. Each story becomes a snapshot of ordinary human life that was snuffed out in an instant.

From an 18-month-old baby to a 65-year-old grandmother, the losses spanned the generations and the social divides of Northern Ireland.

There were three generations of one extended family, the teenage school-friends who gave up their weekends to work in a charity shop and the Sunday school teacher due to get married next year.

Three young boys from just across the border in Buncrana died alongside the Spanish teacher and pupil who had come on an exchange. They were in Omagh for the carnival, to get a glimpse of life in Northern Ireland.

In every name on the seemingly endless official list yesterday lay the shattered hopes and dreams of a community - and it was feared, of a nation.

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the most harrowing experience of my life but one of the most inspirational. Relatives told me, 'Bad and all as it is, keep going to get peace'. It's something that will live with me for the rest of my life."

Writing in two Irish newspapers today, the Prime Minister says he would have gone "mad with grief" if his children had been victims in the bombing. "I think as any parent would, of my own sons, or daughter, I know I would go mad with grief should it happen to them."

Books of condolence were opened in Belfast, Dublin and elsewhere, while Omagh District Council met to consider

how to commemorate the victims. Council chairman Sean Clarke, a member of Sinn Féin, moved an expression of sympathy to Unionist councillors who had relatives killed or injured in the explosion.

One councillor, Francis Mackey, is a supporter of the 32 County Sovereignty Movement

- which has been linked to the Real IRA by Mr Blair, the Irish Prime Minister, Bertie Ahern, and the RUC chief constable, Ronnie Flanagan. He categorically denied any connection between the two organisations. Mr Mackey would not use the word condemn when talking about the bombing, adding:

"The situation is that someone came to Omagh last Saturday and planted a bomb."

"We don't know the circumstances. The facts may never be known. The reality is that it took place and it has been a terrible, terrible tragedy."

He confirmed that his son Shane was among those arrested yesterday. He and the others were detained in raids on homes at Mount Joy and Skillecross, near Omagh.

Meetings took place yesterday between Mr Flanagan and the Pat Byrne, commissioner of the Garda Síochána, to discuss a co-ordinated cross-border security response to the bomb-

ing. At a political level, a meeting also took place between Mo Mowlam, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, and the Irish justice minister, John O'Donoghue.

The two ministers said their discussion had concentrated on enhanced border security, an examination of how to make it easier to prove membership of an illegal organisation, and various other legal measures.

Mr O'Donoghue said he was considering amendments to the Offences Against the State Act, the South's main anti-terrorist legislation. Ms Mowlam said she personally was against the use of internment without trial.

Clinton grilled for hours by Starr

ALL POLITICAL life in Washington was on hold yesterday as President Bill Clinton entered the Map Room of the White House to give the testimony that could save or ruin his presidency. He arrived at 12.59, one minute early, and was expected to answer questions for the best part of four hours about his relationship with the former White House trainee Monica Lewinsky.

He is the first American president to testify to a federal grand jury in defence of his own conduct. In two concessions agreed as a condition of his testimony, he was permitted to testify over closed-circuit television from the White House and be accompanied by his lawyers. The questioning was led by Kenneth Starr, the independent prosecutor appointed four years ago to investigate allegations of criminal conduct by the Clintons.

Mr Clinton was expected to amend earlier denials of sexual contact with Ms Lewinsky to admit there was a sexual aspect to their relations. However, he was also expected to stand by previous sworn denials that there was "a sexual relationship" or an "affair", as defined

in earlier legal proceedings. On Sunday Mr Clinton's lead lawyer, David Kendall, issued a statement saying "the truth is the truth. Period. And that's how the President will testify".

According to some accounts, Mr Clinton would be shown videotaped excerpts from the testimony of Ms Lewinsky, who appeared before the grand jury 10 days before, and be asked to respond. Ms Lewinsky, 25, reportedly admitted an affair that involved sexual contact "of a certain kind" but not intercourse. She was also said to have admitted to discussions about how to conceal the relationship but denied Mr Clinton

had exerted any pressure on her to keep it secret.

As Mr Clinton made last-minute preparations for his testimony, some members of his staff described yesterday as "one of the most difficult and painful days" of the Clinton presidency. The mood in the White House was said to be grim, with some officials privately expressing disappointment and a sense of betrayal.

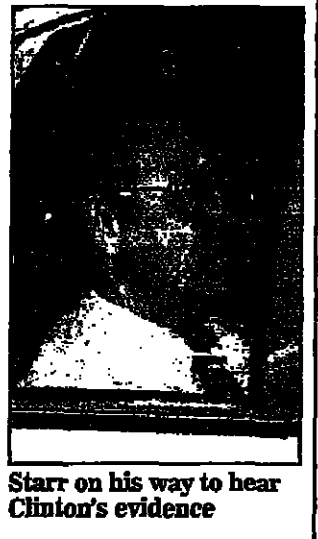
While Mr Clinton's wife and daughter both spent the weekend at the White House with the President, other Clinton allies were conspicuous by their absence, including the Vice-President, Al Gore, who is halfway through a

two-week holiday in Hawaii. Yesterday's showdown was the culmination of an investigation started seven months ago, when a Pentagon employee, Linda Tripp, passed tapes of conversations with Ms Lewinsky to Mr Starr's office.

The tapes, in which Ms Lewinsky recounted in detail an 18-month affair with the President, appeared to contradict sworn denials of an affair by both Ms Lewinsky and the President. Mr Starr's zeal in investigating the sex allegations has led Clinton allies to accuse him of turning a strictly judicial inquiry into a personal and political vendetta.

Moment of truth, page 9

Starr on his way to hear Clinton's evidence



Why Does Your Memory Fail You?

A WORLD-FAMOUS memory expert, who has trained industrialists, trades unionists, businessmen, professional men, salesmen, housewives and students to improve their memories, once said:

"Many people are embarrassed by a poor memory, and find difficulty in concentrating; whilst others realise that they lose business, academic and social opportunities not only because they cannot remember accurately everything they see, hear or read, but also because they cannot think or express their thoughts clearly, logically and concisely. Some seek advice, but many do not, mainly because they believe their memories cannot be improved."

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A bomb's savage legacy: 28 lives snuffed out, hundreds left to mourn

THREE GENERATIONS OF ONE FAMILY

Mary Grimes, 65, of Beragh near Omagh, her daughter Avril Monaghan, 30, and Avril's baby Maura, 18 months, of Aughadarna. Three generations of the same family lost members in the Omagh blast. Mrs Grimes, a mother-of-12, had been on a shopping expedition with her daughter Avril - who was heavily pregnant with twins - and her grand-daughter Maura. Her husband, Michael Grimes - a retired farmer who worked for peace across the sectarian divide - was waiting to welcome his wife home with flowers when the terrible news began to filter through. Neighbours spoke of Mary (left) and Mick Grimes as a couple devoted to each other and to their family. "They're very good people, very religious, very private," one man said. "Mick's a great man for the family. He had a big family and they're all around him now. It's a big loss, but he has great faith and maybe that will see him through this."



Outside the home in Angher - where Avril (left) lived with her 32-year-old husband, Michael, and their three other children - people came to lay down flowers. Michael's brother Brendan shook his head and said: "She was a very, very nice person, everyone will tell you that."

Philomena Skelton, 39, of Drumquin, Co Tyrone. A mother of four, she was on a twice-yearly shopping trip to Omagh when she was caught in the blast, as her daughters tried on school uniforms.

Her husband, Kevin, was in a neighbouring shop when the bomb exploded. "We were only 3ft apart, with just a shop dividing us, yet she was killed and I came out of it with hardly a scratch," he said.

The couple, who were Roman Catholics, met when she was 15 and married four years later. They were due to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary at the end of this month.

Elizabeth Rush, 57, of Omagh.

Elizabeth Rush was killed while serving customers in her pine and cane shop in the town centre.

She was in charge of the shop, which was next door to the busy Cozy Corner pub. Mrs Rush also had a cafe upstairs which was a popular meeting place, especially on Saturdays when it was packed with shoppers taking a break from bargain-hunting.

THE FRIENDS FROM BUNCRANA



The three friends were with the Spanish school group on a visit to the Omagh carnival when they were caught by the bomb. Oran's sister Liza recalled the last time she saw him: "Before he left he came into my room for sweets because he was a bad traveller. He took just two. Any other child would have taken a handful but that is the kind of boy he was, so loving and gentle and generous." Sean's uncle, Michael Doherty, described having to identify his nephew's body: "It was a terrible sight. I just hope that no one ever has to go through the pain of something like this." The image of James's bloodied face symbolised the horror when it was beamed around the world. His mother, Donna-Marie, and her English-born husband, Victor, had moved the family to Ireland from England "to give them a better quality of life". She recalled the last time she saw him: "He was so excited he jumped out of the car before saying goodbye. But he did look back and smile. He had a beautiful smile."



THE TWO BEST FRIENDS

Lorraine Wilson, 15, and Samantha McFarland, 17, of Omagh were best friends who worked as part-time volunteers at the Oxfam charity shop in Omagh.

On Saturday, Samantha (top picture) was in charge of the shop and refused to leave after the bomb scare because she was the key-holder. Lorraine decided to stay with her and the two girls are believed to have died instantly.

A friend said: "The girls died as they had lived, side-by-side."

Lorraine was a pupil at Omagh High School and wanted to be a chef. Samantha was studying A-levels at Strabane College. Lorraine's mother, Anna, said: "They were inseparable and looked forward to Saturdays, when they could be together all day."

She said her daughter wanted to be a chef. "She used to cook our Sunday lunches every week. Now never a Sunday will go by without us missing her and thinking of her." Her father, Godfrey, added: "She was full of fun and energy. She played hockey and went horse-riding and was a great sports person. She will always be loved by us."



Julia Hughes, 23, of Omagh.

Julia Hughes, 23, of Omagh was working at her part-time holiday job in Image Xpress, a photostudio in High Street, when she was told to leave and ran into the full force of the blast.

She had been studying at Dundee University and was home with her parents for the summer holiday. A friend said she was "bubbly and always game for a laugh."

Joleen Marlow, 17, of Eskra near Omagh.

Joleen, who came from 12 miles south of Omagh, was set to decide her future later this week when she was due to learn her A-Level results. She had been doing work experience in the town's Tyrone County hospital where most of the injured were taken after the explosion.

Her younger sister, Nicola, was seriously injured in the blast and was recovering in hospital after surgery. Their parents, Joseph and Bridie, were said to be "broken hearted".

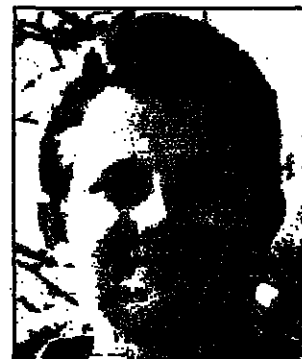
THE GUESTS FROM SPAIN

Rocio Abad Ramos (left), 23, and Fernando Basolga Blasco (right), 12, both of Madrid.

THE TWO Spanish victims were part of a student party from Madrid, the Spanish capital, staying in the borderside town of Bunclara in Co Donegal. Three host schoolboys were also killed and 10 of the Spanish party injured in the blast.

The Bunclara-Spain connection had been in place for more than 10 years and about 20 children and teachers remained in the town yesterday. Father Charlie Creaney, Bunclara's curate, said: "They are not strangers, they are like a second family to many people in this parish."

The relatives of those caught up in the blast were due to arrive in the area last night after being flown in by the Spanish government. Francisco Alvarez-Cascos, Spain's deputy prime minister, also flew into Northern Ireland yesterday.



THE TEENAGERS FROM CARRICKMORE

Gareth Conway, 18 and Brenda Logue, 17 both of Carrickmore.

Brenda (far right) caught the full force of the blast after leaving her mother and grandmother in a shop to see why people were fleeing. The Roman Catholic schoolgirl, who was part of a family with five children, was a talented goalkeeper for a local Gaelic football team. On learning of her death her father, Tommy Logue, said: "I knew all along. I knew because the front of the shop was blown out and nobody could survive that." Gareth had gone into Omagh on Saturday to buy a pair of contact lenses when he was caught up in the explosion. Father Sean Hegarty, the Carrickmore priest, said he was a "happy-go-lucky" teenager and was looking forward to starting a new course at Omagh College of Further Education in September.



THE SHOPPERS

Veda Short, 56, of Gortaclare, Ann McCombe (right), 49, and Geraldine Breslin (far right), 43, of Omagh.

All three women died after they were evacuated from the clothes shop Watterson Bros minutes before the blast. Mrs McCombe's husband, Stanley, dashed home to Omagh from the weekend trip to discover his wife was dead. Yesterday, his eyes red with weeping, he said: "Ann was my wife, and she was my best friend as well. No one could have asked for a happier marriage. The bombers are the scum of the earth and I feel totally numb." Mrs Short lived in Gortaclare, south of Armagh, and worked in Watterson's lingerie department. She leaves a husband, William, one son, three daughters and a grandchild. Mrs Breslin, of Omagh was hit by the full force of the blast as she fled. She leaves a husband, Mark, and their 14-year-old son Gareth. Father John Forbes, a local priest, described Mrs Breslin as "a beautiful woman who was the salt of the earth".



Frederick White, 60, and his son, Brian, 26, of Omagh.

Mr White - known as Fred (above) - was a very active member of the Omagh branch of the Ulster Unionist party who died alongside his 26-year-old son, Brian, who still lived at home with his parents. David Trimble, the party leader visited the family, said: "His death and the death of his son is a tremendous tragedy for me personally. His family are in a terrible state."

Esther Gibson, 36, of Beragh near Omagh. Esther Gibson, who worked in a local clothing factory, had recently become engaged and was due to marry next July. She was a Sunday school teacher for the Rev Ian Paisley's Free Presbyterian Church.

She was known to the Democratic Unionist leader, who said: "She was a very dedicated Christian and a fine children's worker. She was a very fine girl with a good future. This is terrible for the children and the congregation."

She was also related to Oliver Gibson, a DUP Assembly member for West Tyrone.

Kenneth Hawkes, 36, her fiancé, said: "When they killed her, I died with her. I wish I was with her this minute."

They met last year at the local Silver Birches Hotel. Mr Hawkes remembered the exact time they were introduced - 11.45pm.

They got engaged a few months later. He said: "We had an engagement photograph taken and our rings picked out."

Alan Radford, 16, of Omagh.

He was one of the last victims of the bombing to be identified and his family had to endure an agonising wait to Sunday night before his identity was confirmed.

Then his brother, Paul, said: "I didn't find out until tonight that he was probably dead and it wasn't official until we went to the morgue and saw his body."

Mr Radford said it was so cruel that his brother had never been involved in the politics of Northern Ireland and yet had been murdered in such a way.

Aidan Gallagher, 21, of Omagh.

The 21-year-old mechanic had taken a day off work to go on a shopping trip. Michael Gallagher, his father who also lost his brother to terrorism 14 years ago, yesterday recalled his last moments with his son. "He was just the way you would want him to be," he said.

After Mr Gallagher identified his son's body, he went home. "My wife was there and the kids were there and I didn't really have to say anything they knew that it was over."

Olive Hawkes, 60, of Omagh.

Brian McCrory, 54, of Omagh.

Deborah Cartwright, 20, of Omagh.

Brenda Devine, 20 months, of Donemana.

Brenda was killed and her mother, Tracey, left critically injured by the blast.

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Adams gains new image from tragedy

ONE OF the most unusual features of the aftermath of the Omagh bombing has been to hear John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister, and other government ministers paying implicit tribute to Gerry Adams and Sinn Féin.

In their comments, ministers repeatedly pointed out that condemnation of the incident had been universal, by which they meant that, for the first time, Sinn Féin had said the same as all the other parties.

The Sinn Féin statement was faxed to the media under the heading: "Adams condemns Omagh bombing". It said: "Sinn Féin president Gerry Adams, who is breaking off his holiday following the bomb explosion in Omagh, has issued the following statement - 'I am totally horrified by this action. I condemn it without any equivocation whatsoever'."

The significance of this was not lost on ministers, who clearly regard it as a political advance of some note after all the years when Sinn Féin, under great pressure, resolutely refused to issue condemnations.

Opponents of the republi-

By DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

cans will want far more from them than just words. The IRA arms-decommissioning issue has not gone away, and may intensify in the wake of the Omagh atrocity. Unionists are also pressing the IRA and Sinn Féin to declare that their war is over and that republicans will never again resort to arms.

There is also the question of "the disappeared", the dozen or more people that the IRA is said to have killed and secretly buried back in the 1970s. Their families are pressing for disclosure of their whereabouts so that they may be given decent burials, but republicans have yet to impart such information.

The Adams statement obviously did not deal with any of these issues, but it did have the immediate effect of blunting some of the inevitable post-Omagh criticisms of mainstream republicanism.

In the past, ministers would have been in the business of hammering him; this time round he was presented not as

a pariah but as someone who had contributed something useful. He had included himself within society rather than excluded himself from the conventional political world.

His words therefore appear to have so far succeeded in sheltering Sinn Féin from much of the damage that might have been inflicted on it by a refusal to condemn the bombers. But they also have a deeper significance, in that they represent more than the crossing of a purely rhetorical Rubicon.

He has not said that all violence is wrong, he certainly has not said that IRA violence was wrong. But he has indicated that one type of republican violence is wrong, and this in itself represents a huge step in republican ideology.

The condemnation was tactically useful, but it also represents a commitment that cannot now be withdrawn: the "C word" has passed his lips and cannot be unsaid. None of this will have happened on the spur of the moment, for the Sinn Féin leadership is famously cautious.

Its new stance will be of



Two women comfort each other after laying flowers yesterday at the scene of the bomb

Dylan Martinez/Reuters

value to it in the controversies that lie ahead in the peace process. The issue of prisoner releases will be the first of these, for the freeing of the first inmates under the provisions of the Good Friday agreement is due to take place in weeks rather than months.

While many will argue that

these should be placed on hold, Sinn Féin will be insisting they should go ahead as planned. One question is whether there is a danger that any of those released might go off and join the Real IRA. A number of circumstances appear to make this highly unlikely.

The Secretary of State for

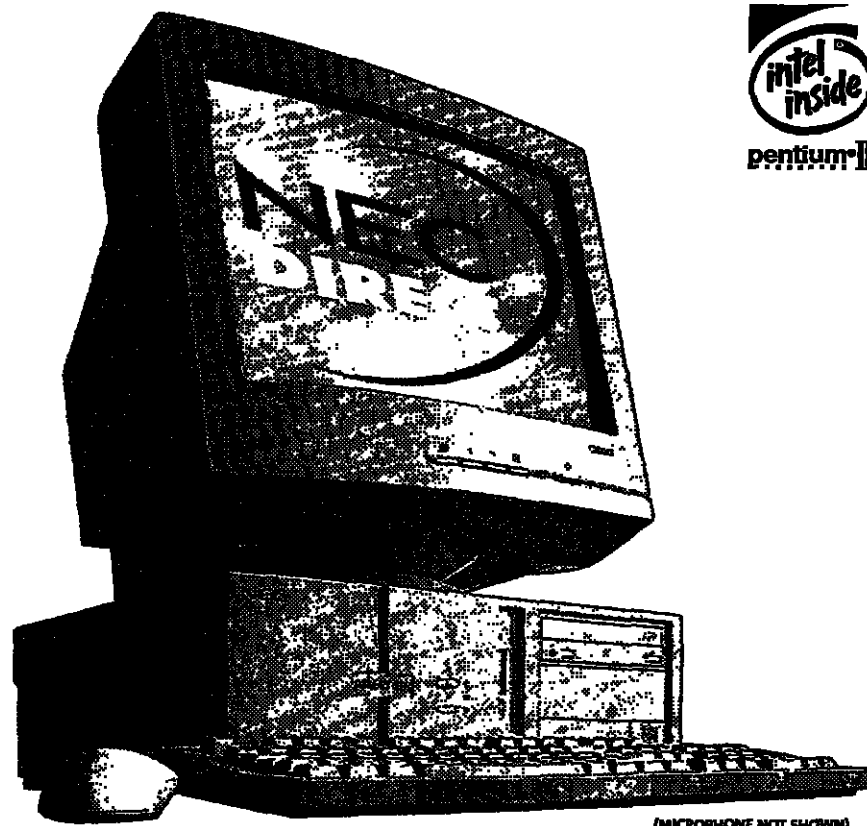
Northern Ireland has a wide discretion to prevent the release of those supporting organisations that are not on ceasefire, which includes the Real IRA. There are in any event no prisoners in Northern Ireland aligned to the Real IRA or its associates, the Continuity IRA, and no strong indications that surreptitious

supporters of these groups lurk within the ranks of mainstream IRA inmates.

Another controversy that will come to a head in the months ahead is that of Sinn Féin's inclusion in the executive, which is to be formed to run the new Northern Ireland Assembly. The party insists

that its numbers in the assembly entitle it to inclusion as of right, but many Unionists will oppose the idea of Mr Adams or his associates taking their place in a new administration. The resolution of the present crisis will help to determine whether Sinn Féin does, in fact, go into government.

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Shopkeepers behind hardline republicans

FOR BERNADETTE Sands-McKevitt it was almost business as usual at her shop, The Print Junction, in the Irish town of Dundalk.

Everyone knows where it is: "Ah, yes, just slip through the alley and then into the new shopping centre," sighs one man in the main street.

For Ms Sands-McKevitt, sister of the IRA martyr Bobby Sands, who died after a hunger strike in 1981 - is vice-chair of the 32 County Sovereignty Committee, the group widely considered to be the political face of the Real IRA.

After widespread allegations that the Real IRA - which calls itself *Oglaigh na hEireann* - was responsible for the bomb, it was perhaps not surprising that Ms Sands-McKevitt, 39, had nothing to say to journalists. "There is a statement from the committee and nothing else," she said. "That is the protocol we have agreed, and I have to abide by that."

The 32 County Sovereignty Committee issued a statement on Sunday saying that it was not

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE
in Dundalk

involved in violence. The group said it was "a political movement, not a military group... We reject any suggestion that our movement was responsible in any way."

Her partner, Michael McKevitt, who is also prominent in the 32 County Sovereignty Movement, was not in the shop yesterday. A leading republican, he was shot in both legs in 1975 in a feud with the Official IRA, and, according to some reports, he was once an IRA quartermaster. He remains under close surveillance.

Ms Sands-McKevitt, her husband and her three young children live in a three-bedroom semi-detached house in Blackrock - a seaside village, five miles south of Dundalk. Mr McKevitt was not at home yesterday and callers were told in no uncertain terms to go away. That the couple have been living in Dundalk for many years is perhaps no coincidence, as the town has a repu-

tation as a stronghold of republicanism. During the 70s, the Garda called it "El Paso", referring to its Wild West reputation, and it was known as a hiding place for men wanted in the North.

There are signs, however, that attitudes are changing. "Everybody is sickened," said Marie Thornton, 52. "I would think even those people who support the IRA would now have doubts. Most people here are just decent."

Decent perhaps, but many of Mr McKevitt's neighbours are now living in fear.

"When I read what happened I just cried," said one neighbour. "I have two young children of my own. I just can't get involved. Sorry."

Another said: "Around here we just keep ourselves to ourselves. That's the way it is."

The same was true in the shopping centre. One woman who has a store next to the printing shop said: "Staff here are terrified. Well wouldn't you be? What with the fear of reprisals."



Bernadette Sands-McKevitt's shop The Print Junction. Right: Michael McKevitt. John Coghill



Blair holds to promise on early release of prisoners

THE EARLY release of terrorist prisoners will go ahead as part of the peace process, in spite of heightened fears of renewed violence in the wake of the Omagh massacre.

The Prime Minister, Tony Blair, returned to France yesterday to resume his holiday after a "harrowing" visit to see victims of the bomb blast in Belfast hospitals, but he told aides that he believed the change in the political climate in Northern Ireland had made the peace process stronger. He is determined to implement in full the deal signed on Good Friday, including prisoner releases, in spite of increased alarm from the victims' families, Ulster Unionists and Tory leaders.

Downing Street said the IRA prisoners who could be released within the next fortnight were not connected to the

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

Real IRA group held responsible for the Omagh bombing.

"Nobody has got any illusions about what the IRA has done but the Prime Minister... is taking the view that [Sinn Féin's president, Gerry] Adams and [Martin] McGuinness are serious about keeping to the path of peace rather than the path of violence. They are signatories to the peace process and that will be implemented in full," Mr Blair's spokesman said. "I don't think the Prime Minister doubts the sincerity of the Sinn Féin condemnation [of the bombing]."

"I would emphasise these people who are responsible for this outrage have got nothing to do with the peace process, or the political process. They

are outside it. They are criminal elements who are outside it... people have given their support for that [peace] agreement. What these people are trying to do is destroy the basis of that agreement."

Downing Street officials said the release of prisoners would depend on the recommendations of the Sentences Review Commission. Mo Mowlam, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, will have the power to stop the release of any who she believes may return to violence.

Mr Blair and the Irish Prime Minister, Bertie Ahern, were awaiting the recommendations of the Royal Ulster Constabulary Chief Constable, Ronnie Flanagan, and the Irish Garda Commissioner, Pat Byrne, with clear signals that they are prepared to legislate if necessary to crack down on the criminals.

Millennium projects short of £330m

AS THE countdown begins today to the last 500 days of the century, a survey by *The Independent* of 40 of the biggest millennium projects around the country has revealed a £330m shortfall in funding.

A group of Labour MPs has called on the Millennium Commission, responsible for other projects across Britain, to "pull their fingers out".

David Taylor, the MP Leicestershire North West, said: "My personal view is that they are dragging their feet. They should pull their fingers out before the projects are lost."

BY ANDREW MULLINS AND CLARE GARNER

Mr Taylor with Dennis Skinner and Paddy Tipping, visited the Millennium Commission to complain of the delays in a plan to provide community facilities in the former coal-fields of the East Midlands.

Hold-ups created by bureaucracy in the Commission, which is not connected to the New Millennium Experience Company, can have a crippling effect on efforts to raise the "partnership funding" for projects which usually has to

match the sum provided by the lottery. "Many of the Millennium Commissions contracts are not thought through and contravene the rules of other potential sources of funds," said a source close to the coal-fields project.

Mr Gary Davis, marketing manager of the National Botanic Garden of Wales, which has a £21m lottery grant from the commission, agrees that any delays can cause problems. "I've heard the phrase 'donor fatigue' quite a lot. There is a lot of competition to find funding at the moment," he said.

Among those projects trying to enliven tired donors is Kew Gardens: a £72m plan to freeze seeds is in need of £28m.

The three largest projects intended to commemorate the millennium account for £55m of the shortfall. They are the Dome and two environmentally-themed schemes, the Earth Centre and the Eden Project.

The Dome (£50m short) needs more sponsors despite the best efforts of Peter Mandelson. The Earth Centre in Doncaster is still to draw £30m of its commission funding because of a failure to raise an

equal sum from other sources. The Eden project had to drop one of the three bio-spheres it had intended to build and it still needs to raise £5m to construct the remaining two.

The Tate Gallery in London needs £20m, the Glasgow Science Centre £20m and the British Museum £9m. The Wales millennium centre in Cardiff will open without a £20m museum. Portsmouth Harbour needed £5.6m until a recent decision to scale down plans.

A spokeswoman for the Millennium Commission admitted that a third of projects were

still in initial stages of planning and had yet to be discussed in detail. "We are confident that the projects can find the money," she said. "There is only £80m which is what we would call 'unsourced'."

She said that, for money to be "sourced", a donation has to be only under consideration by a benefactor. In other words, the millennium project managers have yet to identify any potential source for £80m.

A spokeswoman for one project, who was reluctant to be identified, said: "Initial optimism about finding matching funding

doesn't always materialise."

In response to Mr Taylor's comments, the spokeswoman said: "We are custodians of public money and we think it is important to be prudent and be careful; there would be much more criticism if we weren't."

The Department of Culture, Media and Sport refused to comment.

■ Peter Mandelson has yet to persuade a single business to sponsor the "spirit zone" of the Millennium Dome, the area which is devoted to religion.

The New Millennium Experience Company is still trying

to raise the £12m needed for the most controversial of the 14 zones. Church leaders argue that it should be a forum for the celebration of the birth of Jesus, while members of other religions have questioned why Christianity should be centre stage. Mr Mandelson has promised it will be multi-faith.

A spokeswoman for the New Millennium Experience Company yesterday confirmed the lack of funding but added: "We are still a long way off and we've raised well over £100m. That's the largest amount raised for a single event in this country."



Liam Evans gets a cuddle from his mother, Ruth, after his return home

Jon Hodgson/Reuters

Alone and starving, toddler's 3 nights on remote hillside

THE TODDLER who was rescued from a mountainside after going missing with his grandfather may have spent three nights alone in the remote spot alongside his dead relative, it emerged yesterday.

Liam Evans, aged 13 months, was in "remarkable condition", doctors said, but could not have lasted much longer without food or drink.

Ruth Evans, Liam's mother, cuddled him yesterday as she told how the family feared that they might never see him again. But she said the relief was coloured with sadness that Liam's grandfather, Gwilym, 61, was dead.

Mr Evans's wrecked car was spotted on Sunday where it had left the road near the Horseshoe Pass in North Wales, three days after he offered to look after the little boy for a short period and then disappeared.

As police tried to piece together Mr Evans' last moments before the crash, Liam was discharged from Glan Clwyd Hospital near Abergel.

Speaking for the first time since her son was found, Mrs Evans, 28, said: "He was

BY LOUISE JURY

bewildered. He was very, very dirty and he was a bit unsure of what was going on. He just wanted a hug from everybody."

On Sunday, family members had endured "one of the lowest points" when they thought Liam might be dead, she added.

"We went through every emotion possible. There was hope and despair. But now we just want to get him home and be with the rest of the family and enjoy it, but also grieve."

Liam was found on a hillside 40 miles from his home in Old Colwyn by a 10-year-old boy Matthew Williams.

Dr Duncan Cameron, the consultant paediatrician who tended Liam, said he was doing remarkably well, considering what he had suffered. He showed signs of exposure and was grubby and distressed, but had been wide awake.

"It remains uncertain how long he has been out. He clearly shows signs of being out in the open and there were signs of dehydration," the doctor said.

"His condition is possibly consistent with it being two to three days, but we can't be precise.

"He must be a very tough kid. There were just a few cuts and scratches where he had been scrambling around in the heather," Dr Cameron said.

Liam was so healthy he could probably have survived a while longer, but a child enduring a fourth or fifth day without food or drink would become sick, he said.

Although the boy would have been aware of his ordeal, Dr Cameron said he would probably recover psychologically quickly because of his young age.

A post-mortem examination revealed that Mr Evans died from a fractured skull that could have been caused by a road accident some time between Thursday night and Friday.

Detective Superintendent Eric Jones said Liam appeared to have been left unattended by the crash after the car careered 150 yards down the slope and stopped on the edge of a 200ft precipice.

His survival was "a freak of nature", Det Supt Jones said. "Somebody must have been looking after Liam."

The police are still treating the incident as an accident.

Merger mistake misled markets

FORGET THE economic slump and the plunging yen, the Japanese stock exchange is now faced with a much more serious threat: the Press Association (PA) news agency.

The British wire service became a household name in Asian financial circles yesterday when it prompted the shutdown of trading in Glaxo Wellcome shares.

The story which sent the normally unflappable bosses of the Tokyo market scurrying for cover was a short item,

BY FRANCESCO GUERRARA

which ran on Sunday, suggesting that Glaxo, one of the blue-chips of the Tokyo market, had resumed talks on a £105bn merger with another drug giant, SmithKline Beecham.

Negotiations between the two companies broke down in February amid rumours of a bitter clash of personalities between Glaxo's boss, Sir Richard Sykes, and his SmithKline Beecham counterpart, the former tennis star Jan Leschly.

But now, according to PA, the deal was being revived. Under the headline: "Glaxo Wellcome merger with SmithKline Beecham back on", the news agency explained that the two were set to merge, although the tie-up would probably be delayed until Mr Leschly's retirement in three years' time.

The two companies denied the story immediately, saying that absolutely nothing had changed since February.

The denials did little to deter the Japanese authorities who

latched on to a translation of the PA story on the Nikkei news wire and ordered the suspension of Glaxo shares for the whole of yesterday's session.

What Tokyo failed to notice was that the PA article was toned down during Sunday, going from "merger back on" to a more cautious "merger just a question of time" headline. And the London stock exchange seemed also to catch the mood. Traders yesterday sent Glaxo shares 41p higher at 1,906p, with SmithKline up 10p at 693p.

Odds look good for Leeson after bowel operation

DOCTORS HAVE given Nick Leeson, the rogue trader, a 70 per cent chance of surviving for another five years, after finding that the colon cancer diagnosed earlier this month has not spread to his lymph nodes.

Surgeons in Singapore removed a tumour after examining the former futures trader. Yesterday they said his condition was not as serious as had been feared.

As a result, Leeson - who is serving a six-and-a-half-year sentence for the financial scams that brought down Britain's oldest merchant bank, Barings Bank, in 1995 - will not need chemotherapy. However he faces a 30 per cent chance of his cancer recurring within the next two years, said his London solicitor Stephen Pollard.

Bowel cancer is the second major cause of cancer death in this country with about 50 people dying every day and about 30,000 people developing the disease each year.

Caught early the cure rate is as high as 90 per cent, but if colon cancer spreads to the lymph nodes, the survival rate goes down to 50 per cent.

Leeson was moved from his cell in Changi Prison, Singapore to a secure ward in a public hos-

BY GLENDA COOPER
Social Affairs Correspondent

pital earlier this month after suffering acute stomach pains. He was diagnosed as having cancer of the colon on 5 August.

Four days later, surgeons at the hospital removed a tumour from Leeson's colon, and cut out part of his large intestine. Further examinations were made to determine whether the cancer had spread, and if more operations would be needed.

"The further diagnostic steps to be taken following Nick Leeson's operation... have now been completed," said Mr Pollard yesterday.

"The surgeon believes that the cancer has, happily, not spread to the lymph nodes. No chemotherapy will therefore be necessary."

"This prognosis is not as good as we had hoped, nor as bad as we had feared, and Mr Leeson's family awaits keenly the decision on his possible early release."

Leeson's lawyers have applied on compassionate and medical grounds for him to serve out the remaining four years of his sentence in a British jail.

Mentally-ill 'kept in prisons too long', says report

MENTALLY ILL prisoners face "entirely unacceptable" delays of up to two years before being transferred to hospital, the Chief Inspector of Prisons said yesterday.

Urgent action was needed to treat prisoners in need of mental health care, warned Sir David Ramsbotham, who said the situation at Long Lartin prison in Worcestershire was a "very serious problem".

At Long Lartin - which has housed some of Britain's most dangerous criminals including Reggie Kray, Jeremy Bamber and Michael Sams - eight inmates were waiting to be transferred.

These included one patient who had been on the waiting list for the high security hospital, Broadmoor, since August 1996. Another inmate had been waiting since January last year, but had been told he was unlikely to move until the end of this year and a patient referred to Rampton Hospital in October 1997 had still not been assessed in mid-April 1998, said the chief inspector.

Sir David, who carried out an inspection of the jail in April, blamed a shortage of NHS beds. "This situation was entirely unacceptable," said Sir

BY GLENDA COOPER
Social Affairs Correspondent

David in his report to the Home Secretary, Jack Straw.

The National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders supported the chief inspector's call. "Holding mentally ill offenders in prison is inhumane," said Paul Cavadi- no, principal officer for NACRO.

Mr Cavadi- no said that research showed that a fifth of sentenced prisoners and a quarter of remand prisoners were mentally disturbed.

The number of prisoners in England and Wales transferred from prison to mental hospitals has risen from 180 in 1987 to 750 in 1997. The Prison Service said this was because prison doctors were being encouraged to identify people who needed mental help, along with an increase in NHS places to treat them.



Get two tickets for the price of one to see The Avengers

The Independent & Independent on Sunday, Warner Bros and Odeon Cinemas have joined forces to offer you the chance to get two tickets for the price of one to see it for yourself.



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To claim your ticket simply cut out The Independent token from the panel below. Attach it to the voucher that you saved from The Independent on Sunday (16 August) or save The Independent token and attach it to the same voucher panel which will appear again in this week's Independent on Sunday (23 August). Then present the complete voucher at the box office. The voucher will entitle you to one complimentary standard Odeon ticket for 'The Avengers' when purchasing another ticket for the same performance of the film. The value of the free ticket can only be equal to or less than the value of the paid for ticket. This voucher is only valid from Monday 24 August onwards for the duration of the film release.

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Wanted
a
in
the
city

likely to drop out. The initiative from the Higher Education Funding Council is also designed to bring in more Muslim

A consultation document from the council outlining the new scheme accepts that middle class students tend to do

Universities will be expected to set targets to increase recruitment from these groups

ditional students. The money is to take into account the additional costs incurred, for ex-

Universities will be invited to put in bids for extra students

by the council yesterday aims to encourage universities to put a greater emphasis on teaching.

education, and encouraging participation of under-represented groups."

It prepares people to be herbalists, teaching conventional pharmacology and biology alongside an analysis of herbal remedies. Conventional diagnosis is taught alongside how to spot disorders using herbalist techniques.



SADLER'S WELLS, London, a theatre which is funded by the National Lottery, is to ban smoking from the bar and auditorium when it reopens on 12 October. Performers and staff will have a specially designated room to smoke in.

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July 11 1998

Media: The Sun newspaper forced to apologise after it manipulates a photograph to remove image of disabled woman

'Would you want a wheelchair in a picture of the England cricket team?'

THE SUN newspaper is to apologise to a woman who uses a wheelchair and her husband after it obliterated her from a photograph of England's cricket victory at Headingley and replaced her with a black smudge.

Shelley Anne Emery was photographed by Reuters news agency as she celebrated with England after their Test match series win last Monday against the South African cricket team. But when the photograph was published in *The Sun* the following day, Mrs Emery had disappeared, although the whole photograph was used.

Mrs Emery's husband, Stephen, shown on the left of the photograph with short hair and a goatee beard, was not blotted out.

Mr Emery said that the couple had enjoyed a good day out at Headingley, Leeds. He fought to get his wife through to the front of the crowd to see the presentation of the trophy, and they had achieved a good position more or less behind bowler Darren Gough. In the original photo Mrs Emery looked happy. Apart from the general euphoria, she had just been given a glass of champagne by England's other leading bowler, Angus Fraser.

"My husband noticed the picture first, and didn't mention it to me because he didn't want to upset me," said Mrs Emery. "I'm putting a brave face on it, but obviously I'm disgusted. There are no words for it."

Deeply hurt by the censored photo, Mrs Emery's husband phoned *The Sun's* sports desk to find out why his wife had been struck out. He was told: "Why should someone in a wheelchair be in a photo of the England cricket team?"

Mr Emery said that the photograph was bad enough, but the comment added insult to injury.

The Sun's sports editor, Ted Chadwick, insisted yesterday that the decision to remove Mrs Emery from the picture was not prompted by a desire to keep disabled people out of the pages of the newspaper. "The picture was modified for

BY JANE ROBINS
Media Correspondent

page design purposes ... and there is no policy to remove people in wheelchairs from pictures, we would never dream of it," he said.

He added, however, that the paper would be sending a letter of apology to Mrs Emery.

The Emerys will now take their case to the Press Complaints Commission, whose code of practice states that newspapers "must take care not to publish inaccurate, misleading or distorted material, including pictures".

The alteration of pictures in such a way is deplored by most in the industry. "If someone made a person disappear from a photo, it would cost him his job here, definitely," said Horst Faas, European picture editor at Associated Press. "And if we found out that a stringer doctored his photos we would never use him again."

But on-screen editing has made it far easier to change pictures than in the old days of dark rooms and airbrushes. "You can move a soccer ball about, put it in the goal when it wasn't there. You can make things appear and disappear, or take several pictures and construct an entirely new one," Mr Horst said.

Reuel Golden, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, said: "Someone straight out of college can learn to do these things with just a week or two of training on an Apple Mac," he said.

There is growing pressure for any picture that has been significantly altered to be labelled clearly when it is published.

The Emerys' case is the latest in a number of high-profile instances in which newspapers have altered photographs. *The Guardian* last year "improved" its budget photograph of the Chancellor Gordon Brown holding up his red box, by removing one of the young workers at Mr Brown's side. The editor, Alan Rusbridger, published an apology the next day.

Before last year's general

election, the London *Evening Standard* doctored a photo of John Prescott, now the Deputy Prime Minister, so he appeared to be drinking champagne rather than beer. The editor, Max Hastings, apologised to Mr Prescott saying: "I deplore any alteration of photographs in this way."

Media section,
Review, pages 13-16



The original Reuters agency picture (left), with Shelley Anne Emery, far left. On the right is the version altered by the Sun

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White House sex case: Clinton starts testifying on details of his relationship with the most famous intern in history

The President meets his Prosecutor

AT 12.59 yesterday afternoon President Bill Clinton walked from the Oval Office to the Map Room of the White House for a confrontation that could end his presidency.

Mr Clinton was expected to spend all afternoon - around four hours - answering questions from the independent prosecutor, Kenneth Starr, and his team in what had been widely billed the end-game of his seven-month criminal investigation.

The investigation, which has polarised American public opinion and led to talk of a personal vendetta between the President and the prosecutor, concerns allegations that Mr Clinton lied under oath about an affair with a former White House trainee, Monica Lewinsky, and put pressure on her to lie about it also.

Ms Lewinsky, who gave her own testimony 10 days ago after negotiating complete immunity from prosecution, reportedly admitted to an affair, but denied instructions from Mr Clinton to lie.

There was speculation from early yesterday that Mr Clinton would go on television some time during the evening to present his case directly to the American public. The White House spokesman, Mike McCurry, tried to dampen speculation by insisting that no decision would be taken until after Mr Clinton had completed his testimony.

He did confirm, however, that Mr Clinton's personal lawyer, David Kendall, would issue a brief statement.

Mr Clinton began his testimony at 12.59pm. He had his three personal lawyers with him and the proceedings were relayed live, amid ultra-high security, to the grand jury at the Washington courthouse 10 blocks away.

As part of the terms for his agreement to testify, Mr Clinton had been permitted to testify on closed-circuit television from the White House rather than submit to the indignity of attending the courthouse in person.

The atmosphere around the White House was fraught. In the rabbit-warren of the press

BY MARY DEJEVSKY
in Washington

room, luminaries of the White House press corps disputed the merits of Mr Clinton's case and his survivability. Have presidents always lied and got away with it?

Are the Nineties more invasive or less forgiving than the Sixties? Should a president serve as a national paragon of morality?

In a poignant reminder of what might have been, copies of Mr Clinton's original agenda for Monday 17 August were still in reporters' pigeon-holes: he was due to have left Washington at 7.30am for his holiday on Martha's Vineyard.

In the main part of the White House, the presidential offices



Lewinsky greets Clinton at a White House ceremony

and quarters were reported to be quiet as the President held last-minute meetings with his advisers, among them his Chief of Staff, Erskine Bowles, and his National Security Adviser, Sandy Berger.

The previous evening he prayed with the civil-rights leader the Rev Jesse Jackson, who has been something of a spiritual adviser to Mr Clinton since the Lewinsky allegations broke in January.

Mr Jackson, effectively confirming that Mr Clinton would amend his earlier denials to admit some sort of sexual activity with Ms Lewinsky, told reporters that the President was

"embarrassed" by the case, but that his wife, Hillary, and daughter, Chelsea, were standing by him and that his marriage would survive.

"Hillary has had to face the humiliation of it all. But then, she is mature and they are in love and their marriage will survive this," he told the CNN channel.

Mr Jackson's comments seemed intended to counter earlier reports that the President was alternately depressed and angry and that relations between the First Couple were tense.

A plethora of reports over the weekend had said that Mr Clinton was preparing to admit to an "inappropriate" relationship of some kind with Ms Lewinsky, while insisting that he had not perjured himself in earlier denials.

The multitude of legal and political commentators in Washington inclined to the view that, while legally tenable, this could prove difficult.

Over the months successive Clinton loyalists, including his communications director, Ann Lewis, a senior adviser, Rahm Emanuel, and the White House counsel, Paul Begala, have all told the press, in variations of Ms Lewis's words, that "sex is sex, even in Washington", and that Mr Clinton's denials meant what they said.

The President's most celebrated denial - on television to the American public - that he did "not have sex with that woman, Ms Lewinsky", could therefore prove his greatest liability.

Despite fevered speculation over the past week, however, Mr Clinton's popularity ratings have held up well. While a growing majority of people (70 per cent) believe that he did have a sexual relationship with Ms Lewinsky and lied about it, the same proportion - the highest on record - say they approve of his performance as president.

Each day brings forecasts - the latest from Andrew Kohut, of the Pew Research Centre - that these figures could rapidly turn against Mr Clinton. But they have not done so yet.

Susan Karlin, Review, page 4



Kenneth Starr leaving home yesterday on his way to hear Clinton's testimony

Khue Bui/AP

Monica keeps a low profile

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

WHILE PRESIDENT Bill Clinton sought to explain himself yesterday, the woman at the centre of the storm, Monica Lewinsky, has dropped out of sight.

She was assumed to be in California with her family. Doubtless she was eager to see what her ex-boss had to say. There cannot be many people who have had their office affairs exposed in quite this way, with speculation on the nature of her sexual activity debated in the media and made the subject of jokes around the world.

Ms Lewinsky's first lawyer, William Ginsburg, thought it good for her to have a relatively high profile. He arranged for her to do a photo shoot for Vanity Fair, appearing in one shot only in purple feathers. After he was dropped, her new legal team took her out of the public eye. Since then, she has barely been seen in public.

Her image, however, has become a daily feature in papers and on television. While the President will find it tricky to recover from the scandal surrounding their relationship, Ms Lewinsky will find it harder.

She has been taped by her "friend" Linda Tripp, has given evidence to the grand jury and been profiled by nearly every magazine and newspaper. On the tapes, she described herself as a liar. Her sexual habits with the President and other boyfriends have been revealed and questions have been raised over how she got jobs after she left the White House. Her name and reputation have suffered, and, unlike the President, she cannot take refuge in the fact that in two years she can step down and return to private life.

THE LEWINSKY CHRONICLES: HOW THE STORY UNFOLDED

June 1995: Monica Lewinsky begins work at the White House as an unpaid intern.

April 1996: Lewinsky begins working at the Pentagon where she meets Linda Tripp (right), who secretly taped telephone conversations in which Lewinsky said she had an affair with Clinton. According to transcripts released by Newsweek magazine, Lewinsky tells Tripp: "I was brought up with lies all the time ... that's how you got along ... I have lied my entire life."

28 December 1997: Lewinsky reportedly visited the White House for the last time.

7 January 1998: Lewinsky denies a sexual relationship with Clinton in an affidavit for the Paula Jones sexual harassment case.

12 January: Tripp turns over to prosecutors 20 hours of surreptitiously taped telephone conversations with Lewinsky.

16 January: Attorney General Janet Reno (below) secretly grants independent counsel Kenneth Starr authority to investigate the Lewinsky relationship.

17 January: In a six-hour deposition for the Jones case, Clinton denies he had a sexual relationship with Lewinsky. The definition of sexual relations in the Paula Jones case: "... a person engages in 'sexual relations' when the person knowingly engages in, or causes contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual

desire of any person. 'Contact' means intentional touching, either directly or through clothing." Clinton says in his testimony: "I have never had sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky. I've never had an affair with her."

17 January: Internet gossip columnist Matt Drudge (above) posts the Lewinsky sex allegations on the World Wide Web.

21 January: The Lewinsky allegations are published by major news media including The Washington Post, which reported that Starr is investigating the sex and perjury allegations.

26 January: Lewinsky's lawyer submits to Starr a proffer (formal offer outlining her testimony to the grand jury). Clinton says: "I'm going to say this again: I did not have sexual relations

with that woman, Miss Lewinsky. I never told anyone to lie, not a single time."

27 January: Clinton's secretary Betty Currie testifies as first witness in Starr's probe of Lewinsky matter. Hillary Clinton appears on the NBC Today show to defend her husband. Asked what should happen if a President was found to have had an adulterous liaison in the White House and lied to cover it up, she says: "I think that if all that were proven true, I think that would be a very serious offence."

10-11 February: Lewinsky's mother, Marcia Lewis, (right) testifies for more than six hours to the grand jury.

5 March: Lewinsky's lawyer, William Ginsburg, argues before a federal judge that Starr's office

had made and retracted an offer of immunity for Lewinsky in return for her testimony.

10 March: Former White House volunteer Kathleen Willey (right) gives testimony before the grand jury.

15 March: Willey appears on national television and alleges Clinton made a pass at her and groped her in a 1993 encounter at the White House.

1 April: Federal Judge Susan Webber Wright dismisses Jones sexual harassment suit against Clinton.

29 April: News media disclose Federal Judge Norma Holloway Johnson's ruling that Lewinsky had no agreement with Starr that would give her immunity from prosecution.

15 May: Appeals court rejects Lewinsky's claim that she had

an immunity deal with Starr's office.

2 June: Lewinsky fires Ginsburg and hires veteran Washington lawyers Jacob Stein and Plato Cacheris; talks resume with Starr's prosecutors for immunity deal.

17 July: Starr's office issues subpoena for Clinton's testimony.

17 July: Three secret service agents testify before the grand jury, marking the first time in US history such personnel have been forced to testify before a grand jury about their observations of a president's activities, while guarding him.

23 July: President Clinton's top bodyguard Larry Cockell (right) testifies before the grand jury.

28 July: Lewinsky gets deal for broad immunity from prosecution in exchange for her full testimony, as does her mother.

29 July: Clinton agrees to testify voluntarily to grand jury on 17 August; Starr's team withdraws subpoena.

31 July: Clinton says: "I am looking forward to the opportunity of testifying. I will do so completely and truthfully." Paula Jones (above) asks the appeals court in St Louis to reinstate her sexual harassment case against Clinton.

6 August: Lewinsky testifies to grand jury. Sources close to the case say she testified that she had sex with Clinton and they discussed keeping the affair quiet but he never explicitly told her to lie about it.

ANDREW MARSHALL
AND REUTERS

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Economic crisis: Russians queue to buy US dollars while opposition politicians warn of the nation going bankrupt

Yeltsin under fire as rouble is devalued

AFTER ASSURING Russians last week that their currency was safe, the government effectively devalued the rouble yesterday by raising the ceiling of its exchange rate against the dollar.

The measure, calmly announced by the Prime Minister, Sergei Kiriyenko, was met with howls of protest from opposition politicians who spoke in dramatic terms of the people's trust running out and of the country finally going bankrupt. Queues built up at banks as Russians tried to buy dollars, though there were no reports of any unrest.

The *de facto* devaluation, part of a package to "defend the national economy", was agreed at a meeting between Mr Kiriyenko, Anatoly Chubais, Russia's negotiator with the International Monetary Fund, and Boris Yeltsin at the President's country mansion, Rus, on Sunday.

Mr Yeltsin broke his holiday to see his Prime Minister again in the Kremlin yesterday and, a few hours after the meeting, it was announced that the country's chief tax inspector, Boris Fyodorov, was being promoted to the post of Deputy Prime Minister.

The government's economic defence package widened the corridor in which the Central Bank supports the rouble to a range from 6 to 9.5 to the dollar. At the end of the day yesterday, having observed the markets, the Central Bank set a rate of 6.43 roubles to the dollar for today.

The government also imposed a three-month moratorium on the payment of rouble-denominated foreign debts, though it called this "restructuring", not "default". Moscow also banned foreigners from investing in short-term treasury bills.

BY HELEN WOMACK
in Moscow

Briefing reporters, the Prime Minister, in office only since the spring, admitted the measures were "harsh and radical" but promised Russians that they would not lead to inflation. On the contrary, Mr Kiriyenko said, faced with economic crisis, the government had had to choose between "inflationary politics" and adopting these tough policies. "We are balancing the budget without inflation," he said.

The Finance Minister,



Sergei Kiriyenko: 'Harsh and radical' measures

Mikhail Zadornov, said the moratorium on debt payments would help the state to meet its obligations to workers and pensioners.

And the head of the Central Bank, Sergei Dubinin, explained that the government was trying to help domestic producers and punish financial speculators who have been fleeing from Russian markets.

The measures would "put an end to the period when one of the most profitable enterprises in Russia has been financial speculation", Interfax news agency quoted him as saying.

The latest Russian crisis began last week when the billionaire fund manager, George Soros, suggested that the rouble should be devalued by 15-25 per cent. In the market panic that ensued, Mr Soros was reported to have made a profit of \$107m by currency trading.

To calm the hysteria, the government ministers swore there would be no devaluation.

"It will not happen - I say that firmly and clearly," President Yeltsin himself declared during a trip to Novgorod last Friday.

So it was with undisguised glee that opposition politicians yesterday accused the government of betraying the people's trust.

"Yeltsin said there would be no devaluation," crowed his arch-enemy, the Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov. "Now comes this blow to the poorest. Prices will jump. All but the biggest banks will collapse. This is final bankruptcy."

The end of the world was also nigh in the view of Nikolai Ryzhkov, a former Soviet-era premier who now heads the leftist People's Power group in the State Duma, or Lower House.

"The crack has occurred, this is the convulsion of the economy," he pronounced.

Such comments were a foretaste of the outburst that can be expected from parliamentary deputies when they meet for an extraordinary session on Friday and there were suggestions that Communist and nationalists might push for a vote of no-confidence in the government.

Other Russian politicians were more measured. Even the ultra-nationalist enfant terrible, Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, while accusing the government of "drawing its calculations on sand", called for calm. "The



Lenin overlooks the market in Moscow's Central Luzhniki Stadium. Yesterday Russians queued to buy US dollars

main thing is to avoid the rouble's free fall," he said.

The economist, Pavel Bumin, said the government's measure was a devaluation, whether it liked to call it that or not, but a "controlled devaluation".

The stabilisation package was welcomed by Russia's top 12 banks, which described it as

an "appropriate" response to the economic crisis.

Yegor Stroyev, head of the Federation Council, or Upper House of parliament, also voiced support, saying that "in critical moments, unconventional approaches are required". Perhaps the most perceptive comment came

from Gennady Seleznyov, the Speaker of the Duma and a moderate Communist. "To be honest, I fear that ordinary people will panic," he said.

For in this crisis, psychology is as important as reality. Ordinary Russians have been cheated by the state many times before and are still not

very literate in the ways of capitalism. Yesterday they stood in line, as once they queued for bread, desperate to buy dollars.

Business, page 12
Leading article,
Review, page 3
Norman Stone,
Review, page 4

Reform must be fast, warns IMF

THE AMERICAN administration and the International Monetary Fund urged Russia to act without delay on economic reforms yesterday to bolster investor confidence after the decision to devalue the rouble.

"It is critically important that the Russian authorities move quickly to take actions to restore confidence," the US Treasury Secretary, Robert Rubin, said.

Stressing that "the United States and the international community have a great stake in successful Russian economic reform", Mr Rubin said it would be vital for the IMF to work with Russian officials to find appropriate ways to support the country's recovery.

Mr Rubin made no mention of whether Washington would be prepared to support further Western aid to Russia.

Michel Camdessus, IMF managing director, said the organisation would immediately examine steps taken by the Russian government to stabilise plunging financial markets. Russia should hold to the policies that had formed the backbone of the IMF rescue efforts, such as stepping up efforts to rake in taxes. The IMF threw Russia a \$23bn (£14bn) lifeline only four weeks ago.

In Bonn, the German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, expressed concern over the devaluation, but said Germany thought any negative impact could be mitigated through careful economic policies.

Stock markets in countries such as Germany, with big stakes in the Russian economy, dipped on the news, though the German Dax stock index later recovered.

The German Finance Minister, Theo Waigel, warned that Russia's plan to control capital flows must not jeopardise the trend toward open capital markets. "Under no circumstances must the fundamental liberalisation of capital movement be questioned," he said.

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Wise woman survives in the land of fools

"STRANA DURAKOV" - the Land of Fools. Partly from affection but more from despair, this is how Russians themselves often describe their logical, suffering country. If it is true that so many of Russia's problems have been caused less by evil than by stupid people, then it is a joy to meet a freethinker such as Natalya Sokolova.

In the Soviet period, she was a minor dissident whom I would have met on the street, all the time looking over my shoulder for the KGB. However hard life is in Russia now, at least that fear has gone and I can drop in to her flat for tea and a chat.

Natalya lives in very poor circumstances. To feed her five children, she sells books on the street, in 30 degrees of heat or 30 degrees of frost, regardless. The walls of her flat are decorated with newspaper because she cannot afford wallpaper.

On my last visit, the only food visible in the kitchen was a white loaf on the table and a pan of beans on the hob.

But the children are creatively occupied, drawing or listening to music. A gorgeous black cat, rescued from superstitious neighbours who kicked it out because they thought it was unlucky, sleeps in a corner. There is a sense of purpose here and I never feel pity in this home, only respect.

A biologist by training, Natalya used to perform experiments on the brains of dogs in the same institute that preserved the brain of Lenin. That was her day job. By night, she typed out carbon copies of banned books by authors from Alexander Solzhenitsyn to George Orwell. She worked for the better-known dissidents Larissa Bogoraz and Father Dmitry Dudko, who were active in the Brezhnev era.

"My apartment was an underground publishing house," she said. "My own mother, who was a strict Communist, reported me to the authorities. Strana durakovi!"

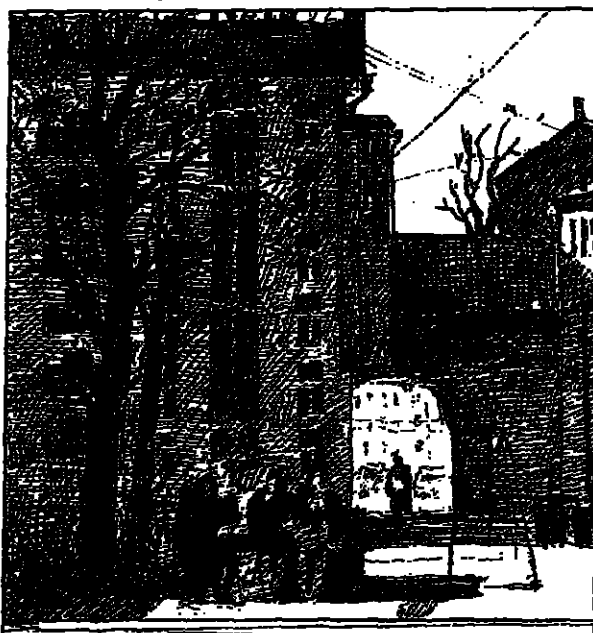
"The KGB came for me at five o'clock on a frosty January morning but I wasn't in. I was talking to a friend on the street below. I saw the agents up in my window. Then they left.

"They arrested someone else and didn't bother coming back for me. You see, like factories, the KGB also had their plans to fulfil and they had got their quota for January."

For thinking people in Russia today, the issues are no longer as black and white as they were in Soviet times, when it was a simple matter of conforming or daring to fight for freedom.

Natalya navigates better than most in moral waters

STREET LIFE SAMOTECHNY LANE, MOSCOW



A Moscow scene by Natalya Sokolova's son Alexei

that are confusingly murky. "With our corrupt politicians, you cannot really say we have democracy now," she said. "But the people have the leaders they deserve. You cannot achieve democracy by presidential decree. Citizens must learn to take personal responsibility."

"The authorities don't need labour camps anymore. They control us by keeping us in perpetual uncertainty, by not paying our wages. They do not quite let us die but neither do they let us live. And so people are obsessed with nothing higher than material problems, where the next meal is coming from."

Natalya refuses to worry about that, trusting that God will provide. She has become an Orthodox Christian, but not of the fanatical, Russian nationalist kind. "I tell all the

anti-Semites at church that the Virgin Mary was Jewish too," she joked.

Compared with other Russians, who will not or cannot confront the mistakes of the past squarely, she takes the concept of personal responsibility to an extreme degree. Not only does she pray for forgiveness of her own sins but she also believes she must answer for the crimes and stupidities of past generations, including her mother who betrayed her to the secret police.

As for her children, Natalya tries to teach them that man does not live by bread alone.

"It is not easy when they see wealth around them. They want things too," she said. "But most gains in Russia these days are ill gotten. It is almost impossible to make big money by honest means. When they see shiny black Jeeps, I tell them to look not at the cars but at the thugs driving them. I say, 'Those people are poorer than we are.'"

Instead of letting them watch television, with tantalising advertisements for consumer goods they cannot possibly afford, Natalya takes her artistically inclined children out into the woods to paint watercolours.

Her eldest son, Alexei, 18, is doing particularly well at a special school where general education is bolstered with additional art training, and he is hoping to carry on to Moscow's prestigious Ilya Repin Art Institute.

Savvy he showed some of the sketches he has been doing, including one of a Moscow back yard with trees and dustbins and grandmothers nattering on a bench.

It looked a little like Samotechny Lane and I thought that, better than a photograph, it would convey the spirit of the Sokolov family.

HELEN WOMACK

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THE INDEPENDENT
Tuesday 18 August 1998

FOREIGN NEWS/11

Pakistan deports bombing suspect

AMERICAN diplomats retreated behind the razor wire of their fortified compound in Islamabad yesterday as the State Department announced an airlift of US families from Pakistan.

The measures were taken after the extradition to Kenya of a suspect in the 7 August bomb blasts in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam that killed 257 people and injured 5,500.

A US spokesman said a chartered aircraft would today fly out 50 non-essential embassy staff and dependants, "based on very serious indications of a threat to US facilities and US citizens", leaving behind a skeleton staff of 70 to operate limited services from the embassy and consulates in three other cities. The US cultural centre in Islamabad closed, with services operating behind the fortified compound of the embassy.

In a statement a Pakistani Foreign Ministry spokesman, Tariq Altaf, said a man who arrived at Karachi airport from Nairobi on the day of the bombings attracted the attention of immigration officials because he did not match the photograph on his Yemeni passport.

Mr Altaf said he was interrogated by Pakistani officials who handed him over to Kenyan authorities. US FBI agents and Kenya's Criminal Investigations Division confirmed yesterday they were questioning the suspect, identified as Mohammed Sadiq Odeh.

The FBI and CID said he had two aliases: Abdul Basit Awad and Mohammad Sadiq Howaida.

US diplomats would not say if there was a specific threat to its installations in Pakistan but there was speculation that the move was in preparation for military action against Osama bin Laden, a Saudi living in

BY KAREN DAVIES
in Islamabad
and GHULAM HASNAIN
in Karachi

Afghanistan whom US officials have identified as a possible suspect in the bombings. Mr Bin Laden has been vocal in his hatred of what he sees as US imperialism and pledged to drive US troops out of bases in places like Saudi Arabia.

Yesterday a spokesman for Afghanistan's Taliban militia said Mr Bin Laden, who has pledged not to engage in such activities while living under Taliban protection, had nothing to do with the bombings.

Last night the FBI and Kenyan police said they had made no breakthroughs in questioning Mr Odeh.

In a joint statement they said: "Mr Sadiq Odeh has not admitted any responsibility in the bombings in Nairobi or Dar es Salaam, nor has he implicated anyone else in those events."

The Pakistani national newspaper *The News* said Mr Odeh, 34, is a Palestinian engineer. Other reports said he is married to a Kenyan and is familiar with Nairobi.

Pakistan tried to conceal US involvement in Mr Odeh's extradition, perhaps because of the case of Mir Aimal Kasi, a Pakistani convicted of killing two CIA employees in Virginia. When he was arrested in Pakistan in 1997 in an FBI-Pakistani operation, Pakistanis accused their government of grovelling before US power.

The US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, is to visit Nairobi and Dar es Salaam today in a show of support for the victims of the bombings and of resolve in the face of threats to Americans.



Chinese students, protesting against the rape of ethnic Chinese in Indonesia, brandish a T-shirt reading "Against savage activity"

Natalie Behring/Reuters

Peking students take to the streets

ABOUT 200 Chinese university students staged a protest near the Indonesian embassy in Peking yesterday to denounce the mob rapes in mid-May of at least 168 ethnic Chinese Indonesian women during riots in Jakarta against then President Suharto.

It was the boldest public protest by students in Peking since the June 1989 crackdown on pro-democracy demonstrations in Tiananmen Square.

At one point, dozens of police and security watched as Chinese students held up a T-shirt signed with 100 names, reading "Against savage activity".

Student representatives were eventually allowed into the Indonesian embassy to deliver an 800-signature petition

BY TERESA POOLE
in Peking

demanding Indonesia punish those responsible.

The students ignored an official order, turning down their request to hold a demonstration. "Like every Chinese who has a conscience I thought I should come," said a Peking University graduate, among a group of about 15 students, who held a brief sit-in at the embassy entrance. "This morning at the gate of the university, a lot of teachers tried to stop us. But I wanted to do this as I think it is right."

Yesterday's protests were timed to coincide with Indonesia's Independence Day, which it is feared may be marked by



Suharto: Focus of protest

a wave of anti-Chinese violence.

While police guided the sit-in students down a nearby alley, about 150 people assembled a mile away outside the Indone-

sian ambassador's residence which also was surrounded by police and security officials with video cameras.

After about an hour, the demonstrators left peacefully when police said they must disperse or board a bus brought in to take them away. Police are terrified of the protests getting out of hand, but their behaviour so far suggests the government has given tacit approval to the anti-Jakarta movement.

Outrage over the atrocities committed against ethnic Chinese women in Indonesia has grown since the state-controlled media belatedly began reporting the May rapes about two weeks ago. Student activities started last week, with smaller protests, signs posted

on campuses and petitions. Yesterday, across town from the student demonstrations, about 60 female Chinese intellectuals, wearing yellow ribbons, held an indoor protest in a room decked with banners reading "A blood debt should be repaid by blood" and "Indonesian monsters you are guilty".

Horrific photographs of rape victims, downloaded from the Internet, were displayed near a petition banner. Liao Xiaoyi, an environmentalist, said: "It is an opportunity for Chinese women to express their views. It is hard for people to believe. We got the news so late. I thought it happened last month - not in May."

The Chinese media gave scant coverage to the Indone-

sian riots in May, and the resignation of President Suharto. The parallels with Peking's pro-democracy demonstrations in June 1989 were obviously too sensitive. Nor did the Chinese government say anything in June when the first reports of Indonesian Chinese women being raped emerged. Many mainland Chinese were ignorant until reports circulated from Internet sites set up by overseas Chinese.

Leaflets handed out yesterday called on the Peking government to take a strong stance. "If the truth was reported from the land with 1.2 billion people a roar would break out that would shock the Indonesian government," a protester said.

World Cup stadium is Paris's biggest attraction

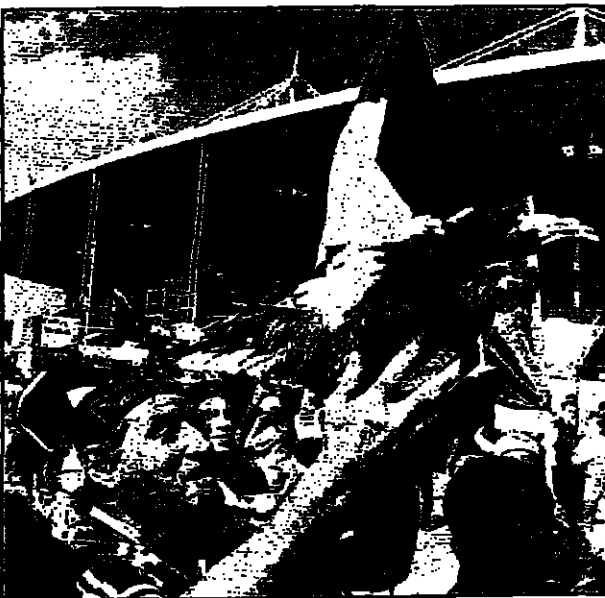
BY CLAIRE WATSON
in Paris

JUST FIVE weeks after the World Cup final was played in Paris, the Stade de France has already earned the status of a monument. The stadium has been receiving about 1,500 visitors a day since the French victory on 12 July.

A total of 18,000 paying visitors came in the first two weeks of August alone, a number that outweighs those visiting either of France's more famous monuments, the Eiffel Tower and the Chateau de Versailles.

"The French victory has turned the Stade de France into a mythical place," said Xavier Parenteau, the director of tourism at the arena in the Paris suburbs.

Bowing to popular demand, the stadium now provides tours for visitors. Thirty-five francs (£3.50) is all it costs to gain entrance to the roof, from where visitors can gaze down on the ground where Brazil's four-year football reign came to an unexpected end. Those who



French fans have adored the stadium ever since their team's triumph on 12 July

Ricardo Mazalan/AP

want to follow in the footsteps of midfielder Zinedine Zidane, can do just that by paying Fr90, which provides football enthusiasts with access to the changing rooms and the pitch.

A quarter of visitors to the Stade de France are foreign tourists. "My son's crazy about football," a British mother said. "It's really important for him to

be able to say that he was here."

Mr Parenteau said: "The British already have a tradition of visiting football stadiums." This phenomenon is now taking the French by storm, who are flocking to pay homage to the ground where Les Bleus put France back on the sporting map.

The authorities at the Stade de France in Saint-Denis insist that many visitors come to admire the stadium's architecture. After all, 150,000 came to gaze at the creation during its construction. But the success of World Cup merchandise underlines where the real passion - and the money - lies.

"Close your eyes, you can still feel the atmosphere," said a young fan before parting with Fr75 for a Stade de France T-shirt.

Should the guided tour of the architecture and pitch not suffice, you can mail order for a piece of the semi-final turf for Fr175. But with just a thousand pieces left, they are going to be harder to acquire than tickets for the World Cup final.

See Front Page

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Hong Kong fetes old Communists

IRONY Laid a heavy hand on yesterday's ceremonies to mark the 53rd anniversary of Hong Kong's liberation from Japanese rule. For the first time since the end of the Second World War, the Hong Kong government recognised the role of Communist guerrillas in resisting the occupation.

Tung Chee-hwa, the Chief Executive, whose wealthy family fled Communist rule, stood with veterans of the East River Column, die-hard leftist fighters, who were the only Chinese to resist the Japanese occupation.

The British colonial govern-

ment distorted the history of the anti-Japanese resistance, said Lee Lin-sun, chairman of the association that organised the ceremony. "Once Japan surrendered, it was the British who reaped the harvest."

While he was speaking, another ceremony was under way, attended by the British forces veterans and the underground British Army Aid Group. Until the handover of Hong Kong to China last year this was the only ceremony officially recognised.

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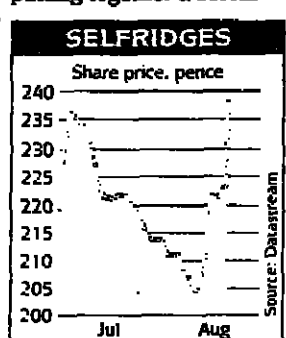
BUSINESS

Friends set for £750m L&M takeover

BRIEFING

Bid talk sends Selfridges soaring

SHARES IN Selfridges, the department store group, jumped 7 per cent yesterday on renewed speculation of a possible bid for the company. The shares rose 15.5p to 239p on suggestions that Galen Weston, the brother of the Associated British Foods chairman, Garfield Weston, was putting together a £400m bid for the company.



Mr Weston owns the Brown Thomas department store in Dublin and runs the family's interests in Canada. Selfridges and the Westons' financial advisers in London refused to comment.

Shares in Selfridges, which was demerged from the Sears retail group last month, have been rising since it emerged last week that British Land had taken a 3 per cent stake.

US court victory for BAT

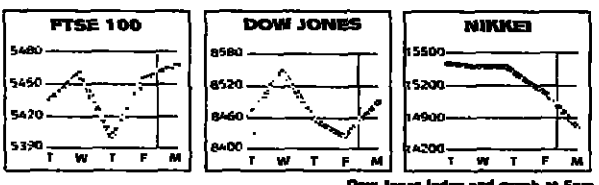
SHARES IN BAT Industries yesterday shot up nearly 4 per cent after the tobacco company's latest US court victory. A federal court on Friday said the Food and Drug Agency (FDA) had overstepped its authority when it issued regulations to restrict advertising and the sale of tobacco products to minors. The decision comes as BAT is poised to float off its insurance interests and become a pure tobacco company. BAT shares rose 23p to 651p.

The ruling follows a string of similar legal advances in the US, which have led to tobacco firms such as Philip Morris outperforming the market by 14 per cent since June. But the battle is not over: President Clinton at the weekend vowed to press ahead with anti-tobacco legislation. He said the administration would appeal against Friday's court ruling. But he also called on Congress to work with him on new anti-tobacco laws that would avoid the use of further court cases.

Gloomy outlook for UK economy

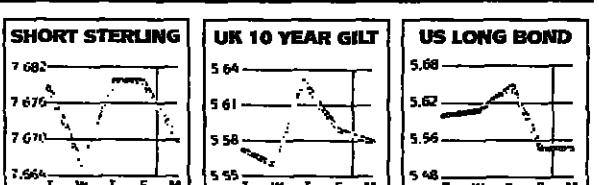
THE DHL/GALLUP quarterly survey of manufacturing exporters for July had just 30 per cent expected increased orders over the next three months, and that the strong pound gave exporters the greatest cause for concern. The Economist Intelligence Unit (EIU) believes the economy will grow by just 1.6 per cent next year, down from its earlier estimate of 1.7 per cent. By the end of this year, UK economic growth will be "weak or zero" according to the EIU's quarterly survey.

STOCK MARKETS



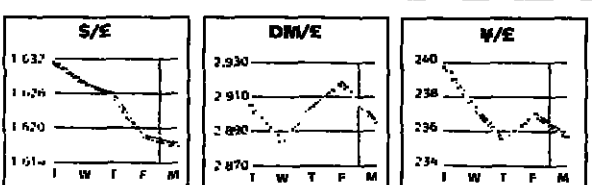
Index	Close	Change	52 wk high	52 wk low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	5467.20	+12.20	6183.70	4382.80	4.01
FTSE 250	5136.60	+45.90	5970.90	4428.30	3.92
FTSE 100	2633.70	+0.50	2969.10	2141.80	3.99
FTSE All Share	2561.89	+0.31	2866.52	2106.59	3.97
FTSE SmallCap	2321.30	+12.10	2783.80	2227.60	3.63
FTSE FTSE100	1276.30	+2.40	1517.10	1235.20	3.98
FTSE AIM	992.40	+8.60	1146.90	965.90	1.36
FTSE EBL100	996.53	+3.65	1146.90	965.90	1.36
Dow Jones	8493.49	-88.75	9367.84	6971.32	1.74
Nikkei	14794.66	-329.27	19394.14	14488.21	1.03
Hong Kong	7224.69	+364.27	8471.68	6544.79	5.64
Dax	5456.58	+8.68	6217.83	3487.24	2.94

INTEREST RATES



Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	5 year	10 year	15 year	30 year
UK	7.75	0.50	7.63	0.13	5.59	-1.47	5.32	-1.63
US	5.69	-0.05	5.72	-0.31	5.39	-0.82	5.54	-0.98
Japan	0.66	0.08	0.66	-0.03	1.45	-0.88	1.98	-0.88
Germany	3.49	0.23	3.73	0.13	4.42	-1.26	5.12	-1.27

CURRENCIES



POUND				DOLLAR			
	at 5pm	Change	Yr Ago		at 5pm	Change	Yr Ago
Dollar	1.6169	-0.16c	1.6105	Sterling	0.6185	+0.06p	0.6209
D-Mark	2.8977	-2.04pf	2.9345	D-Mark	1.7935	-0.60pf	1.8224
Yen	235.85	-11.02	189.55	Yen	145.76	-4.58	118.07
E index	104.30	0.00	102.10	\$ index	115.00	0.00	105.40

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago	Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Brent Oil (\$)	12.07	0.62	18.79	GDP	115.40	3.60	112.48
Gold (\$)	284.65	0.70	326.05	RPI	163.40	3.70	157.57
Silver (\$)	5.13	-0.01	4.41	Base Rates	7.50	7.00	-

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate	Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.6345	Mexico (nuevo peso)	13.38
Austria (schillings)	19.89	Netherlands (guilders)	3.1907
Belgium (francs)	58.43	New Zealand (\$)	3.0787
Canada (\$)	2.3854	Norway (krone)	12.10
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8285	Portugal (escudos)	288.37
Denmark (krone)	10.85	Saudi Arabia (rials)	5.8748
Finland (markka)	8.6537	Singapore (\$)	2.7054
France (francs)	9.4883	Spain (pesetas)	238.91
Germany (marks)	2.8400	South Africa (rand)	9.7364
Greece (drachma)	476.88	Sweden (krone)	12.94
Hong Kong (\$)	12.11	Switzerland (francs)	2.3725
Ireland (pounds)	1.1236	Thailand (bahts)	61.16
India (rupees)	63.99	Turkey (liras)	426.099
Israel (sheqels)	5.4769	USA (\$)	1.5749
Italy (lira)	2803		
Japan (yen)	231.33		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.5291		
Malta (lira)	0.6184		

FRIENDS PROVIDENT, the UK's fourth-largest mutual insurer, is poised to announce a £750m takeover of London & Manchester, a listed home service insurance company, raising the possibility of cash payouts to the company's policyholders.

The takeover, which marks a further stage in the rationalisation of the UK insurance industry, would also substantially raise the profile of Friends Provident within the sector. The company currently has £24bn under management and is presently ranked 11th among all insurance companies in the UK, publicly-owned or mutual.

One insurance analyst, who would not be named, said yesterday: "If this were to be true, it would raise the question of whether Friends is preparing for a flotation. But this is hard one to call."

A Friends Provident spokesman yesterday said: "Our policy is that we are not prepared to comment on market or City speculation."

However, he added: "It certainly is our publicly-stated position, one that we have consistently stated, that we intend to remain mutual because of the benefits to our policyholders."

Earlier this year, London & Manchester was handed a record £525,000 fine by the Personal Investment Authority, the financial services regulator, for failing to take adequate steps to offer compensation to almost 6,000 within permissible time limits. The Exeter-based company said at the time it was "disappointed at the disproportionate fine".

The deal, which values L&M's shares at about £5, would signal a further contraction in the door-to-door insurance sales market, following the merger of United Friendly and Refuge Group in 1996. The company was last year tipped to join forces with Britannia, another home service insurer. Shares in L&M closed last night at 508p.

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In addition to its home service side, which employs some 700 salespeople, the company also operates an 80-strong estate agency chain in the south of England. It recently restructured its activities, creating 18 regional centres and also has a network of tied agents, who sell only its own pension and insurance products. The company is particularly strong in the group pensions market area.

Friends Provident, has itself been regularly tipped as a takeover target, most recently of Prudential, the UK's largest insurer. It was also said to be in the sights of Sun Alliance, the insurer which decided two years ago to merge with Royal Life instead.

But it has strongly resisted hostile approaches. It has preferred instead to concentrate on building Euroco, a loose alliance of five European mutual insurers, sharing similar aims. Some observers have suggested a merger between Friends Provident and at least one of these overseas mutuals.

It has carved out a strong niche in the fast-growing ethical investment market, where its £1bn Stewardship fund makes up almost half the total UK sector.

In 1997, the mutual life insurer recorded a sharp growth in new business figures, with total premium income growing by 28 per cent to £58m.

West on alert as Russians float rouble

ALARM BELLS rang around the globe after Russia yesterday threw in the towel and announced a devaluation of the rouble and a suspension of debt repayments in an attempt to stabilise its ailing economy.

The news came as it emerged that a clutch of Western investment banks have been stung for at least \$100m (\$61m) after one of Russia's largest banks, SBS-AGRO, failed to meet margin calls because of mounting losses in the dollar-denominated debt market.

Traders said blue-chip banks with big positions in the market include Goldman Sachs, Salomon Smith Barney and SBC Warburg.

The authorities said they would allow the rouble to fall by as much as 50 per cent against the dollar, that there would be a 90-day moratorium on certain foreign debt repayments and trading in the government debt market would be suspended.

Standard & Poor's, the leading credit agency, slashed its Russian long-term foreign currency rating from B- to CCC.

George Soros, the New York-based financier whose intervention last week played a decisive role in the latest turn of events, said last night: "The government has bought itself a little time."

He called the devaluation "necessary, courageous and timely," adding that the government "had stopped the collapse".

The news - which came despite repeated official assurances last week that there would be no devaluation - hit investor confidence throughout the emerging markets.

Russian foreign currency bonds plunged and other emerging market debt also fell. Most Russian banks immediately raised their price for dollars to 7.50 or 8.00 roubles - above the new official floor of 9.5 roubles to dollar.

The Russian stock market opened 15 per cent lower, but pared back some of its earlier losses to close down 4.85 per cent at 109.43 in thin trading.

Russia's central bank has been bailing out SBS-AGRO as part of a lifeboat operation to keep the top 12 or so Russian banks afloat and avoid a wholesale meltdown in the financial sector. Other top 20 banks believed to be on the critical list include Inkombank and Rossiskiy Creditbank.

Analysts say that as many as 400 banks could be at risk following yesterday's devaluation. However, the biggest fear is that one of the top 20 really big banks may go under.

SBC Warburg, which is to axe 80 staff at its Moscow office, said last night it was unable to comment on its exposure to Russia ahead of half year results due out later this month. However, analysts put its total exposure including its loan book at around £200m. Salomon Smith

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
AND LEA PATTERSON

Barney refused to comment. Emerging markets were hit worldwide, as were emerging currencies. In particular the Czech crown and Mexican peso. Analysts said the Russian devaluation re-ignited fears about the ability of China, Hong Kong and Brazil to hold their currency pegs.

The German electronically-traded Xetra DAX index closed down 0.76 per cent at 5,432.03 after dipping more than 3 per cent earlier in the day. Analysts expressed concerns about the exposure of German companies - particularly banks - to Russia, and the mark hit a five-week low against the dollar of 1.81 marks before making up ground in late trading.

The FTSE 100 had a jittery start, but closed up 12.2 points or 0.22 per cent at 5,467.2. Bond markets were the main beneficiaries, and both US Treasury and German bond yields touched record lows in morning trade. The Dow was trading up 79 points at 8,504.3 early yesterday afternoon.

Overnight in Japan, the Nikkei tumbled 2.18 per cent, 329 points, to 14,794.66, closing below the 15,000 barrier for the first time in two months.

In a letter in yesterday's Financial Times, the chief executive of the Hong Kong monetary authority defended the decision to intervene in the markets. Joseph Yam said the authority had "reason to believe" there had been currency manipulation by investors.

The comments contrasted with the anonymous tone of the report, issued yesterday after a three-month inquiry into the effects of the controversy on the biotechnology industry.

The report said that, although unblinking trials were "ethically questionable", Dr Miller's actions in briefing the shareholder, while certainly unusual, seem more the product of difficulties at British Biotech than the origin of them.

However, it added that it was not the committee's role "to pass judgement on alleged misdemeanours".

MPs back sacked British Biotech whistleblower

DR ANDREW MILLAR, the whistleblower sacked by British Biotech, scored a victory in his battle against the drug company yesterday when was backed by a number of MPs.

Despite issuing a cautious report, members of the Science and Technology Select Committee expressed their support for Dr Miller, the former head of clinical research at British Biotech.

He was sacked in April for breaking the secrecy on the trials of two of the company's star drugs, a cancer drug and a drug to treat pancreatitis - a procedure known as "unblinding".

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

He also raised doubts on their efficacy to one of British Biotech's shareholders. The events have undermined investors' confidence in the sector, triggering a slump in biotechnology stocks.

Dr Alan Williams, a Labour member of the committee, said: "I was impressed with Dr Miller's oral and written evidence and my feeling is that what he did and said was in the public interest."

Dr Ian Gibson, another member, said: "He is an excellent scientist... If I had been in Miller's position I would have probably done the same."

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The market had been expecting losses of about £12.5m this financial year, but the loss is now likely to be nearer £19m, mainly due to Victory's decision to delay the roll-out of its chain of cosmetics shops. Victory lost £10m last year.

News of the higher losses came alongside the resignation of three of Victory's non-



Ballooning buddies: Rory McCarthy (bottom) who resigned yesterday from Victory, Richard Branson's cosmetics and clothing business.

Boardroom shake-up at Branson's Victory

VICTORY Corporation, Richard Branson's publicly-quoted clothing and cosmetics company, halved in value yesterday after warning of sharply higher losses and unveiling a boardroom shake-up.

Shares in Victory, which were priced at 58p when it floated on the Alternative Investment Market in October 1996, fell by 10p to 9.5p valuing the company at £30m. At the time of flotation it was capitalised at £110m.

Victory trades under the Virgin Clothing and Virgin Vie brands, and is 51 per cent owned by Mr Branson and his family trusts.

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BY MICHAEL HARRISON

executive directors, including Rory McCarthy, a close friend of Mr Branson and a fellow balloonist.

Mr McCarthy's brother Tim is also resigning from the board, as is Brad Rosser who has also quit his post as corporate development director of Virgin Group.

Mr Rosser developed the concept of the cosmetics shops whilst the McCarthy brothers were responsible for persuading Mr Branson to put the Virgin name to clothing.

The changes announced yesterday are the result of a wide-ranging review of the business by Victory's executive chairman, Ian Plummer, who arrived in April.

Victory delayed the roll-out of its cosmetics retail chain earlier this year because it was not happy with the design of the shops. "We need to add some fun and exuberance to them; at the moment they are too clinical," said Victory's finance director Richard Knight.

The intention ultimately is to build up a nationwide chain of 100 shops. So far only six have opened.

The clothing range, designed to compete with the likes of Calvin Klein, Hugo Boss and Donna Karan, is being launched this Thursday.

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Number	Number
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Ordinary Shares of 0.5p each	Ordinary Shares of 0.5p each
31,120,000	155,600

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Markets are playing Russian roulette

A YEAR ago, anyone warning about the inflated level of Western stock markets was generally condemned as a misguided party pooper. Today it's the other way round: there is a growing tendency to regard the remaining bulls as out of touch with reality. Most of the time it doesn't pay to run counter to the herd, and right now, its movement is starting to look distinctly unsettling. Certainly there appears to be nothing in the present outpouring of economic and financial gloom to justify a return to last year's exuberance. Russia has added a new and frightening dimension to the contagion that now grips financial markets around the world.

This is despite the fact that the direct effect of Russia's economic crisis on the West should, of itself, be quite limited. Russia is still a largely contained economy. Its trading links with the rest of Europe are not large, and in the case of the US they are almost non-existent. There is some Western banking, industrial and investment exposure, but it is small compared with the Far East.

The significance of the Russian meltdown, then, lies less to do with its real economic impact on the West than its symbolism for a world



OUTLOOK

in turmoil, and its potentially very worrying socio-political consequences. Just as the IMF manages to douse the flames in one emerging market, they spring up elsewhere. Who's going to be next? South Africa? Hong Kong? China? Or possibly Brazil?

Is not the IMF now perilously close to running out of money? And in any case, is throwing large amounts of Western capital at the problem the right medicine? Don't expect it to do much for Russia. Just as in the Far East the main beneficiaries of the aid have been Western creditors, with Russia it's all too likely to vanish into numbered Swiss bank accounts.

While individually these markets are not significant to the West, collectively they add up to a fair old chunk of trade. Moreover, many of these countries are now actively chasing the only growth markets left for their own lowly priced goods - the US and Europe.

These two regions might at the moment still seem relatively healthy, but the outlook is clouded by the fact that the world's other great trading region - that based around Japan - is not. In Japan there's no sign, even on the distant horizon, of the visionary politician necessary to lead the country out of the doldrums.

While it is tempting to think of the problems in emerging markets as temporary, with the bounce not far away, that's far from likely to be the reality. The lesson of the Mexican banking crisis is that the work for these financial traumas are at best many years.

For ordinary Russians, what's happening may not be as catastrophic as it might seem. Russia is not a money economy; barter has become the main currency for pay and trade. But nor should we underestimate the significance of what's happening. Global capital

markets seem to be ripping the world apart as never before. The economic consequences of this are already disturbing in the extreme, but perhaps as worrying is the possibility of a political and social backlash against Western led globalisation - the repositioning in some parts of the world of capital and trade controls.

It is unrealistic, as well as being a contradiction in terms, to think financial markets can be controlled, or told what to do. But they perhaps need urgently to address their public relations image.

Booker comes along too soon

WHEN A company is on a roll, it is always tempting for management to believe it can do no wrong. So there should be an element of concern about Somerfield's latest piece of corporate buccannery. Just six months after absorbing the lame duck Kwik Save in a no-premium merger, the company is talking to another wounded beast, this time Booker, the cash-and-carry operator. The deal certainly has commercial logic. As with the Kwik Save

deal, there are obvious benefits in cost savings and increased buying power. And it can push its own brand through the corner shops up and down the land that rely on Booker for their supplies.

But size isn't everything in this market. Though a combined Somerfield/Booker may rank ahead of Asda and Sainsbury in terms of buying power, it won't have the same commercial clout.

Perhaps the biggest reservation is the timing. Somerfield still faces an Olympic task in trying to integrate Kwik Save. Putting together 1,400 stores in four different formats is surely enough to be getting on with. Grappling with the struggling Booker business at the same time may be tempting fate.

Privately Somerfield executives would admit that the Booker deal has come along a bit too soon, but then in business, you have to take your opportunities when you can. And to be fair to David Simons, Somerfield's chief executive, he has put up with a harrow load of criticism but always delivered on his promises. Somerfield's shares have doubled in a year.

Mr Simons is an ambitious man who is the dominant personality in

the Somerfield business. Chief executives of major companies ought to be ambitious. Snapping up Booker would take Somerfield to the brink of the FTSE 100, a position he would cherish. But it is at times like these, when things are going your way, that management teams must be careful not over-reach themselves.

Mr Simons is going the no premium merger route with his deals, which means that at least he is not overpaying. But all three companies, Somerfield, Kwik Save and Booker, still have their problems. Taking on too much at once could be a decision the board and its shareholders live to regret.

Wrong way to regulate biotech

RATHER LIKE British Biotech's drugs pipeline, yesterday's report by the Commons Select Committee on Science and Technology does not quite live up to its advance billing. Evidently the MPs had planned to recommend the creation of an independent watchdog to vet the claims made by biotech companies

about clinical trials on their drugs. However, since holiday arrangements kept half the committee away when the report was signed off, it was not possible to include the recommendation. Instead, we had to make do with the suggestion, volunteered at yesterday's press conference, that the Government set up a regulatory system for the biotech industry akin to that in water and electricity.

Perhaps it is just as well the idea was never committed to print, as it is silly and doomed to failure. There is already a plethora of organisations charged with approving drugs, as the MPs note, and a regulator in the shape of the Stock Exchange responsible for ensuring that companies do not mislead investors.

Admittedly, the issue of drug development in general and the significance placed on clinical trials in particular, is a complex one. But if everything a biotech company says is to be vetted and regulated, then why stop there? Why not regulate every claim made by every high tech company? Perhaps what the MPs are really saying is that public listings are not appropriate for biotech companies. But that is another matter.

IN BRIEF

Oil prices resist cuts in output

OIL OUTPUT dropped sharply in July, according to the Middle East Economic Survey. Daily oil output fell by 772,000 barrels, or 2.7 per cent, last month to 27.48 million, but the effect on oil prices was offset by traders' concerns that inventories were ample and demand from Asia weak.

The average crude price in July was \$12.04 per barrel, up by just \$0.39 from June. While OPEC, excluding Iraq, has cut 1.78 million barrels from daily output since February, it is still short of its target by a third.

Pension fund

THE Electricity Supply Pension Scheme (ESPS) has completed the restructuring of its £19bn pension fund.

Foreign & Colonial will be responsible for the largest segment of the industry-wide electricity fund, but ESPS has also appointed 11 new fund managers, including Fidelity, JP Morgan, Legal & General, Barclays Global Investors and Gartmore Investment Management, to run active and passive funds. Before the reconstruction, which began in April, ESPS funds were managed by F&C through a single unitised fund in which all electricity companies participated.

Stagecoach falls

SHARES IN Stagecoach Holdings fell almost 5 per cent to 1.105p as the group said it had suffered a paper loss of £36m on its stake in Road King Infrastructure, a Chinese toll operator. The 20 per cent stake in Road King was bought for £87m in April, with Stagecoach also agreeing to pay £40m for 513,380 new Road King convertible preference shares, bringing its total investment to £107m.

Stagecoach said the company was positive on its holding and had "not made a loss" on this or any other investment. Shares in Road King have fallen to HK\$3.70, well below the initial price Stagecoach paid for its stake.

GE purchase

GE CAPITAL Corp, part of General Electric Co, has agreed to buy the commercial finance division of Metropolitan Life Insurance: the price paid is thought to be about \$1bn (£610m).

News analysis: The City is sceptical that Somerfield plus Booker can take on Tesco and Sainsbury's

Bid for a new food retailing colossus

SOMERFIELD, the supermarket group, yesterday revealed that it is in merger talks with the troubled Booker cash-and-carry chain just six months after it completed its £1.2bn merger with Kwik Save.

Somerfield said it was holding preliminary discussions with the Booker board over a possible nil-premium share-for-share deal. A further announcement is expected by the time of Booker's interim results on 10 September.

Both sides have started their due diligence enquiries, although Booker said it was still considering other options. Other suitors are thought to have included Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, the American buy-out specialist, and Metro, the German retail group, but Somerfield is seen as the front-runner.

Somerfield claimed the merger would create a new force in food retailing with buying power of £11bn, third behind Tesco and Sainsbury's. The combined group would have sales of more than £28bn and a stock market value of £2.7bn, putting it on the brink of the

BY NIGEL COPE
Associate City Editor

FTSE 100. It also hopes to achieve substantial cost-savings through merging the two companies' distribution chains.

The City reacted sceptically, marking Somerfield's shares down 18.5p to 404.5p. Booker's shares slipped 5.5p to 267.5p, valuing the business at £665m. Though analysts recognised the potential cost and buying benefits, they said management would be over-stretched as they had only just begun integrating Kwik Save.

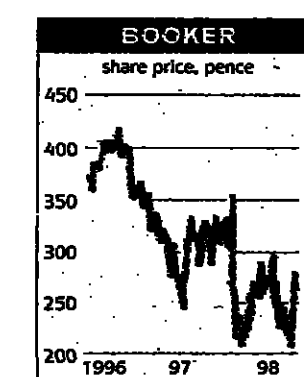
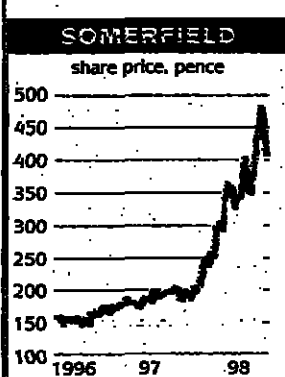
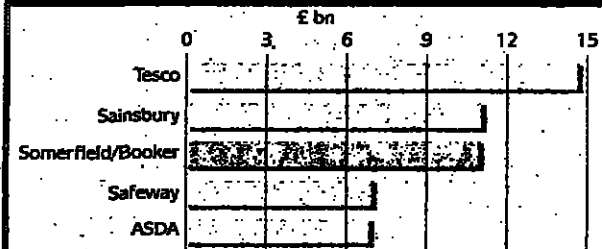
Paul Smiddy, food retail analyst at Credit Lyonnais Laing, said it would be "an extraordinary deal if it goes through" as management would face a massive task. Pamure Gordon described it as "a deal too far" and marked the shares as a "sell".

Andrew Marsh at Charterhouse Tilney said: "I'd be positive if they construct some big savings from buying, and they can obviously cut a lot from distribution and administration costs. But I do think you have to question the quality of the

HOW THE TWO COMPANIES COMPARE

	SOMERFIELD	BOOKER
Sales £bn	£6.6*	5.3
Pre-tax profits £m	205*	71.4
Market Value £m	1,900	665
Employees	47,000*	20,404
Number of stores/deposits	1,400 stores under Somerfield; Gateway, Kwik Save Food Giant formats	181 depots Plus fish farming and agribusiness interests

UK FOOD BUYING POWER



business and the long-term sustainability of it."

Talks between the two companies started a month ago following Booker's statement in June that it was planning to sell its non-cash-and-carry businesses and had received interest in all parts of the group. Somerfield, advised by Warburg Dillon Read, approached Booker at the start of August.

There are three key drivers to the deal: cost savings; buying power; and improved distribution. Analysts estimate the deal could yield annual savings of £50m a year. They also predicted that Somerfield would not go ahead unless the merger could deliver a 20 per cent uplift to earnings per share.

With combined buying power, Somerfield claimed it



David Simons, chief executive of Somerfield: combined buying power of £11bn David Howells

along quickly after Kwik Save, but said: "The integration of Kwik Save is going extremely well. In systems and store development we are ahead of schedule. We had a long hard look at this. Our management team is known for its turnaround skills and we have a record of delivering on our promises."

It is understood that neither side has sought confidential guidance from the competition authorities. However, they do not foresee a problem as the combined group's share of the UK grocery market would be around 10 per cent, according to Warburg's. They also claim there would be no regional monopoly as Booker does not own the independent shops it supplies.

However, when Dee Corporation, the former Gateway business, tried to take over Booker in 1984 the deal was referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. It was eventually cleared, but Dee's financial performance had deteriorated by then and the deal was dropped.

Somerfield has been enjoying improving fortunes after its troubled stock market debut two years ago. Booker has had a much tougher time: its £267m takeover of rival Nuffield & Peacock two years ago gave it a total of 181 cash-and-carry depots serving 450,000 independent shops and caterers, but the integration proved difficult and its corner-shop customers have been hammered by the major supermarkets. It has issued a series of profits warnings, and in March its chief executive, Charles Bowen, resigned.

Thistle to return £120m to shareholders

NOMURA'S ATTEMPTS to buy Thistle Hotels collapsed yesterday after the group, which owns the Tower Thistle and the Mount Royal Hotels in London, rejected a bid from the Japanese bank because it was too low.

As partial compensation for the failure of the bid hotel chain is now believed to be planning to return more than £120m to shareholders, it emerged yesterday.

In a statement released after

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

the stock market closed, Thistle said that it had terminated talks with one suitor - which sources close to the company identified as Nomura - because it had cut its original bid to an "unacceptable" level.

The sources added that Nomura reduced its original bid - rumoured to have been around £1.5bn - by up to 10 per cent due to "the volatility in financial markets, over the last

week". This led Thistle, which owns 91 hotels around the country, to reject the offer.

Nomura was yesterday unavailable for comment.

Thistle, whose largest shareholder is Brierley Investments, yesterday ruled out another offer from one of the bidders shortlisted in June when the company first put itself up for sale. That list was thought to include the venture capital group Blackstone,

and Accor, the French owner of the Ibis and Sofitel chains. Thistle has been a prized target for a number of hotel companies, because of the heavy London weighting of its portfolio. The company owns 24 hotels in London, including the Tower Thistle at Tower Bridge and the Mount Royal at Marble Arch.

The company said it was "disappointing that the sale process did not produce an offer at a value that reflected" the "excellent potential"

of Thistle's hotel portfolio. However, it added that Thistle would be able to survive on its own and was planning a "substantial return of cash to shareholders" which would enhance earnings per share and maintain "a sound financial position".

Sources said that the company was considering "all options, including a share buyback and an exceptional dividend", and indicated that shareholders are set to receive more than £120m in cash.

"The return of cash would be in excess of 10 per cent of the company's market capitalisation, which has been between £1.2-1.3bn in the past few months," they added.

Thistle sounded a bullish note on its trading to date, saying that the board "expects to confirm good progress for the half year" when it reports interim results on September 9.

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Martin Sorrell of WPP sits on the steps to reflect on the new vistas of advertising business. Martin Buurman

WPP broadens its horizons to grow

WPP, THE advertising group, is to set up divisions targeting the financial services, high technology and entertainment sectors in an attempt to boost its long-term growth rate.

"If you look at the five growth industries they are healthcare, hi-tech, retail, financial services and entertainment and media," Martin Sorrell, chief executive, said yesterday. "We are already very strong in healthcare and retail, and we are building specific practices in the other areas."

WPP is planning to create global divisions capable of selling a vast array of media services—including advertising,

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

media planning and public relations—to clients around the world.

Ogilvy & Mather, the WPP advertising subsidiary, masterminded the campaign behind American Express's new blue card.

Meanwhile, its J Walter Thompson unit recently picked up a worldwide account worth \$100m (£63m) a year with Merrill Lynch, the US investment bank.

Mr Sorrell said the move would make the most of the synergies between WPP's various businesses, while also

offering it some protection from a general economic downturn.

He was speaking as WPP reported a buoyant set of interim results. In the six months to June, revenues increased by 8 per cent to \$900m while operating profits jumped 19.5 per cent to \$103.7m. On a constant currency basis, the increase would have been 13 per cent and 27 per cent respectively.

Mr Sorrell said that, before acquisitions, revenue growth was 8.5 per cent, suggesting that WPP was taking market share from its rivals.

Although the figures were in line with analysts' expecta-

tions, WPP shares slipped 4p to 400p on fears that the group would suffer from a general economic slowdown.

However, Mr Sorrell said the company had so far seen little overall impact from the Asian crisis, with growth in China, Japan and India making up for a slowdown elsewhere.

He added that, according to early indications, revenues in July were up 16 per cent on a constant currency basis.

Continental Europe and the UK were the fastest growing regions during the first half, each reporting a 19 per cent rise in revenues.

Investment, page 17

Why the MPC is just an economic sideshow



DIANE COYLE

The British economy will not prosper unless Labour's policies on social exclusion work

THERE IS little the dozen people with their hands on the controls can do to influence the course of the British economy for the next year or so. The monetary experts at the Bank of England, voting once a month on the level of interest rates, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his closest advisers who set tax and government spending, are urged by the pundits in the press and the City to do something different.

If only their own favourite patent economic medicine had been applied, the pound would be weaker, or consumers would not be spending so gleefully, and the outlook would be humky dory.

This is nonsense, of course. The main lesson from the mistakes made in macroeconomic policy during the past 20 years is that the only freedom is the freedom to make mistakes.

As Hamish McRae pointed out last week, the best the policy-makers can do is be humble about what they can achieve when they are administering medicinal changes in interest rates or spending plans.

Yet, although short-term miracle cures for our addiction to boom and bust are pure quackery, the Government is not powerless. It could make a huge difference to Britain's long-term economic prospects.

Like the US, although lagging behind it, we stand on the verge of a sustained improvement in productivity and prosperity thanks to the diffusion since the mid-1970s of new technologies to every last dark corner of the economy.

The key to realising this potential lies in microeconomic, not macroeconomic policies—often labelled "supply side", although it is a bit more subtle than that. Successful market economies depend on the context in which the market has to operate, on the institutions, the character of the

workforce, the degree of entrepreneurship, and all sorts of other intangible features. If stability and caution are the watchwords in macroeconomic policy, Britain needs some radicalism and imagination at the micro level.

For example, this kind of micro success will depend on making Britain's cities work. The new economy is quintessentially urban, and our cities could be in for the kind of renaissance they enjoyed at the turn of the last century.

But this will only happen if the Government can tackle successfully the underside of city life, the homelessness and poverty, violence and filth spreading like weeds that threaten to choke the healthy economic growth. The recent announcement by the Social Exclusion Unit of new plans to reduce homelessness is more important for the British economy than anything the Bank of England's Monetary Policy Committee does.

New theories have revived insights dating back nearly a century to explain why the widespread use of new information and communications technologies means more clustering of national economic activity in cities than ever before.

The notion that telecommunications will disperse us all to work from home in rural bliss misses the mark com-

pletely. For if there are no technical obstacles to being in one place rather than another, business activity will concentrate where it is already. The reason is that the advanced economies are becoming heavily dependent on their knowledge-intensive businesses. Face-to-face interaction between people is more important, not less, as the ideas that need to be exchanged become more complex and creative.

A good example is the dominance of London in financial services. Even though most of this activity takes place in cyberspace, the cheapness of the phone calls needed to move money around the globe means that banks are able to concentrate all their trading in one place because it costs almost nothing to ship an electronic financial transaction to the right computer.

Yet right alongside their thriving clusters of people industries such as financial services, multimedia, even retailing and tourism, British cities display extraordinary clusters of social deprivation. They are increasingly polarised between those who can create value and will benefit from the economic potential of human creativity, and those who are devalued and left behind.

The evidence for this increasing polarisation is overwhelming. And it is worse in some dimensions in the UK than the US, according to OECD research.

The economic isolation of the poor in our cities has become embedded. Those who can move out have done so. Those who remain and, crucially, their children, are unable to improve their lot. The lack of role models, the presence of crime and drugs, the absence of the social and economic norms of the wider society, mean that within less than a generation a deprived area can turn into a ghetto

surrounded by invisible walls. The fact that ethnic minorities and immigrant groups tend to concentrate in inner city areas only cements their isolation. The inhabitants are unable to develop the skills and capacities needed to thrive in the information society. Even if they can get on the bus each morning, they still won't plug in to the new economy.

The downward spiral of decline imposes costs on the rest of the economy. Apart from the costs of crime prevention, policing and higher social spending, the city's ability to thrive is hindered as much by perceptions of poverty, crime and unemployment as by pollution and congestion. And, critically, social exclusion wastes human resources in an economy which depends increasingly on people.

Policy towards the inner cities has, for two decades, consisted of pouring in small amounts of money from a great height, such as the provision of funds through Single Regeneration Budget (£1.3bn in 1997/98).

Yet the impact on the poorest areas has been scant. Conservative economic policies of deregulation and privatisation successfully set the scene for businesses to take advantage of all that the new technologies can offer.

But the British economy will not prosper unless Labour's policies intended to tackle the gritty reality of social exclusion work too. As for our obsession with interest rates and spending reviews, it is just a sideshow to the real action in the economy.

A new pamphlet by Diane Coyle, 'Britain's urban boom'—one of a series on cities—is published by Comedia, £7.50 from ECO Distribution, tel: 01509 890068.

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Sale boosts Pru war chest to £2bn

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

BRITAIN'S LARGEST life insurer, Prudential, has boosted its acquisition war chest by £500m to £2bn with the sale of its Australian and New Zealand insurance business to Colonial, Australia's second-largest insurance group, for A\$1.35bn.

The move comes just six weeks after another major UK player, Legal & General, sold its Australian business—also to Colonial—for A\$892m.

It leaves Norwich Union, which lost out in the bidding for the Legal & General business, as the only UK insurance group with a significant stake in the Antipodean insurance market.

Analysts hailed the Pru's decision to withdraw from the market as sensible, particularly given the price it was able to achieve. "It was a case of either get bigger or get out," said one.

The sale will yield an immediate exceptional profit of £200m which will be booked in the figures for the year ending 31 December 1998.

The Australian market is in the throes of consolidation following the flotation of both Colonial and rival AMP last year, which sparked a price war in the insurance sector.

Keith Bedell-Pearce, Prudential's director for international affairs, said: "Whilst we made excellent progress in New Zealand, the overall market size restricted future growth prospects."

However, the Pru saw its share price fall yesterday by 10p to 750p on concerns that the company's growing cash pile would add to the pressure on Prudential's chief executive, Sir Peter Davis, to pull off a sizeable UK deal.

Mr Davis is still believed to have his eyes on the building society sector, although following Nationwide's narrow vote against conversion an imminent move is thought unlikely.

All-share deal creates £400m waste business

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST independent waste management company was created yesterday after Waste Recycling agreed to buy the waste management business of Yorkshire Water in a £191m deal.

The merger creates a business with a market capitalisation exceeding £400m, sales of more than £100m and a significant share of the waste market in England's eastern half.

Waste Recycling, a fast-growing group floated four years ago, is issuing just under 40 million new shares to acquire Yorkshire Environmental Global Waste Management

(YEGWM) which specialises in handling dry and liquid waste. Under the all-share deal, Yorkshire Water will have 46 per cent of the enlarged group.

The combined business will operate 30 landfill sites stretching from East Anglia through Lincolnshire and the East Midlands to Yorkshire.

Waste Recycling has also taken out an option to buy 3C Waste, the local authority waste disposal company in Cheshire, which Yorkshire Water is in the process of acquiring for an estimated £100m.

David Williams, chairman of Waste Recycling, said the deal was unlikely to raise monopoly concerns as the £4bn a year waste market was so fragmented. The merger will only raise Waste Recycling's share of the market to near 3 per cent.

Waste Recycling last year completed the strategic purchase of Darrington, which has extensive operations in Yorkshire and Cambridgeshire.

YEGWM owns 12 landfill sites, a liquid waste treatment plant near Leeds, a waste-to-energy plant at Eastcroft, Nottingham and is expanding sites at Wakefield and Rotherham.

Early data help stem LLP's fall

BY TERRY MACALISTER

MANAGEMENT AT Lloyd's List, the oldest daily newspaper in the world, has run into conflict with the National Union of Journalists over plans to introduce new technology.

The row, which revolves around the threat to editing jobs, is the latest in a series of difficulties to hit the parent company, LLP, since its flotation on 17 April.

Yesterday the company brought out early a set of interim financial figures in a bid to stem a decline in its share price. LLP floated at 285p but the price had slid to 205p. Shares rose to 224.5p by close last night after management unveiled an 8 per cent increase in pre-tax and pre-exceptional profits to £4.3m on the back of sales up 14 per cent at £25.8m.

LLP's chief executive, David Gilbertson, was confident about future trading conditions and said the company hoped to complete a series of acquisitions before year-end. But he added: "We brought forward the interim statement because the lack of information coming from the company had led also to uncertainty and rumour."

The former Lloyd's List editor, who became a paper millionaire at LLP's flotation, confirmed there were differences of opinion with the NUJ but said discussions were continuing.

Telewest buys up NTL stake

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

TELEWEST, the cable operator yesterday clinched a deal to take control of Birmingham Cable by buying its rival NTL's minority shareholding in the franchise.

In a long-awaited deal, Telewest will pay a total of £130m for NTL's 27.5 per cent stake in the franchise. The Birmingham agreement (likely to be completed by the year-end) puts a value of almost £1,000 on every one of the 471,000 homes in the franchise.

Meanwhile, the two operators also reached an agreement to resolve their joint ownership of the Cable London franchise. By September next year, NTL must propose a price at which Telewest can purchase its 50 per cent stake in the franchise. However, the agreement also allows Telewest to decide to sell its 50 per cent stake to NTL for the same price.

The deals were triggered when NTL bought Comcast, the US-listed cable operator which set up the joint ventures with Telewest earlier this year. The takeover sparked a change of control clauses in the two franchises which allowed Telewest to move in.

Telewest also confirmed that Tony Illsey, president of Walkers Snack Foods in the UK, is will become its chief executive in the autumn.

COMPANY RESULTS

Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	Ex-Dividend
Anglo Pacific Group (P)	2,320 (1,580)	0,509 (0,029m)	0.23p (0.21p) all (-)			
Autologic (P)	54,030 (40,871)	5,740 (4,260)	14.83p (10.25p) 2.75p (nil)	02.11.98		
Cart Clear (P)	18,580 (3,110)	1,150 (0.29m)	0.51p (0.70p) 0.115p (0.1p)	23.10.98		28.09.98
East Integrated Telephony	678,430 (4,400)	-1,530 (0.54m)	-12.18p (4.40p) (-)			
F&T Integrated Telephony	21,200 (6,620)	7,530 (4,060m)	5.1p (4.30p) 0.45p (-)	30.09.98	01.09.98	
ITC Group (P)	25,340 (22,270)	0,990 (0.97m)	2.01p (2.50p) 1.70 (1.57p)	30.11.98		26.10.98
LLP Group (P)	33,780 (32,680)	0,907 (0.32m)	1.1p (0.1p) 2.2p (2.2p)			
Overfield-Rivers (P)	84,130 (32,270)	5,140 (2.80m)	18.04p (12.26p) 5.0p (3.75p)	30.10.98	28.09.98	
United International (P)	44,910 (47,270)	10,950 (6,255m)	7.94p (4.50p) 2.04p (2.5p)	03.11.98		23.10.98
Waste Recycling (P)	23,400 (10,770)	5,250 (2,40m)	7.0p (4.7p) 0.8p (0.6p)	04.09.98	04.09.98	04.09.98
WPP Group (P)	3,840 (3,440)	93.8m (78.3m)	8.4p (7.0p) 0.84p (0.7p)	22.11.98		19.10.98

(P) - Fiscal (P) - Interim (P) - Nine Month EPS is pre-exceptional *Dividend to be paid as a FID

If you didn't get your grades for Higher Education, study this.



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2. The second part of the document is a list of references, numbered 1 through 10, located on the left side of the page. The references are as follows:

1. Smith, J. H. (1963). The effect of temperature on the rate of reaction between hydrogen and oxygen. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 38, 1234-1245.
2. Jones, A. B. (1962). The kinetics of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen at low pressures. *Transactions of the Faraday Society*, 58, 1123-1134.
3. Brown, C. D. (1961). The effect of pressure on the rate of reaction between hydrogen and oxygen. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 35, 1234-1245.
4. White, E. F. (1960). The kinetics of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen at high pressures. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 32, 1234-1245.
5. Black, G. H. (1959). The effect of temperature on the rate of reaction between hydrogen and oxygen. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 30, 1234-1245.
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8. King, M. N. (1956). The kinetics of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen at high pressures. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 24, 1234-1245.
9. Noyes, H. S. (1955). The effect of temperature on the rate of reaction between hydrogen and oxygen. *Journal of Chemical Physics*, 23, 1234-1245.
10. Pritchard, W. A. (1954). The kinetics of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen at low pressures. *Transactions of the Faraday Society*, 50, 1123-1134.

3. The third part of the document is a table of data, located on the right side of the page. The table has two columns: "Temperature (°C)" and "Rate of Reaction (mol/l·sec)". The data is as follows:

Temperature (°C)	Rate of Reaction (mol/l·sec)
25	1.2 x 10 ⁻⁴
35	2.4 x 10 ⁻⁴
45	4.8 x 10 ⁻⁴
55	9.6 x 10 ⁻⁴
65	1.92 x 10 ⁻³
75	3.84 x 10 ⁻³
85	7.68 x 10 ⁻³
95	1.536 x 10 ⁻²
105	3.072 x 10 ⁻²
115	6.144 x 10 ⁻²
125	1.2288 x 10 ⁻¹
135	2.4576 x 10 ⁻¹
145	4.9152 x 10 ⁻¹
155	9.8304 x 10 ⁻¹
165	1.96608 x 10 ⁰
175	3.93216 x 10 ⁰
185	7.86432 x 10 ⁰
195	1.572864 x 10 ¹
205	3.145728 x 10 ¹
215	6.291456 x 10 ¹
225	1.2582912 x 10 ²
235	2.5165824 x 10 ²
245	5.0331648 x 10 ²
255	1.00663296 x 10 ³
265	2.01326592 x 10 ³
275	4.02653184 x 10 ³
285	8.05306368 x 10 ³
295	1.610612736 x 10 ⁴
305	3.221225472 x 10 ⁴
315	6.442450944 x 10 ⁴
325	1.2884901888 x 10 ⁵
335	2.5769803776 x 10 ⁵
345	5.1539607552 x 10 ⁵
355	1.03079215104 x 10 ⁶
365	2.06158430208 x 10 ⁶
375	4.12316860416 x 10 ⁶
385	8.24633720832 x 10 ⁶
395	1.649267441664 x 10 ⁷
405	3.298534883328 x 10 ⁷
415	6.597069766656 x 10 ⁷
425	1.3194139533312 x 10 ⁸
435	2.6388279066624 x 10 ⁸
445	5.2776558133248 x 10 ⁸
455	1.05553116266496 x 10 ⁹
465	2.11106232532992 x 10 ⁹
475	4.22212465065984 x 10 ⁹
485	8.44424930131968 x 10 ⁹
495	1.688849860263936 x 10 ¹⁰
505	3.377699720527872 x 10 ¹⁰
515	6.755399441055744 x 10 ¹⁰
525	1.3510798882111488 x 10 ¹¹
535	2.7021597764222976 x 10 ¹¹
545	5.4043195528445952 x 10 ¹¹
555	1.08086391056891904 x 10 ¹²
565	2.16172782113783808 x 10 ¹²
575	4.32345564227567616 x 10 ¹²
585	8.64691128455135232 x 10 ¹²
595	1.729382256910270464 x 10 ¹³
605	3.458764513820540928 x 10 ¹³
615	6.917529027641081856 x 10 ¹³
625	1.3835058055282163712 x 10 ¹⁴
635	2.7670116110564327424 x 10 ¹⁴
645	5.5340232221128654848 x 10 ¹⁴
655	1.10680464442257309696 x 10 ¹⁵
665	2.21360928884514619392 x 10 ¹⁵
675	4.42721857769029238784 x 10 ¹⁵
685	8.85443715538058477568 x 10 ¹⁵
695	1.770887431076116955136 x 10 ¹⁶
705	3.541774862152233910272 x 10 ¹⁶
715	7.083549724304467820544 x 10 ¹⁶
725	1.4167099448608935641088 x 10 ¹⁷

It was a portfolio trade, not a rogue

THE ORDER-DRIVEN trades on Friday, which sent Footsie tumbling around 25 points in the closing seconds, were not rogue, maverick or even spaghetti-fingered deals, according to the Stock Exchange.

The Exchange has been in touch with the parties concerned and, surprise, surprise, they are perfectly happy with the transactions.

At Friday's close BG crashed 30.5p to 340p; Abbey National lost 88p to 1,006p and Woolwich jumped 22.75p to 343p. They were, says the Exchange, part of a large portfolio trade where, perhaps, individual prices were less important than the overall outcome.

The Stock Exchange insists that the final Footsie calculation, which is based on trades conducted on the order book and ignores all other deals, was not distorted.

The mind boggles. If the trade in Abbey National - 1,006p against what appeared to be a more realistic 1,060p - was not a miscue, then coincidence is being stretched to breaking point.

Yesterday Abbey returned to normality, closing 60p up at 1,066p. BG rose to 360.5p, up 20.5p, and

MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN

Woolwich lost Friday's late rush to end at 327p, down 16p.

Although the parties to the various suspect transaction may be content, the Exchange is overlooking the possibility that valuations, particularly of estates, could be hit by a distorted closing Footsie, as well as individual share prices which may have been subjected to late mysterious trades. It admits it is powerless to intervene if the respective parties to a deal are willing to accept the closing prices. But that situation must offer some

tempting possibilities for maverick trades.

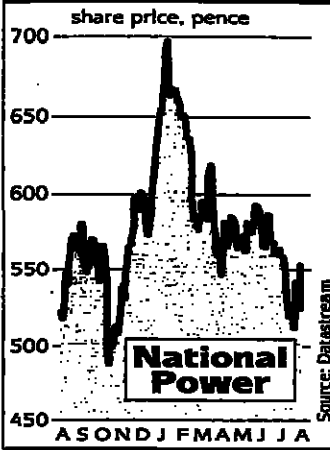
Such Footsie nonsense should end when a "weighted" final calculation is introduced at year-end. The new calculation, together with the decision to adjust the index on New Year's Eve, are clear indications that the Exchange realises the dangers of its controversial order book.

There were some odd trades yesterday. At one time Halifax, thanks to an order-book deal, was up 50p. The shares closed 21p up at 701p. Footsie ended 12.2 points higher at 5,467.2. It swung between a 30.9-point gain and a fall of 57. The supporting indices were sharply lower.

National Power, up 30p to 553p, was fuelled by stories of a Nomura-led bid. Some wonder whether, with the perilous state of the Japanese economy, Nomura could put together an £8.5bn consortium.

Generally the market looked for safe shares, those which could ignore the turmoil in Russia, where the inevitable devaluation occurred, and the continuing Far Eastern problems, with Tokyo near a 12-year low.

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



Kingfisher, helped by CSFB, jumped 25p to 454p. Retail shares have underperformed as consumer demand has evaporated, but CSFB believes sentiment is about to change.

The Glaxo Wellcome/SmithKline Beecham merger was given another whirl. Indeed Glaxo was suspended in Tokyo for a while. It later denied the aborted talks had

been resurrected. Its shares, at one time up 59p, ended 41p higher at 1,908p. SE ended 10p (after 33p) higher at 693p. Zeneca was also hauled back into the bid ward, gaining 62p to 2,212p on talk of a link with Astra, the Swedish group.

Booker, the cash-and-carry chain, fell 5p to 267.5p as Somerfield, off 18p at 404.5p, emerged as the possible bidder. Polyhedron, the tools group once known as Record Ridgway, jumped 21.5p to 66p as the possibility of a bid at a "significant premium" was announced. Thistle Hotels was up 2.5p to 216p. After hours came the announcement that bid talks, said to be with Nomura, were off.

BTR gave ground, falling 4.5p to 160.5p. However, stories persist of corporate action: Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, the US break-up specialist, remains the name in the frame. Granada Lynch put a 1.075p target on the shares; there was a 4.3 million placing.

Cable & Wireless jumped 24.5p to 756p. Verba, the German group with a 10.17 per cent stake, was thought to have picked up 6 million

shares through Merrill Lynch.

Tobaccos improved after a US court blocked government efforts to give the Food and Drug Administration regulatory powers over the industry. BAT Industries responded with a 23p gain to 651p and Imperial Tobacco puffed 7.5p higher to 558p.

Selfridges improved a further 15.5p to 239p on reports that Canadian millionaire Galen Weston wants to bid. Troubled Regent Inns was another up on bid reports, scoring a 13.5p gain to 166p on week-end suggestions that Bass was interested in picking up the managed house chain.

ComputaCenter, romping ahead at 783p in June, gained 25p to 808.5p. First-half figures are due on Thursday. Emerald Energy was actively traded, holding at 6.5p. It is said to be within 150 feet of hitting its oil target in the Magdalena valley in Colombia. Managing director Peter Winton said: "We have to be close".

SEAQ VOLUME: 675.6m
SEAQ TRADES: 51,530
GILTS INDEX: n/a

BURTONWOOD, the regional brewer, firmed to 169.5p. It has, in effect, decided to become a pub company with an interest in brewing.

A 60 per cent shareholding in its Warrington, Cheshire, brewery is being taken by Thomas Hardy, which runs the Eldridge Pope brewery at Dorchester. Burtonwood will retain the remaining 40 per cent. The new venture, besides supplying Burtonwood's 500 pubs, hopes to contract brew for other pub companies and independent retailers. Burtonwood has 9 per cent of the Paramount pubs chain.

SYSTEMS International, the IT consultancy and recruitment group, has won a £650,000 contract with Air Express, a provider of freight transport. The shares ended at 74.5p.

PARKLAND, the hard-pressed textile group, may get a bid. Some of its shareholders are apparently thinking of one: the shares firmed 3p to 34.5p.

Spectre of history back to haunt a robust WPP

STOCK MARKETS don't have much time for history, but yesterday the spectre of the past loomed over WPP. Even though the advertising group reported a sparkling set of interim results and made confident noises about the future, the shares were down 3p to 401p.

The last recession, when WPP almost collapsed under a crippling debt load, is still too fresh in most shareholders' memories for them to believe that WPP can escape the cycle.

Not that anyone is suggesting WPP is in danger of going bust. Any impending downturn is likely to be much shallower than eight years ago and, besides, WPP's balance sheet is in much better shape today.

Under chief executive Martin Sorrell the company has diversified into public relations and consultancy. Although the core advertising and media planning business produced a 9 per cent increase in revenues - suggesting it is taking market share from its rivals - the real growth came in the other areas which now account for almost half of WPP's turnover.

Trading looks robust. Mr Sorrell expects the overall market to grow by 4-5 per cent in 1999 - only slightly less than this year. Early figures for July show revenues up 16 per cent year on year. Factor in WPP's increased focus on financial services and entertainment and the group should easily meet its target of 14 per cent operating margins by 2000.

Nevertheless, WPP is far from immune to a downturn. The operational gearing which allows profits to rise faster than revenues will work in reverse if advertising dips.

On full-year profit forecasts of £205m the shares trade on a forward multiple of 22. For a cyclical business, high enough.

Hi-tech looking a bit low

INVESTORS MAY not have noticed, but the Stock Exchange's information tech-

INVESTMENT

EDITED BY PETER THAL LARSEN

WPP: AT A GLANCE

Market value: £2.91bn, share price 401p (-3p)

Trading record	95	96	97	97	98
Turnover (£bn)	6.55	7.08	7.29	3.44	3.84
Pre-tax profits (£m)	114	153	177	78.3	93.8
Earnings per share (p)	9.5	13.7	15.7	7.00	8.40
Dividends per share (p)	1.31	1.70	2.13	0.70	0.84

Revenue % of total

Information & consultancy 18%

Public relations & public affairs 7%

Advertising, media planning & buying & research 51%

Specialist communications 24%

Asia Pacific, Latin America & Middle East 17%

Continental Europe 9%

Share price

pence

500

400

300

200

100

0

93 94 95 96 97 98

Source: Datastream

nology index is taking a bit of

beating. Having been a one-way

bet for most of the year, the sector

is now suffering the fallout.

Since peaking at the beginning

of July, it has lost 18 per cent of

its value.

Has the long-predicted

shakeout in IT stocks finally

arrived?

The simple answer is no.

After all, the stock market has

been sliding, and when markets

fall the most highly-rated

shares tend to suffer the worst

falls.

IT shares had also been

overbought. Earlier this year

London fund managers

suffered from what one analyst

called "Anglotechnoanorexia"

- the irrational fear of

being underweight in tech-

nology stocks.

In spite of the recent slide,

the index is still showing a 37

per cent gain since the begin-

ning of the year. The fall is

mainly down to a few large

stocks taking a tumble. Mays

- the sector's largest con-

stituent - has dropped by a

quarter since early July as

investors fretted about its US

healthcare software business.

Sema, Sage and Computa-

center have lost more than 10

per cent of their value. But

Logica is down less than 3 per

cent while FI Group is up 9 per

cent over the period.

What's more, nothing fun-

damental has changed.

Although experts continue to

worry about a shortage of

skilled staff squeezing profit

margins, and a slump in

demand after the year 2000,

there is no sign of these pres-

sures.

The reporting season, which

kicks off with Computa-

center on Thursday and continues

with Sema, CMG and Logica,

should set the tone for the rest

of the year.

In spite of the recent fall, it's

hard to make a strong case for

buying any of the larger IT

stocks when most still change

First to feel the emerging pinch

SEVERFIELD-BEEVES has been a cracking performer over the last couple of years, but a tightening in the construction sector suggests the party might be over.

The engineering group specialises in providing steel structures for new buildings. It was at the forefront of the economic upturn, but will likely feel a slump early on.

Profits rocketed from £2.5m in 1995 to £9.2m last year. In four years, Severfield's market capitalisation has risen from £9m to £117m.

There was little sign of any slowdown in yesterday's interim results, with pre-tax profits rising 32 per cent to £5.1m in the six months to June.

Order books are in excess of £50m and the company still has £10m in the bank despite spending £21m over the last five years on capital expenditure.

There is little exposure to the Far East and one of the few blackspots - the Manobo chain mail gloves business - is on the mend. It has new management and should break even next year.

Severfield-Reeve is still firing on all cylinders but apprehension is growing inside the company as it sees the construction sector becoming increasingly competitive.

Peter Levine, the chairman, admits the "general economic outlook remains uncertain". Analysts are pencilling in pre-tax profits of £10m this year and £8.5m next.

With the shares down 30p at 320p, this leaves the company on a forward multiple of 10. That is low for a little dynamo like this but fair given the slow-down ahead. Hold.

IN BRIEF

US group pays £44m for Abacus

THE US-based Security Capital Group (SCG) has underlined its expansionist plans in Europe with the £43.7m takeover of Abacus Self Storage in Britain. The deal was executed by Acorn Storage Centres in which SCG has a controlling stake.

Acorn and Abacus plan to merge their 32 UK self-storage centres and four bases in France. This is Acorn's first deal since it was bought by SCG subsidiary, Security Capital Global Realty (SCGR), in June.

Boost for Uglund

THE FAR EAST'S currency devaluations and low oil prices helped boost interim profits by 77 per cent at Uglund International.

The group, which operates seaborne car carriers, also revealed plans for a new Florida-based venture to export quality used cars to Latin America, Africa and the Middle East. Uglund's pre-tax profits hit £11m.

R&S sales rise

ROYAL & SUNALLANCE reported a 23 per cent rise in new life and pensions business in the first half to £92m. Regular premium sales were up 13 per cent on the year at £58m. Single premium sales rose 44 per cent to £39.6m. Personal pensions sales were up 26 per cent.

Polyhedron up

SHARES in Polyhedron Holdings rose by almost 50 per cent after the maker of hand, bench and portable power tools said it was in talks that could lead to a bid for the company. The shares closed up 31.5p at 66p.

Autologic buys

AUTOLOGIC, the vehicle and logistics company, revealed two acquisitions which it said would allow it to deliver parts to vehicle manufacturers. It said Connection Freight and Mansped (bought from United Carriers Group) would contribute to second-half profits. Pre-tax profits in the half to 30 June up 34.9 per cent to £5.75m.

Ronson douses the flame of writ

HOWARD HODGSON and his girlfriend Christine Pickles have settled their £500,000 claim against Ronson, the cigarette-lighter company from which they were forced to resign last summer.

The duo issued a writ demanding compensation for loss of office equal to two years of Mr Hodgson's salary, £191,000, and one year of Ms Pickles' salary of £99,000.

The company initially resisted the claim, but now all is sweetness and light, I hear.

A spokeswoman for Ronson confirms that the company has settled the pair's claim, but adds tantalisingly that further details of the settlement will be revealed in Ronson's accounts. These are due to be published along with Ronson's refinancing "fairly soon", she said.

Ms Pickles, formerly corporate development director at Ronson, has since popped up as chief finance officer of Cap Gemini UK, the British arm of the French software services group.

Mr Hodgson made his first fortune building the world's biggest undertakers' business before selling up in the early 1990s. He then headed up Ronson, but fell foul of shareholders after issuing two profits warnings in three months.

He also received a lot of stick over his relationship with Ms Pickles, then corporate development director. The tabloids accused him of "bringing the bedroom into the boardroom", and the like.

Ronson is now run by Victor Kiam, "the man who liked it so much he bought the company" - or however the slogan went.

Mr Hodgson has joined Colibri, Ronson's main British competitor, and a lighter company Mr Hodgson sought to buy when he was still at Ronson.

Somewhat I don't think we've heard the last of him.

FORGET the trouble; billionaire speculator George Soros is stalking new prey - in Basinstoke.

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS

BY JOHN WILLCOCK



Mr Soros injected £100m into a British property vehicle called Delancy a couple of months ago, and now the company has bought Mounthatten House, an office building in Basinstoke, from Barclays for £16.4m. Is nowhere safe from Mr Soros's clutches?

Delancy is run by James Riblat, Sir John Riblat's son, and chaired by John Manser, chairman of Robert Fleming, the investment bank.

Expect more acquisitions soon.

THIS IS the story the accountancy profession would dearly love to forget.

In 1992 five of the UK's six accountancy bodies got together with the BBC and BPE, a training company, to set up Accountancy Television.

The idea was that the company would transmit accountancy training programmes in the middle of the night, which would be viewed by trainee bean counters and replayed at a more convenient hour. The founders invested £1.45m in the venture.

Accountancy TV went bust, much to the embarrassment of all concerned. It then ran into problems and was put into receivership in 1994. The receivers sold the leftovers to Television Education Network, a video service for accountants and lawyers.

Worse still, the fallout of the affair lingers on to remind everyone of the debacle. The liquidators of Accountancy TV,

Horwath Clark Whitehill, have just announced that while there is some money in the pot, unsecured creditors are likely to receive nothing.

The liquidators have received 42 firm claims from creditors totalling £539,400, and a further 743 potential claims of around £554,500. The amount the liquidators have recovered to pay off creditors amounts to £9,173.

As a result, the liquidator is to ask creditors to pass a resolution at the next creditors' meeting that any payment of less than £10 should instead be paid into the Insolvency Services Account, a Government-controlled fund for paying off creditors of bust companies, rather than being sent to them.

MARK BOGARD, managing director of b2, Barclays Bank's "fresh" and "different" financial services subsidiary, is gearing up for a publicity drive. The direct sales company has hired PR firm Charles Barker and is preparing an awesome series of journalist's lunches (burp).

In contrast to the somewhat staid image of the financial services industry and as a result of his busy schedule, Mr Bogard has taken to arriving at these lunches on his 1000cc Thunder Ace motorbike - complete with b2 personalised numberplates.

And he has already arrived at five of these lunches with Di Skidmore, b2 publicity supremo, perched on the pillion.

Ms Skidmore is herself the proud owner of four Triumph motorbikes, but she admits Mr Bogard's Yamaha is "a lot quicker" than any of her vintage British hops.

The wimp from Charles Barker have refused any lifts on Mr Bogard's bike. Even the prospect of a free lunch has not tempted them.

Ms Skidmore declares firmly that Mr Bogard is "a very safe driver, especially in the busy London traffic".

However, she admits that some of the journalists have "looked a bit aghast" when they have arrived by chopper.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES					
Country	Sterling	1 month	3 month	D-Mark	Spot
UK	1.0000			0.6185	0.6215
Australia	2.7269	2.7224	2.7147	1.6863	1.6873
Austria	20.370	20.329	20.258	12.598	12.598
Belgium	39.785	39.563	39.167	36.975	36.975
Canada	2.4618	2.4618	2.4618	1.5253	1.5241
Denmark	11.4703	11.009	10.947	6.8501	6.8211
ECU	16.212	1.7800	0.7235	5.4501	5.4401
France	9.722	9.685	9.622	6.0125	6.0009
Germany	2.8995	2.8995	2.8995	3.2510	3.2510
Greece	489.2	489.2	489.2	302.50	302.50
Hong Kong	7.7530	7.7530	7.7530	7.7497	7.7497
Ireland	1.1555	1.1555	1.1555	7.8017	7.8017
Italy	2.9612	2.9612	2.9612	1.9987	1.9987
Japan	235.66	234.14	231.40	145.75	145.01
Korea	6.9983	6.9983	6.9983	4.2564	4.2564
Malaysia	15.4970			2.0175	2.0104
Netherlands	3.2567	3.2567	3.2567	1.9943	1.9933
New Zealand	3.2517	3.2517	3.2517	7.6289	7.6289
Norway	12.358	12.358	12.358	7.6303	7.6303
Portugal	206.48	206.48	206.48	183.37	183.37
Saudi Arabia	6.0647	6.0647	6.0647	3.7559	3.7559
Singapore	2.8995	2.8995	2.8995	1.7640	1.7640
South Africa	0.1141	0.1141	0.1141	6.2553	6.2553
Spain	246.22	246.22	246.22	15.131	15.131
Sweden	13.200	13.200	13.200	8.1342	8.1342
Switzerland	2.4513	2.4513	2.4513	1.4985	1.4985
US	1.6189			1.0000	0.9576

INTEREST RATES									
UK			Germany		US		Japan		
Base	7.50%		Discount	2.50%	Prime	8.50%	Discount	0.50%	
France			Lombard	4.50%	Prime	5.00%	Belgium		
Intervention	3.30%		Prime		Fed Funds	5.85%	Central		
Italy			Prime	6.50%	Prime	4.28%	Central		2.75%
Spain	5.00%		Discount	5.00%	D-I Repo		Sweden		
Netherlands			Denmark		Sweden		Discount		1.00%
SphdRate	3.30%		Discount	3.75%	Repo(Aw)	4.10%	Discount		3.63%

BOND YIELDS										
Countries	3 mth	chg	1 yr	chg	2 yr	chg	5 yr	chg	10 yr	chg
Australia	4.94	-0.02	5.02	0.01	5.18	-0.01	5.43	0.02	5.57	-0.03
Belgium	3.52	0.00	3.76	0.00	3.86	0.03	4.07	-0.05	4.66	-0.06
Canada	4.86	0.02	5.31	0.03	5.29	0.02	5.49	0.02	5.66	0.01
ECU	4.16	0.00	4.06	0.00	3.68	-0.05	4.19	-0.03	4.59	-0.03
France	4.00	0.00	3.68	0.00	3.69	-0.03	3.76	-0.02	4.54	-0.02
Germany	3.50	0.00	3.73	-0.03	3.68	-0.04	4.12	-0.04	4.42	-0.04
Italy	4.72	0.00	4.24	0.00	4.22	0.00	4.44	-0.03	4.78	-0.04
Netherlands	4.40	0.00	3.61	0.00	3.61	-0.01	3.74	-0.01	4.41	-0.02
Nfrlands	3.45	0.03	3.75	0.00	3.84	0.00	4.15	-0.02	4.56	-0.04
Spain	4.18	0.02	3.95	0.00	3.97	-0.04	4.26	-0.04	4.72	-0.02
Sweden	4.12	0.00	4.16	0.00	4.16	-0.01	4.46	-0.05	4.76	-0.01
Stand	1.81	0.02	2.04	0.00	1.96	0.00	2.27	-0.01	2.91	-0.01
UK	7.30	0.00	7.63	-0.04	6.57	0.00	5.89	-0.02	5.59	-0.01
US	4.90	0.02	4.96	0.01	5.31	-0.01	5.32	-0.02	5.39	0.00

SPORT

USPGA Championship: Practice pays off for the Fijian who honed his golfing skills in the jungles of Borneo

Singh's major odyssey is complete

BY ANDY FARRELL
in Seattle

AS COLIN Montgomerie's quest to win a major championship continues, the Scot's travails seem as naive compared to those of Vijay Singh. The 35-year-old Fijian completed an epic odyssey when he beat Steve Stricker by two strokes to win the 80th USPGA Championship at Sahalee on Sunday.

It was Singh's first major championship. "When I was playing all round the world, I never thought I would be here," he said.

Singh has won on most continents around the world. "The strangest place I have played was when I won on sand greens in Nigeria." But that is not the weirdest place Singh's golf has taken him. In the mid-80s Singh was banned from playing for alleged rules violations and spent two years as a club pro in Borneo.

"I was out there in the jungle and hitting balls in 100-degree heat and trying to think what to do next," Singh recalled. "I had to earn some money and go out on tour again. I never thought about coming to America, let alone winning a tournament here. My wife and I think back and say, 'We have come a long way since then'."

"I am thankful in one sense because it taught me a lot of things. My wife talks about it and says it was the best time of our lives. We didn't have anything to worry about. I would wake up in the morning, give a few lessons and then go and practice. It is not something a lot of golfers have done. It taught me to respect the game a lot more."

If Montgomerie thinks he has struggled with his putter recently, Singh had it worse. He went backwards and forwards between long putters and short putters. A month ago, his wife suggested going back to putting

crossbanded, the way his father, an airport worker in Fiji, taught him to putt. "I am surprised I did not do it earlier," Singh said. "I think it is a better way to putt."

He only once three-putted on the humps of Sahalee's greens. His son, Qass, is learning the same method.

Singh is known as one of the hardest workers on the practice

and I'm always working on something. You can't go out and play a round of 18 perfect holes. There is always something that you are going to do wrong and you go out there and figure it out."

When he arrived here, Montgomerie admitted he has not given his all in the practice department and he meant to change that. His work on his

ruled for the last five years. His attention now will be on the European money list where he has to overtake Lee Westwood and Darren Clarke. The run-in begins in Dublin on Thursday.

Nick Faldo will not be there but he will be putting in a few appearances after the Ryder Cup qualifying starts next month. "That's the goal now," he said. Unless Ben Crenshaw's putting lesson really has helped, he might struggle to qualify.

Singh and Stricker enjoyed an 18-hole duel in the final round on Sunday, with the American only succumbing when he failed to match his opponent's up-and-down from a bunker at the 17th to fall two behind.

Steve Elkington got closest to the two some to finish three back but Mark O'Meara was two more behind.

O'Meara gave an honourable account of himself as he attempted to win a third major of the season, something that remains unique to Ben Hogan. But of all those who made the cut in all four majors, he finished with the lowest aggregate, followed by Woods.

The statistic backs up Woods' claim that he has become a more consistent player than a year ago. He had three top-10 finishes in the four majors, two more than in '97, but one less victory. "I didn't win one, but three top-10s is not too shabby," said the world No.1.

But for the second major running, Woods let slip a first-day lead. More patient he may have been, but his usually high birdie count was down at Sahalee. "Thursday was the only day I hit the ball well. I made a lot of pars, some great pars to hang in there."

"I made physical errors but I never made a mental error and from where I have come from, that's amazing."

VIJAY SINGH: FROM FIJI TO SEATTLE

1963: Born Lautoka, Fiji, on 22 February
Lives: Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida
Family: Wife Ardena; son Qass Seth

1982: Turned professional

1984: Claimed Malaysian PGA championship

1988: Joint runner-up to Jesper Parnevik at PGA European Tour Qualifying School, graduated on second attempt

1989: Volvo Open champion

1990: Winner of El Siqueiro Open

1992: Victorious at Turespana Masters and Volvo German Open

1993: Finished fourth in USPGA championship at Inverness, US Tour Rookie of the Year. Sets record for lowest round, 63, in USPGA Championship

1994: Claimed titles at Scandinavian Masters and Lancôme Trophy

1995: Won Phoenix Open and Buick Classic in play-offs in US, and Passport Open in South Korea, tied for 13th at the Open

1996: Finished fifth at USPGA Championship at Valhalla

1997: Toyota World Match Play champion. Winner of South African Open, Memorial Tournament and Buick Open, tied for 13th at USPGA championship

1998: Victorious in first major at USPGA Championship near Seattle, the 16th non-American to win the title this decade

US Tour wins: 6

Other wins: 18



Vijay Singh celebrates victory with his son, Qass

range in the game. He was even asked whether he would go and practice on Sunday evening. "Not in this rain," he said, entering into the spirit of the question. His philosophy is that there is always something to work on.

"If it's not the long game, it's the short game or the putting," he said. "I just like to practice

putting helped for the first two days, but, for the long game, it is a matter of practising the right things. That might mean employing a coach, or even going back to his old mentor, Bill Ferguson, with whom he has not worked for two years.

Montgomerie returns this week to the domain he has



Vijay Singh finds enough strength left in his arms to raise his first major trophy in Seattle on Sunday

Allsport

FINAL SCORES FROM SAHALEE

US unless stated	Faxon 70 68 74 68; B. Tway 69	Lehman 71 71 70 72; J. Woods	69; J. Maguire 71 73 73 71; S.	291 T. Doody (Nan) 69 71 75
224 V Singh (Fiji) 70 66 67 68	76 67 68; P. Adinger 68 73 70	69; G. Sorenson 68 74 69 69; S.	Lowery 70 69 72 71; D. Ogden	72; T. Byrum 72 71 74 74
225 S Stricker 69 68 66 70	69; B. Glusson 68 74 69 69; S.	Rhiner 70 70 71 73; S. Hoch 72	73 72 71 72; K. Sutherland 74	Browne 73 71 71 76
226 S Elkington 69 69 69 69	Flesch 73 69 67 69; J. Huston	69 70 73	71 71 (GB); C. Montgomerie (GB)	292 R. Karison (Swe) 71 73 71
67	70 71 68 71; R. Allenby (Aus)	70 71 68 71	70 67 77 74; P. Horgan 71 71	73; S. Maruyama (Jap) 69 77
226 N Price (Zim) 70 73 68 65	72 68 69 71	B. Estes 68 76 69 72; P. Goy-	72 74; M. Calogwecchia 70 73 71	73 74; L. Roberts 71 71 74 75
M O'Meara 69 70 69 68; F. Lick-	281 E. Els (SA) 72 72 71 66; A.	dos 70 70 72 73; R. Cochran 69	74; D. Hart 70 75 69 74; B. An-	293 S. Leany (Aus) 72 70 72
izer 68 71 69 68	Mages 70 68 72 71	71 70 75	drade 68 77 68 75	75
227 B. Mayr 73 67 67 70; D.	282 P. J. Johnson (Swe) 69 74	288 C. Stadler 69 74 71 72; D.	289 N. Faldo (GB) 73 71 72 73	294 A. Colcott (GB) 70 75 75 74
Love 70 68 69 70	71 68; P. Funk 70 71 71 70; S.	Waldorf 74 70 70 72	5. Verplank 71 71 71 76	295 D. Sutherland 77 68 73 72
278 J. Cook 71 69 70 69	Gump 68 69 72 73; G. Kraft 71	287 C. Franco (Peru) 71 70 73	296 B. Seiberger 73 70 79 74	296 B. Seiberger 73 70 79 74
779 K. Perry 69 73 70 68; T.	73 65 73	73; J. Sindelar 71 71 75 70; J.	C. Perry (Aus) 70 75 74 75	C. Perry (Aus) 70 75 74 75
Woods 66 72 70 71; S. Mendall	283 J. Skuman 71 73 70 69; H.	Kaus 73 73 73 69; J. Durant 75	Fisher 73 73 73 76	Fisher 73 73 73 76
72 68 68 71	Sutton 72 68 72 71	68 74 70	74; D. Frost (SA) 70 69 76 75;	297 C. Perry 73 71 75 75
280 F. Couples 74 71 67 68; B.	284 G. Day 68 71 75 70; T.	285 J. Ozaki (Japan) 73 71 75	J. D. Blake 70 72 73 75	298 T. Herron 73 70 73 76

Hakkinen and McLaren stunned by Schumacher

MOTOR RACING

BY DERICK ALLSOP
in Budapest

THE ANXIETY in the McLaren-Mercedes camp was as discernible as it was understandable. A championship campaign that had negotiated inevitable obstacles to settle into an apparently unstoppable momentum had, in the words of David Coulthard, "run into a brick wall".

Suddenly they had a struggle on their hands and the spectacular scale of Michael Schumacher's victory for Ferrari was matched only by their own capitulation. In terms of reliability, performance and, crucially, strategy, they had been given a comprehensive hiding in Sunday's Hungarian Grand Prix.

Any thoughts of a cruising formality - which in fairness appeared to beckon as Mika Hakkinen and Coulthard dominated the early stages of Sunday's race - were dispelled by the manner of Schumacher's retaliation. Coulthard, inheriting the responsibility of pursuing the German when Hakkinen's car encountered problems, watched in ever-distant dismay as the Ferrari pulled away.

The Scot was a figure of stunned disbelief. He had pledged his support to Hak-

kinen but could offer nothing. The Finn, able to salvage only sixth place, now has a fragile seven-point advantage with four races remaining. McLaren head for Silverstone this week and what becomes an even more important test programme. Ferrari, buoyed by a result they did not dare contemplate, go to work at Monza.

They meet again at Spa, on Sunday week, for the Belgian Grand Prix, a race that has assumed pivotal significance as the season enters its final quarter.

McLaren will want to know if a failed shock absorber really could have disabled Hakkinen's car to such an extent, why Coulthard could not keep in touch with Schumacher and how they allowed Ferrari, improvising with a three-stop strategy, to outwit them.

Coulthard complained his tyres were gone 15 laps from the end, but by then Schumacher had inflicted the damage. He had obliterated Coulthard's challenge with an extraordinary third sector that accommodated the extra stop with something to spare. Hakkinen has taken his occasional setbacks this year with philosophical restraint, and he will need to hold his nerve now as never before.

"This result has made the championship more exciting,"

was how Hakkinen chose to interpret events after he had the opportunity to reflect and prepare his message of defiance. "Formula One needs excitement," he persisted.

"It's down to seven points but I never thought the title would be easy. You have ups and downs in motor racing and have to be able to cope. We'll look at what went wrong and hope to be in better shape for Spa. You can't expect things to go smoothly all the time."

"It was very disappointing not to be able to fight because the car was so difficult to drive, especially as there were so many of my fans at this race. But one point is better than no points, because it could be vital at the end of the season."

"We are testing this week and we have a lot of hard work to do. I'm confident we will be better at the next race."

Hakkinen and McLaren recovered from an uncertain mid-season spell which left him just two points clear but a championship run-in is uncharted territory for Hakkinen and Schumacher, twice world champion, is a master at applying pressure off the circuit as well as on it.

Schumacher is entitled to relish the prospect of Spa. The scene of his debut, in 1991, it has yielded him four wins since

and on another, infamous, occasion he crossed the line first only to be disqualified because his car was deemed illegal.

He, too, will go about his business this week with added incentive, although it is difficult to imagine anyone could be better prepared for racing. Therein, perhaps, lies another explanation for his remarkable performance here.

Others, including Coulthard, looked drained after the race. Damon Hill, a creditable fourth for Jordan, admitted he was exhausted by the 77-lap ordeal in the heat. Heinz-Harald Frentzen, fifth in a Williams, was taken to hospital with dehydration.

Winning helps, of course, but Schumacher, having produced qualifying lap speeds during that decisive period of the race, was in his customary energetic, bone-dry condition at the end. No driver is fitter for the job.

In the marketplace, Hill is still hoping to confirm he will be staying with Jordan, who in turn are endeavouring to retain Ralf Schumacher. The German has had talks with Williams, who have also been linked with Stewart-Ford's Rubens Barrichello. Johnny Herbert, disenchanted at Sauber, senses an opportunity to reinvigorate his career at Stewart.

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Alleyne deputies able and willing

Gloucestershire 142 and 456
Kent 163 and 297
Gloucs win by 138 runs

ADROIT LEADERSHIP from Mark Alleyne, cleverly manipulating a weakened attack, guided Gloucestershire into fourth place with a game in hand on the leaders, Surrey. Their eggshell batting makes them unlikely champions but they do play like a team of cock-eyed optimists, willing to try anything and everything and something usually comes off.

Even Kent's best friends found it hard to understand their recent ascendancy and this defeat probably puts their summer into perspective. When they resumed under low cloud, needing 353 with eight wickets standing on a pitch still playing benignly, the odds were against them. True contenders would have attacked their task with a little more panache and application.

Carl Hooper apart, their innings lacked both dash and confidence. Trevor Ward, who can strike a ball, and the night watchman, Ben Phillips, a potential all-rounder added 18 in seven overs. They knew that Gloucestershire were a bowler short, Alleyne still nursing a strained calf muscle. The Gloucestershire captain had to find able deputies. But first Jon Lewis beat Ward's defence.

Allyne then warled on Tim Hancock as the first reliever bawled and he duly obliged, also trapping Phillips. That brought together Hooper and Alan Wells for the partnership that could still win through for Kent. The West Indian put Hancock firmly in place by pulling and driving three boundaries in an over but before the stand could take root Allyne called on the off-spinner Martyn Balmain, who, with his second ball, dismissed Wells through a diving catch at silly point.

Hooper was still firing away at 54 at lunch but could anyone stay with him? Chris Walsh demonstrated a defensive technique until his namesake, Courtney, reappeared, shortly leg snatching an involuntary deflection. Hooper retaliated by pulling Ball for six and driving sweetly at anything pitched up to him; by then he had the appropriate partner for bravado in Matthew Fleming, who brought a howl of anguish from the field by slicing Courtney Walsh between first and second slip - at speed.

Back came Hancock to drive to his left and catch Fleming's drive, second ball. Twelve runs later Alleyne had the spark of inspiration that wins matches. Dominic Hewson bowled his first two overs – lively medium – for Gloucestershire on Sunday. Called on again, he tempted Hooper into another drive, through extra, where Hancock

Only Steve Marsh, the tail, and the ever-threatening rain could then save Kent. Walsh was too quick for Julian Thompson only for the rain to start. Twenty minutes passed before play resumed, Mike Smith having last man Martin McCague caught behind.

Alleyne said afterwards: "We can still catch Surrey. They might hiccup and we have an easier run-in."

Ducks fail to scupper Swann

GRAEME SWANN, the Northamptonshire all-rounder, recovered from one of the lowest moments in his career to bowl England to a 38-run victory over Pakistan in the first NatWest Under-19 Test at Worcester yesterday.

A return of 6 for 46 in 17.4 overs made up for his despair at registering two ducks for his country in a season which has brought a maiden century for his county.

England, the World Cup holders, needed only 25 balls to dismiss Pakistan for 160 by taking the last two wickets for 16 runs on the final morning. The Nottinghamshire paceman Paul Franks produced a good delivery to have Zahid Saeed caught behind and Swann finished it off when Irfan Fazil boasted a catch to Essex's Stephen Peters at deep mid-wicket.



Mixed emotions for century man

Lancashire 484 & 215
Yorkshire 457-8 dec & 183
Lancashire win by 59 runs

THE ROSES match may have started out of character, with wayward bowling and cavalier batting, but it ended with the clock well and truly turned back yesterday when Lancashire plotted an old-fashioned turn of pitch to obtain the important Championship win they needed with 5.2 overs to spare.

Yorkshire, required to make 243 from what proved to be a good start, initially made a good start of it before succumbing to the left-armers Gary Keedy (5 for 44) and the off-spinner Gary Yallop (4 for 69) who had played in five Championship matches between them this season.

If that is one comment of the shortcomings of the modern game, the way Yorkshire's batsmen perished against the turning ball would have made some of the grizzled old pros present weep into their pints of Tetley's last night.

For all that, it was a totally compelling match from first ball to last. Yorkshire's decision to use a day-old pitch was vindicated when it started to give the spinners lavish help in the last two sessions so Lancashire, with Wasim Akram not fully fit and Ian Austin belatedly joining Peter Martin on England duty, would have no complaints about that.

Keedy and Yates, with so little first-class bowling behind them this year, were under a certain amount of pressure to deliver the goods. They did it so well that from the moment the

two Garys began to operate in harness, it was a case of "it's goodbye from me or it's goodbye from him".

Wasim bowled only five variable overs off a reduced run during which he looked fortunate to win an lbw decision against Michael Vaughan.

He was also spared what might have been a delicately balanced declaration when Lancashire's second innings ended earlier than seemed likely, thanks to Matthew Hogard's three wickets for six runs in 10 balls.

Apart from Vaughan's mishap Yorkshire did well enough against the new ball, but the spinners were a different proposition. Yates found enough turn to operate round the wicket into Paul Hutchison's follow-through, while Keedy got the ball to turn so much at varying

heights out of the rough at the other end that this was not the negative play it usually is.

Significantly, though, he obtained some of his success with deliveries which pitched on the stumps and turned, including Matthew Wood who, having batted with soft hands and a quick eye for errors in line and length, was disappointingly bowled playing back rather than forward.

By then David Byas had been well picked up at slip by Graham Lloyd trying, it seemed, not to play at Yates and the other crucial blow was the departure of Darren Lehmann who, having produced the requisite footwork to begin with, also played back rather than forward and was low to a ball that not only turned but failed to bounce.

He walked off shaking his head — only at his own error of



judgment, one hopes - and another lapse followed when Richard Blakey was leg-before playing neither forward nor back.

By now the crowd, who had been jeering what they took to be time-wasting tactics by Lancashire, were reduced to silence and Yates and Keedy were not denied much longer.

LEADING FIRST CLASS AVERAGES										
Batting										
(Qualifying requirements: 8 completed innings)										
Matches	Inns	NO	Runs	HS	Avg	100	50	Ct	St	
M B Loye	12	17	2	1146	322*	76.40	4	4	6	-
J P Crawley	13	19	2	1207	180	71.00	5	4	8	-
W J Cronje	11	12	2	704	195	70.40	2	4	6	-
D J Cullinan	12	17	4	900	200*	69.23	2	6	9	-
J L Langer	14	26	5	1394	233*	66.38	4	6	11	-
D S Lehmann	8	12	0	792	200	66.00	3	3	3	-
G Kirsten	12	19	5	892	210	63.71	4	2	8	-
A D Brown	12	17	1	964	155	60.25	4	5	17	-
S James	12	22	1	1185	227	56.42	4	4	9	-
M G Bevan	11	17	2	835	149*	55.66	3	3	9	-
J H Kallis	10	14	3	612	132	55.63	2	3	9	-
M A Butcher	11	16	1	778	116	51.86	3	4	8	-
A J Stewart	10	16	1	772	164	51.46	1	4	33	-
A Habib	14	16	3	668	198	51.38	2	2	7	-
W K Hegg	11	14	3	554	85	50.36	-	6	26	2
M P Vaughan	14	22	2	1004	177	50.20	2	4	9	-
C J Adams	14	21	1	996	170	49.80	4	4	19	-
D C Boon	12	23	4	915	139*	48.15	3	5	5	-
N M K Smith	13	20	4	759	147	47.13	2	4	1	-
B F Smith	14	17	3	655	153	46.78	2	2	8	-
Bowling										
(Qualification 20 wickets)										
Name	Overs	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Avg	Best	5wd	10wM		
C White	147.1	36	391	25	15.64	8-55	2	-	-	-
V J Wells	129	41	321	20	16.05	3-12	-	-	-	-
Saqain Mushaq	435	124	1015	61	16.63	8-65	3	3	-	-
D A Leatherdale	91.4	19	350	20	17.50	5-20	1	-	-	-
M P Bicknell	364.1	103	981	55	17.83	5-27	2	-	-	-
A D Mulla	318.4	121	739	41	18.02	5-62	2	-	-	-
A C Morris	184.5	33	599	32	18.71	4-30	-	-	-	-
M P L Bulbeck	123	23	454	23	19.73	3-10	-	-	-	-
C A Walsh	445.1	110	1358	68	19.97	6-42	5	1	-	-
J D Leary	388.3	100	1139	57	19.98	6-72	3	-	-	-
D W Headley	257.4	59	683	34	20.08	6-71	2	-	-	-
A A Donald	302.2	89	785	39	20.12	6-56	5	-	-	-
A R C Fraser	378.3	97	948	47	20.17	5-42	3	1	-	-
M V Fleming	277.4	84	671	32	20.96	4-24	-	-	-	-
J D K Salisbury	326	96	761	36	21.13	7-65	2	-	-	-
M M Betts	363	81	1061	48	22.10	6-83	4	-	-	-
M C Iort	399.5	116	1018	46	22.13	6-20	1	-	-	-
J Dean	326.5	60	1162	52	22.34	5-57	2	-	-	-
S L Watkin	332.3	98	830	37	22.43	5-30	1	-	-	-

Her point

Allspice

Cats	20-1	14-1	14-1	14-1
Vermont Capitaine	5-1	22-1	20-1	20-1
Doris Sidel	25-1	30-1	30-1	28-1
Literary Society	30-1	25-1	25-1	25-1
Roanoke Bay	20-1	20-1	14-1	25-1
Magic Rainbow	28-1	25-1	28-1	14-1
Sold Effort	33-1	33-1	33-1	33-1
Reinforcement	25-1	33-1	33-1	30-1
Road's Feet	25-1	20-1	33-1	25-1
The Puzzle	25-1	28-1	30-1	25-1
The Gray Fox	33-1	33-1	40-1	33-1

Each week a quarter the odds posted. 1234

The most telling quote in the whole sorry affair came from Gerald Leigh, an owner in the Savill camp, who said he wanted to be sure that his runners were "totally representative of Gerald Leigh".

TEN YEAR TALE ON THE JUDDMONT												
Fate of the favourites:	1988	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97		
	5	2	3	3	12	2	3	1	1	4		
Winner's place in betting:	3	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	1	2		
Winner's odds:	7-2	16-1	4-1	16-1	1-1	26-1	4-1	9-4	6-1	4-1		
Profit or loss to ET stake:	Favourite -£475 Second Favourite -£500											
Percentage of winners placed 1st, 2nd or 3rd in last race:	40%											
Shortest-priced winner:	Halling 5-4 (1993)											
Longest-priced winner:	Exford 26-1 (1993)											
Winning ages:	4	4	3	5	3	4	4	5	4	5		
Top trainer:	Sir M Stoute G C Exford (1993 & 1994) S Snodgrass (1987)											

1000

Gateshead brought into Super League

RUGBY LEAGUE
BY DAVE HADFIELD

GATESHEAD WILL be Super League's new blood next season, following the decision yesterday to allow them into the competition.

The new franchise in the north-east was given the go-ahead after confirming financial guarantees and the backing of the local council.

"I'm not an excitable person, but I'm absolutely delighted," said Kath Hetherington, the co-founder of Sheffield Eagles, who, along with the Australian,

Shane Richardson, has been the driving force behind this bid. "I'm convinced that it will be a success," she said. "Our ambition has to be to draw the crowds in next season."

Gateshead hope to be able to name their coach later this week, with St Helens' Shaun McKee the favourite, but Richardson's long-time associate, the Cronulla and Australia coach, John Lang, may be in the frame.

"Shane already had his flights booked to go around Australia and sign up various players he has been talking to," Hetherington said.

It looks unlikely though, that the controversial forward, Solomon Haumono, will be among them. Haumono, sacked by Canterbury for flying off to Britain to be with his girlfriend, was lined up to join Cardiff if they had won a franchise, but was passed on to Gateshead when the Welsh bid failed.

"I don't think we will be signing him," Hetherington said. "We are looking for the right sort of character. People who really want to play for the team."

Now Gateshead likely to take up the former Rhodderfield player-coach, Garry Schofield, on his offer to play for them.

Gateshead International Stadium must be improved to include 6,000 seats under cover in time for next season and the club must also create press, television and drug-testing facilities, but none of these requirements are expected to be an obstacle.

The Wigan coach, John Monie, has agreed a new, one-year contract that will keep him at the club until December 1999 and he hinted yesterday that there could be more to come. "I'm delighted to be staying for at least another 12 months," he said.

Wigan's chief executive, Phil Clarke, said that Monie's second spell in charge at Central

Park had "brought discipline to the club, on and off the pitch."

The Salford coach, Andy Gregory, faces double trouble over his confrontational approach to officials. The Rugby League has received a report from the referee Karl Kirkpatrick over alleged remarks after the game against Leeds last week.

Gregory is already due to appear on 25 August over the non-payment of a £1,000 fine that was imposed when he was banned from the touchline earlier this season. The former Great Britain scrum-half could now be suspended.

The club's chairman, John

Wilkinson, has stood loyally by Gregory through his various clashes with authority, but even his patience could run out, especially in the light of Salford's poor form this season.

Castleford have signed the younger brother of their coach, Stuart. The hooker who played for Australia against South Africa in the 1995 World Cup and has represented New South Wales, will arrive for pre-season training and play for Cast in 1999.

The club has denied reports that it has also enlisted the Melbourne and former Perth three-quarter, Paul Bell.

Welsh strive to revive league

RUGBY UNION
BY CHRIS HEWETT

THE ON-OFF saga of the British league - longer running than The Mousetrapp, more confusing than Twin Peaks - was back on the nation's rugby agenda yesterday as Cardiff and Swansea joined forces in a final attempt to resurrect a project that appeared dead and buried last week. Representatives of both clubs were putting new proposals to the general committee of the Welsh Rugby Union last night following several hours of feverish negotiations behind the scenes.

WRU members had given their most ambitious and powerful teams until 1pm yesterday to sign a controversial and deeply divisive 10-year loyalty agreement but, as with an entire catalogue of previous deadlines, the moment passed without a whimper. Let alone a bang. Instead, officials from the two clubs requested an audience with Dennis Gethin, the secretary of the union, and Les Williams, the vice-chairman, in an effort to square the political circle.

A threat of expulsion from the union still hovered over both rebel camps, but the Welsh administrators were acutely aware of the possible consequences for an already mediocre Premiership competition. Cardiff, the richest club in the principality, were furious at the WRU's refusal to back the immediate formation of a British league last week and, in their own words, have no intention of committing themselves to an impoverished domestic fixture programme.

However, the famous Arms Park club indicated a willingness to drop their High Court action against the WRU and its attempts to force through the loyalty agreement if progress could be made on the fixture front. Welsh officials were keeping in close touch with Twickenham yesterday, even though Brian Baister, the driving force behind last week's British league talks, now believes the opportunity for an early agreement to have slipped away.

Meanwhile, Cardiff were expected to complete the signing of Robert Jones, the former Wales and Lions scrum-half, from Bristol. Bob Dwyer, who started work as the struggling West Country club's new director of rugby yesterday afternoon, accepted that attempts to keep Jones on board had failed.

"I spoke to Robert over the weekend and reassured him that he had a part in our future, but I don't suppose you can blame him for going," said the Australian. "He'll be joining some guys with whom he has played a lot of international rugby and he'll feel comfortable in that environment. It's disappointing from our point of view but actually my guess is that Cardiff will be playing in some sort of British league this season and that was probably the little thing that helped him make his decision."

In another high-profile move, Shem Tatu, the former Western Samoa World Cup flanker, temporarily switched allegiance from Northampton to Wasps on a two-month loan deal.

Tennis: Two Britons in the world's top 10 for the first time as season's final Grand Slam approaches

Henman joins the world's elite

BY IAN TASKER

TIM HENMAN yesterday became the 100th player to make it into the world's top 10 since rankings were introduced 25 years ago.

British tennis has now reached the dizzy, and until recently undreamed of, heights of having two players ranked in the world's top 10 - the first time that has happened since the Association of Tennis Professionals started ranking in 1973.

Greg Rusedski, the first Briton to reach single figures, keeps his place in the elite, dropping one place to No 7, despite not having played since a ankle injury forced him out of Wimbledon.

Henman, whose elevation from 11th to 10th came despite his first-round defeat by Thomas Muster in Cincinnati last week said: "It's a bit different from back in February when I had four defeats, and people said I should change my coach."

"There has never been any

THE TOP TEN

1	Marcelo Rios (Chile)
2	Pete Sampras (US)
3	Pat Rafter (Aus)
4	Petr Korda (Cz Rep)
5	Carlos Moya (Sp)
6	Richard Krajicek (Neth)
7	Greg Rusedski (GB)
8	Andre Agassi (US)
9	Jonas Bjorkman (Swe)
10	Tim Henman (GB)

chance of that happening. I have been with David Fliegate for six years and benefited from the continuity."

Both Britons are in action this week in warm-up tournaments for the US Open, the final Grand Slam tournament of the year, which begins in two weeks time on 31 August. Henman, 23, plays at New Haven, Connecticut, while Rusedski, 24, makes his comeback in Indianapolis.

Rusedski, particularly, is approaching a crucial time of the year, as he will need at least to match his performance in reaching the US Open final last

year - where he lost to Pat Rafter - if he is not to lose vital rankings points and drop out of the top 10. A bad performance at Flushing Meadows could see him slip as low as 15.

Henman, meanwhile, with fewer points to defend - he was a second-round casualty at the US Open last year - and having a much better year so far, is rapidly closing on his Canadian-born rival. Indeed Henman is only 545 points behind and in the race to be one of the eight qualifiers for the year-ending ATP Tour Championships in Hanover, Henman is currently 11th while Rusedski is not even in the top 15.

Henman, from Oxford, is seeded six in New Haven and has a bye in the first round. He will face one of two Italians, Diego Nargiso or Vincenzo Santopadre, in the second. He appears to have chosen the much tougher tournament as the top two seeds are Pete Sampras and Pat Rafter, who contested Sunday's final in Cincinnati. Rafter, the US Open champion, won that meeting 1-6, 7-6, 6-4, sealing the match with an ace his opponent clearly thought was out. Sampras, who would have regained the world No 1 ranking had he won, was not slow in letting the umpire know he was unhappy with the call.

Rusedski's first opponent in Indianapolis, where he is seeded three behind Marcelo Rios and Carlos Moya, is either the Swede, Magnus Larsson, a former top tennis, or Sebastian Grosjean, of France. The tournament also features Andre Agassi, whose recent rejuvenation has taken him from a lowly 141 a year ago to No 8 in the world this week.

Rusedski has been out of the game for eight weeks since the ankle he badly twisted at Queen's forced him to withdraw from his first-round match against Mark Draper at Wimbledon. This gives him only this week and next, at the Hamlet Cup in Long Island to get fit for the US Open.



Pete Sampras argues with the umpire after a disputed call on match point against Pat Rafter in the Cincinnati final. AP

Californian sweep for Davenport

THE WORLD No 2, Lindsay Davenport, came from behind against the top-ranked Martina Hingis to win her 12th consecutive match and third WTA tournament in a row at Manhattan Beach in California on Sunday.

Davenport dropped the first set, but stormed back to clinch a 4-6, 6-4, 6-3 victory. Hingis had a break point in the final set to level matters, but the American saved it and held to take a 3-1 lead before breaking back to win on her second match point for her 17th career singles crown.

"Three wins in a row is just great," said the local favourite, Davenport, following her victories at other California venues, Stanford and San Diego. "It's so exciting. It

means a lot to me, especially in California."

The Russian teenager Anna Kournikova will make her long-delayed Japanese debut when she takes part in the Prince Cup tennis tournament in Tokyo next month. The 17-year-old failed to make her Japanese debut at the Tokyo hard court tournament last year because her mother could not get a visa.

Kournikova reached her first final at Key Biscayne in March, but has been out of action since she strained her right thumb in a fall during a victory over Stefani Graf at Eastbourne in June. She is expected to face tough opposition from Graf, Monica Seles and Arantxa Sanchez Vicario, the French Open champion.

BRIGHTON

HYPERION
2.20 Dramatic 2.50 Mule's Magic 3.25 Kato Lane 4.00 Mr Rough 4.30 Wild Colonial Boy 5.00 Desert Time

GOING: Fm. STALLS: 100, except 10 & 12 (out-side). DRAWN ADVANTAGE: Low bet for 10 & 12. Left-hand, U-shaped course, undulating and sharp. Course is 1/2 of town. Brighter section in ADOPTED: Clio 100, 120, 140, 160, 180, 200, 220, 240, 260, 280, 300, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400, 420, 440, 460, 480, 500, 520, 540, 560, 580, 600, 620, 640, 660, 680, 700, 720, 740, 760, 780, 800, 820, 840, 860, 880, 900, 920, 940, 960, 980, 1000.

LEADING TRAINERS: R. Hannon 38-227 (62.7%), G. L. Moore 31-221 (61.4%), S. Dowd 20-192 (62.9%), M. S. Kellaway 15-33 (60.0%).

LEADING JOCKEYS: S. Whitworth 14-14 (50.0%), M. Dwyer 11-14 (77.8%), D. Sweeney 9-55 (14.5%), C. Clark 9-126 (7.1%), F. Kourouk 22-254 (8.7%), B. Blacker 19-171 (11.1%), M. Sweeney 22-254 (8.7%), C. Clark 9-126 (7.1%), F. Kourouk 22-254 (8.7%), B. Blacker 19-171 (11.1%).

FORM VERDICT

A very poor race, no better than a seller and complicated by a paucity of reasonable recent form. GEM has claims on one piece of form, a respectable 100m race, but she is a tentative choice ahead of Lady Vivienne.

4.00 DENISE AND PETER MACKIN HANDICAP (P) £2,500 1m

1. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 2. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 3. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 4. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 5. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 6. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 7. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 8. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 9. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 10. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9

FORM VERDICT

Star Of The Course is arguably open to improvement and might follow up her recent success, but preference is for WILD COLONIAL BOY, who appeared to get 1m well enough at Salisbury last time and acts here.

5.00 ORIANA CRUISE APPRENTICE HCAP (P) £2,500 1m 2f

1. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 2. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 3. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 4. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 5. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 6. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 7. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 8. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 9. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9 10. 60204 MOROCCO (10) M. Channon 9.9

FORM VERDICT

A trophy race, which should be run at a good pace. Iron Mountain is vulnerable at the trip and the hard-to-vent with Contraster appeals more, but preference is for THE GREEN GUY, who is progressing and doesn't have much to find on the form of his selling win at Bath last time.

4.30 KAREN DREW HANDICAP (D) £2,500 3yo 1m 196yds

1. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 2. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 3. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 4. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 5. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 6. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 7. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 8. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 9. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2 10. 2004 KAHANA (10) A. Jones 4.2

2.20 INJURED JOCKEYS FUND STAKES £5,000 2yo 5f 56yds

1. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 2. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 3. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 4. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 5. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 6. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 7. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 8. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 9. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 10. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2

3.25 ELAINE THOMPSON STAKES (P) £2,500 3yo 1m

1. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 2. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 3. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 4. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 5. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 6. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 7. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 8. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 9. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2 10. 05064 KING ROLY (8) W. Turner 8.2

FORM VERDICT

DAME JUDE and Unleashed are the form horses and, with the ground a concern for Dramatic, are likely to dominate. Unleashed had Darnie Jude a neck behind at Newmarket in June and is now 30 better off, but the latter is preferred today.

2.50 MY DRIVER MANDIE YALLOP SELLER (P) £2,500 6f

1. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 2. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 3. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 4. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 5. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 6. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 7. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 8. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 9. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9 10. 00000 BARKFUL BRAYNE (8) B. Bugh 7.9

FORM VERDICT

QUESTMATION has won handicaps in his time and his last-time-out Newmarket selling-race third is good enough form to suggest he can make an impact in this run-of-the-mill affair. Samway's Shuttle should be a potent threat.

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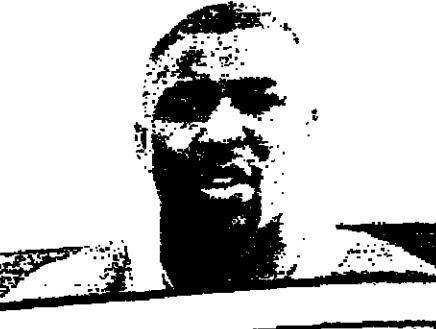
QUESTMATION has won handicaps in his time and his last-time-out Newmarket selling-race third is good enough form to suggest he can make an impact in this run-of-the-mill affair. Samway's Shuttle should be a potent threat.

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60,566
The attendance for Sunday's Japanese Football League All-Star game in Yokohama. It was the largest recorded crowd for a football match in Japan, beating the 59,626 who watched the first J-League fixture in 1993.



SPORT



HENMAN HITS THE TOP TEN P21 • CAMPBELL CHASES BUDAPEST GOLD P22

Yorke £12m tempts Villa

FOOTBALL

BY ALAN NIXON

ALEX FERGUSON stepped up Manchester United's pursuit of Aston Villa's Dwight Yorke yesterday, offering £12m for the striker in an attempt to complete the transfer before Thursday's deadline for signings to play in the Champions League.

The Old Trafford manager increased United's previous offer of £10m and Yorke is also willing to accept the club's pay structures and sign a long-term contract. Such is Yorke's desire to move to United that he could earn more by signing a new deal at Villa.

Villa are reluctant to sell but the sum is so sizeable that it will give the club's manager, John Gregory, the funds to buy two or three new players. Ferguson had offered a players plus cash deal for the Trinidadian, an exchange rejected by Gregory. United may now gain Yorke without losing their leading scorer of last season, Andy Cole.

Kevin Gallacher, the Scotland striker, is ready to leave Blackburn Rovers after losing his place to the club's record signing, Kevin Davies. Gallacher is upset that his partnership with Chris Sutton has been broken up despite it being the most prolific in the Premier League last season.

Gallacher was among the substitutes for Blackburn's opening game on Saturday and in the reserves last night as he recovers from a double hernia operation. However, the Scot fears he has already become an understudy to the £7.5m arrival Davies and the manager, Roy

Hodgson, may opt to use him on the wing. Gallacher only wants to play through the middle for club and country and his best way of guaranteeing that is to leave Ewood Park.

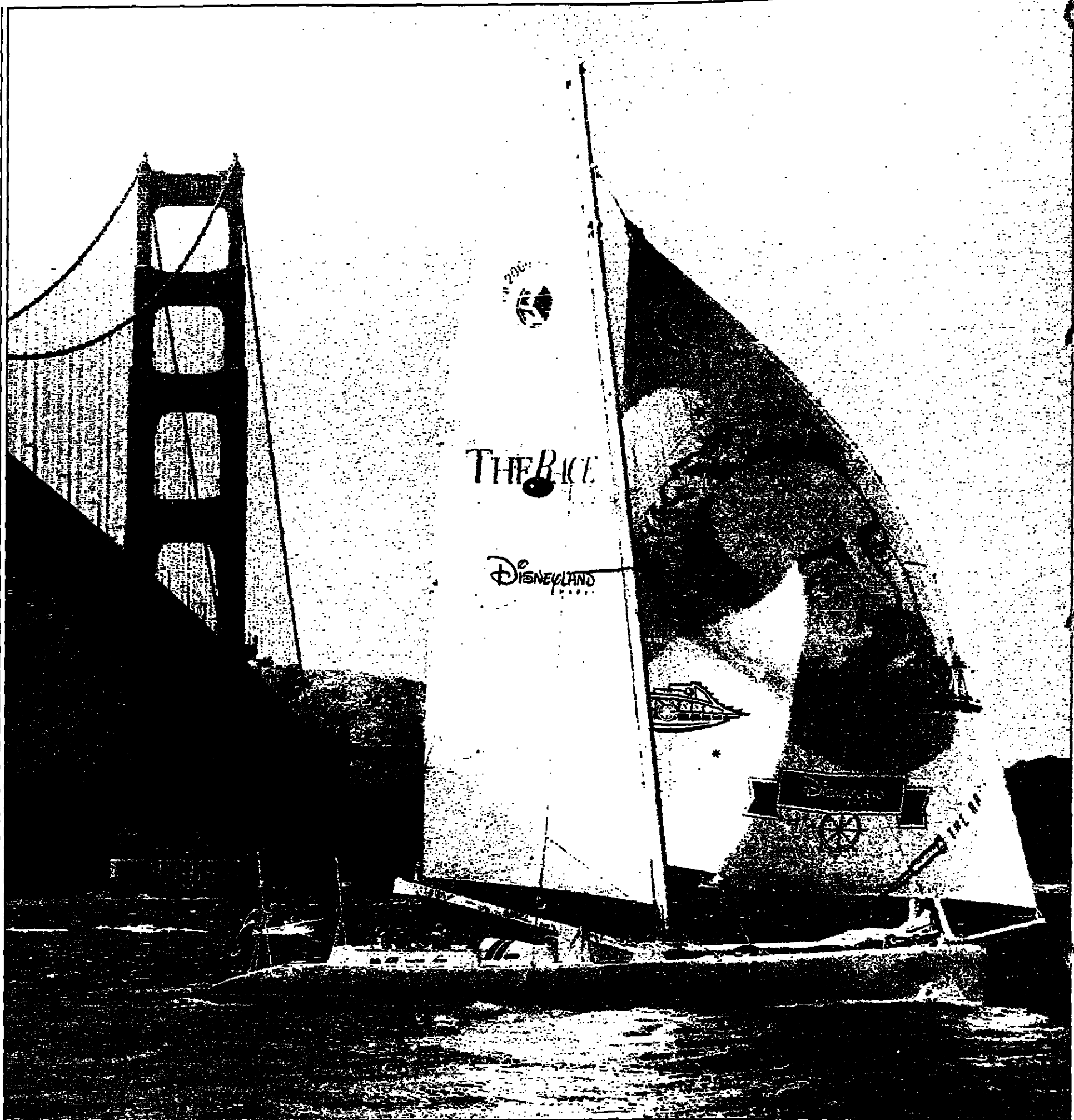
Also unsettled is Chelsea's Dan Petrescu, who looks to be on his way out of Stamford Bridge after the club revealed that they would not stand in the way of a possible £2.5m move to Ajax. The Romanian was understood to have been looking for an extension to his current contract when he returned from the World Cup in France.

However, the Chelsea player-manager, Gianluca Vialli, has told the 29-year-old that he was not guaranteed a place in his starting XI following the signing of the Spanish full-back Albert Ferrer and the return to fitness of Gustavo Poyet.

The club's managing director, Colin Hutchinson, said yesterday: "We became aware last week that Ajax were interested in him and he expressed the view that if the deal could be progressed, then he would like to go there. We will not stand in his way but Ajax have not yet made a formal bid."

The Aston Villa goalkeeper Mark Bosnich could be reported to the Football Association by police following claims that he swore at the crowd at Everton. Merseyside police have confirmed that they are investigating two complaints – one from an off-duty policeman – at Saturday's goalless draw at Goodison Park.

The Australian international was warned about his future conduct by the FA two years ago after he made a Nazi-style salute at Tottenham.



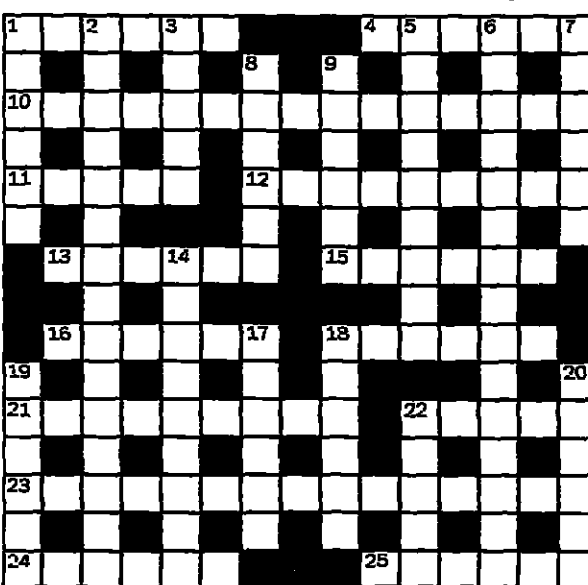
The Explorer, co-skippered by the Frenchman Bruno Peyron, sails under San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge on Sunday after completing the crossing from Japan in 14 days, breaking the record of Steve Fossett. On the same day, Fossett was forced to end his bid to circle the globe in a balloon Report, page 23 John G Mabanglo/AFP

THE TUESDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3692, Tuesday 18 August

By Aelred

Monday's Solution



DOWN
1 G R A M M A R
2 S P O L I A T E
3 A P P E A R
4 F M A E E A B
5 A H E A D
6 R O M A N I R E
7 Y R O C K A B L E
8 C H A N G E A B I L I T Y
9 P L A I N L A N G U A G E
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- 4 He makes suit to liar's specification (6)
- 10 Period in the US? (11, 4)
- 11 Airman damaged rifle (5)
- 12 Spooner's term of endearment to kissers having fair features? (5, 4)
- 13 Having idea constable has arrested clergyman (6)
- 15 Always having information, about to go back on one's word (6)
- 16 Fanciful hate is different (6)
- 18 Network of law beset by decay (6)
- 21 Rue agnall, terrible source of pain (9)

DOWN

- 1 Dead letters of fellow cheat (3-3)
- 2 Perhaps the job of shedding light on electronics? (7, 8)
- 3 Growth of tares gets out of hand (5)
- 5 Anyone can potentially produce irritation (9)
- 22 Burning with a right to have male child (5)
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- 24 Uninteresting diamonds which could have a theatrical effect (3, 3)
- 25 Navy's into meat in spring (6)

- 6 It suggests an answer to problem of one who won the last trick? (7, 8)
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- 8 Coat has silver line running through artist's name (6)
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Friendly cancelled after Omagh bomb

BY DAVID ANDERSON

THE NORTHERN Ireland manager, Lawrie McMenemy, explained yesterday that football was the last thing on his players' minds after the bomb at Omagh on Saturday.

McMenemy is behind the Irish Football Association's decision to cancel tomorrow's friendly against Malta at Windsor Park in the light of the tragedy. He has been as stunned as everyone else by the horrific pictures emerging from the devastated County Tyrone market town.

"My stance normally is that football brings people together to forget their problems, but this is so monumental that there is no normality about anything this week," the former Southampton manager said.

"The players and the management are 100 per cent behind calling the game off and the money side does not come into it at all."

"I was at the match between Cliftonville and Portadown in Belfast on Saturday and when we heard the news in the boardroom afterwards we were all stunned."

"Then yesterday when Joe Jordan, Pat Jennings and I were watching the pictures from Omagh we thought, how can we have a friendly game of football after this?"

"As each day passes the enormity of it all becomes clearer. We are all family men and it is so hard listening to those interviews with the

parents who will never see their children walking in through the door again. Nothing is important after this, particularly a game of football."

McMenemy and the players have offered to visit the victims' families or the injured in hospital should anyone want them to.

The IFA cancelled the friendly and today's Under-21 match, due to take place at Castlereagh Park in Ards, after consulting Government officials and representatives from the Maltese FA.

Jim Boyce, the IFA president, said it had been an easy decision to take this step. The IFA has never called a game off before because of a tragedy during the Troubles, but Boyce explained that on this occasion it would have been wrong to go ahead.

"It was not a difficult decision to make," Boyce said. "To have people coming along to a game, where they are supposed to enjoy themselves, while some of the funerals of the victims were taking place would have been highly inappropriate."

"It's the first time we have taken such a decision and we hope it's the last. We've had enough problems in the last 29 years and surely this will bring people to their senses."

The Malta game would have been Northern Ireland's final warm-up match before their opening European Championship qualifier in Turkey on 5 September.

Robbie Fowler is considered

to be "well ahead" of schedule in his fight to regain fitness, following the cruciate knee ligament injury he suffered last February. The Liverpool and England striker is expected to step up his training significantly this week.

The Georgian captain, Kakhaber Tskhadadze, is set to miss the rest of the campaign after he suffered a serious knee injury in Manchester City's defeat to Fulham last Friday.

The centre-back tore his cruciate ligament and also received cartilage damage during his side's 3-0 defeat. The Manchester City manager, Joe Royle, said: "He has little chance of playing again this season, which is a shame for the lad because he was playing his best football since coming here."

Alan Ball, the Portsmouth manager, has joined the club's growing injury list after undergoing surgery to remove damaged knee cartilage tissue in a knee.

The 52-year-old blamed the daily grind of training and the strains of a long career for the injury which flared up last week. "I had the knee done because I've split both cartilages through training and messing about," he said. "I had a good night's sleep in the hospital and woke up the next day feeling fantastic."

"The doctors have told me to take it easy for a few days but I'm not too sure about making a comeback at my age."

THE INDEPENDENT PHOTOGRAPH



Indian Tiger by Philip Meech
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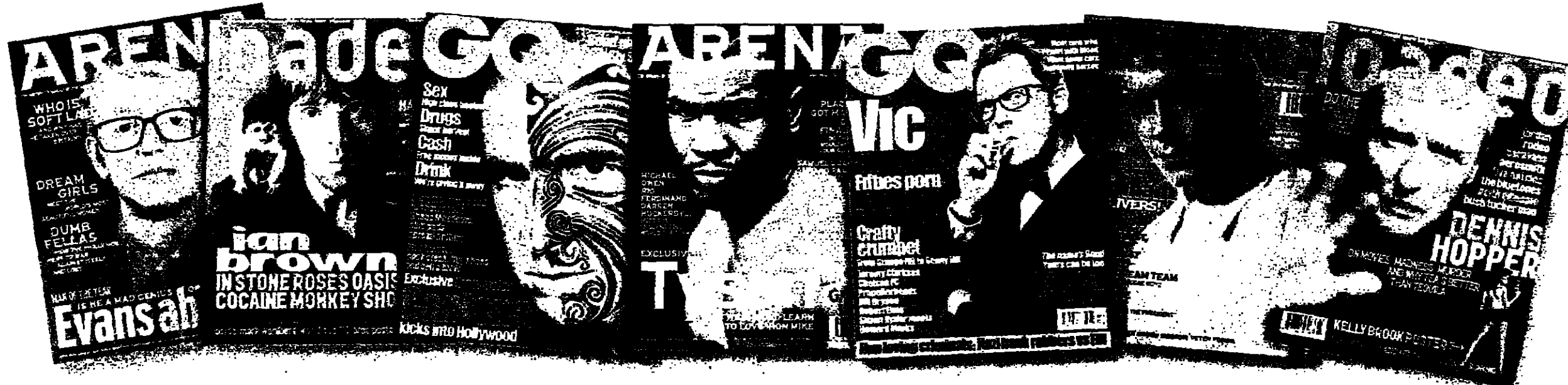
TUESDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION

This magazine for men sells 775,000 copies a month.



These magazines for men don't.

Spot the difference.
(Sad, isn't it?)

It was revealed last week that editorial executives at the American magazine *Maxim* had vetoed a cover in which a portion of Elizabeth Hurley's left buttock was seen peeking from beneath a fur wrap. This was too shocking for American sensibilities. So the tremulous suits were concerned they would lose their jobs if La Hurley's bare skin was revealed on their cover.

In this country we do things rather differently. In this country, a publishing executive would lose their job if their magazine possessed nude shots of Our Liz and didn't bung them straight on the cover. That, after all, is what covers are for, which is why the current edition of *Loaded* has a naked Anthea Turner beaming from its front cover, her modesty and nipples protected only by a strategically draped python.

A barely-clad blonde (or Wonderbra'd brunette) is the *sine qua non* of contemporary publishing and for a very simple reason: she sells. The single most powerful proof of this proposition can be found in the staggering success of the men's magazine *FHM*. Last week it posted its Audit Bureau of Circulation figure for January to June 1998, which revealed an average monthly sale of 775,451 copies.

This figure represents a rise of 130,000 in the past six months. Already regarded as a triumph, *FHM* is now becoming a phenomenon, bringing in £2m in sales revenue per month, plus another £500,000 in advertising.

Its nearest rival in the men's market, *Loaded*, sells 456,373 per month – up a respectable 13,000 in the past six months, but still way behind a publication that was once seen as a "me-too" title, trying to cash in on the New Lad market *Loaded* had created.

To get a sense of the scale of *FHM*'s success, compare it with the glossy magazines aimed at women of the same 16-25 age range. It has long been an article of publishing faith that men would never buy magazines in the same numbers as their female contemporaries, and until very recently that dogma was supported by the facts. No longer. *FHM*'s female equivalents trail far behind: *Cosmopolitan* sells 472,263 per month, *Mario Claire* 416,239. As for the posh mags, *FHM* sells twice as many as *Vogue*, *Tatler* and *Harp-*

er's & Queen... combined. The magazine's editor, Ed Needham, has the confidence of a man who knows he has the Right Stuff. "We are standing on a mountain and still looking at a peak obscured by clouds. There has to be a finite number of readers, but no one knows how big the market is."

So what's the secret? Well, it certainly isn't fine writing. All those men who for years excused themselves by saying that they bought *Playboy* for the articles could at least point to the quality of the magazine's contributors and the astonishing fame and power of its interviewees. But *FHM* has no such pretences. Its occasional (bigish) stories – self-consciously "hard" tales of violence and crime – are basic tales for basic blokes. They nestle amongst hordes of snappy how-to features, laddish columns, photo-spreads of stuff to buy, advice (well-meaning and

ample, occasionally deviates from the female formula in favour of some suitably iconic male: a footballer, or hard-nut actor. This may explain why their sales are so far behind *FHM*'s. That, and the tangy odour of sunt that wafts around *Loaded*, always the naughtiest boy's mag around.

Loaded girls look dirty. But *FHM* is an entirely respectable alternative to the porn rags and jazz-mags whose sticky pages used to be hidden under every teenage boy's bed (and whose own circulations are now so desperately flaccid). You can take *FHM* home to your mum. Or she can buy it for you the next time she's in Sainsbury's.

The fact that there is no cover-man a man will buy ahead of any pretty cover-girl has proved to most editors' satisfaction by their market research. Eighteen months ago, *Esquire* was running covers featuring men like Liam Gal-

petitors. "You get to know what photo shoots have been taken," says *FHM*'s Ed Needham, "but that doesn't mean we know when they will appear. There are ways of finding out what other magazines will have on the front, but we don't use them."

But what happens if the supply of girls runs out? Already this year, *GQ* have run a cover featuring Daniela Pestova, an absolutely ravishing Czech model whose sole claim to fame is that, well... she's married to this bloke who owns the Fashion Café. One glance is enough to tell you why men would want to look at her. But would they want to buy a magazine just because of her? The evidence suggests not: *GQ*'s circulation actually fell during the last six months to 130,152. And there's something else: why would Daniela – let alone a genuine celebrity – want to be looked at?

This might seem like a crashingly obvious question – answer: because she wants to be rich and famous, stupid – were it not for the fact that the phenomenon is so new. In the Seventies and Eighties, no woman who wanted a serious career on television would have dreamed of taking any of her clothes off for a magazine, let alone a magazine aimed at men: her credibility would have been destroyed in an instant. Nor would any men's glossy magazine have dared to print such pictures were they available, let alone put them on the cover.

The glossies were desperate to distinguish themselves from the top-shelf titles: they craved respectability. Plus, they were terrified of feminism. When *Esquire*'s Peter Howarth worked at *GQ* in the early Nineties, "Putting a woman on the cover was a real novelty. If someone like Michelle Pfeiffer was going to appear in a film we'd say, 'Wow! Maybe we could do her.' But the cover would be very tasteful and very clothed. There was lots of discussion of the political correctness of what we were doing."

But then *Loaded* came along, with its unabashed delight in everything that gave men pleasure, and everything changed. Suddenly, Liz Hurley was wearing *Tatler* and inspiring a generation of It Girls. Eva Herzigova was saying, "Hello, boys" on a myriad posters. And though there were a few complaints about sexism and

Continued on page 8

BY DAVID THOMAS
AND PAUL MCCANN

very useful to its post-adolescent audience) about sex, emotions and health... Oh, and girls. Let's not forget girls.

FHM has the best crumpet in the business. If you want to see the most scrumptious pics of the *Playboy* model-turned-TV-hostess Jenny McCarthy – her silicone breasts straining the skimpy fabric of her bra, a barely-discernible shadow of pubic hair just visible beneath her gusset – *FHM* (April 1998, if you're interested, lads) is the place to look. If you want Denise Van Outen in her undies; Melanie Sykes in her undies; Denise, and Melanie, and Davina McCall, and Jenny Powell, and Melinda Messenger, and Tania Bryer and Donna Air, all in their undies... in the same picture... then *FHM* is your kind of publication. And if you're wondering who on earth these young women are, then clearly you aren't in *FHM*'s target market. Because if you were a hormonally-supercharged 19-year-old male with a taste for trash TV, you'd know all right.

FHM have a girl on the cover of every edition. Other magazines do not. *Loaded*, for ex-

ample, and Robert de Niro. But the new editor, Peter Howarth, quickly realised that he was going to have to swim with the titty tide: he could maintain his magazine's literary standards on the inside, but the outside had to boast a babe.

That's why this month's *Esquire* features Melanie Sykes, while last month's had three "babes in the bed", one of whom was Denise Van Outen, who had also been on February's cover. You may now be noticing a certain repetition here: no matter what the magazine, the girls are all the same.

So a problem arises: if the magazines all have girls, and the girls are all the same, how can you tell the magazines apart? Well, says Peter Howarth, that's a matter of style: "Our cover girl will be shot in something by Prada or Gucci, rather than something by Gossard or Anne Summers, and therein lies the difference."

Quite so, but there are only so many girls who look good in either Gucci or Gossard, and competition is fierce between rival titles as they try to snap them up and outwit their com-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk
E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

Modified food

Sir: Professor Dawkins (letter, 14 August) may be right in saying that introducing genes from one species to another "does not inherently make it bad or good." However, that is beside the point. The point is that there could be tremendous risks involved about which we have not the slightest idea as yet.

While genetic engineering may have the potential for efficient and harmless food production, we must beware of letting profit-oriented organisations take our fundamental food base into their hands to manipulate it without sufficient knowledge of the ecological consequences.

The mixed blessings of poisonous agrochemicals should have taught us a lesson about manipulating the natural system according to our needs.

There is absolutely no need for genetic modification. Traditional breeding methods have already provided us with an over-production of food, and those countries which might benefit from genetically engineered crops will not be able to afford them.

NICOLAI JUNGK
Aberdeen

Sir: When I lecture to my students on plant biotechnology I try to capture their attention by asking the question, "Why do you suppose the coca bush produces cocaine?" The answer is that it is probably an insecticide. Plants, like any other living organism, have evolved defences against their predators. These are animals, mostly insects, but also including us. This is why out of the hundreds of thousands of species of plants on the planet we can safely eat very few. Even these are the outcome of thousands of years of breeding to partially eliminate the components that do us damage. On the other side we, the survivors, have acquired immunity to some of them. Those who did not are no longer with us.

We now have much more powerful methods of removing undesirable components from our food plants by gene manipulation, and to reject what is by far our best chance of dealing with this situation because it makes a few people feel uneasy is lunacy.

The possibilities are far-reaching. One that is particularly intriguing for the ruling classes is that it may now be possible to go back to pre-phyllaxera vines. The European vine was virtually wiped out in the last century by phyllaxera. It was only saved because an American root stock was found that was resistant to it, and grafting continues to this day. It is potentially possible to transfer the gene for resistance to phyllaxera into the European vine and, we must hope, to do away with the need for grafting. I cannot wait to see what wine buffs make of this.

Professor MICHAEL P. TOMBS
Pavenham, Bedfordshire

Sir: Has the world gone quite mad? I am reliably informed that there are plans about to bury corrodible pipes in every street and into most every house in the land to carry colourless but highly poisonous and flammable, not to say explosive gas. This is supposed to improve our way of life!

Other so-called do-gooders are seeking to develop a new form of personal transportation relying on a device which involves exploding, at the fantastic and frightening rate of around ten thousand times a minute, a highly noxious liquid refined from the bowels of the earth. These "progressives" assure us that the explosions will be "totally controlled" and safe. I even hear that there are others trying to make this sort of device fly!

Quite obviously, if we had been meant to enjoy or suffer these things, they would evolve by chance and accident. To seek to plan, organise, manufacture and test them is plainly to court disaster on a massive scale. These Grand Modernising Operations should be stopped before it all ends in tears.

DAVID HARVEY
Tynemouth



Continuing our series of photographs from the Edinburgh Festival, Eyahra Mathazia, who is appearing in 'Citizen Chi' at the Assembly Rooms, offers an energetic snapper a photo opportunity

Sir: Books have been written by scientists as eminent as Richard Dawkins to refute his "reductionist" view of biology. In fact the "one gene, one effect" picture of DNA has become quite old-fashioned. There is a complex web of interaction between genes, and even between genes and the environment.

Dawkins has wrongly assigned the public and scientific doubts about the safety of genetically engineered crops to the introduced gene itself. It is the process of genetic manipulation that is suspect.

Although molecular biologists know something of the interactions involved, they do not know the whole story. There will be unpredictable and unpredictable biochemical outcomes in the life of the plant. These will be toxic in very few cases or to a small proportion of susceptible people. But the risk is real.

The statutory testing of genetically modified foods involves measuring levels of known toxins and allergens similar to those listed by Dawkins. It is the unpredicted toxins arising from the GM process that are not tested for. This is what the fuss is about and it is disingenuous of Professor Dawkins to imply a superstitious, ignorant basis to our concerns.

PATRICE GLADWIN
Cambridge

Sir: Richard Dawkins has overlooked a simple fact: as a consumer I have a right to know what is in my food. As a vegetarian I want to know that there are no animal products, genetically modified or not. There is a clear case to require food to be labelled stating whether it contains any ingredient that has been genetically modified.

KEVIN DAVIS
London E8

Sir: In the present debate about genetically altered food there seems to be a common belief that crops so treated will require fewer pesticides and weedkillers. This is not correct. Farmers will feel free to apply larger amounts in the knowledge that the crops themselves will be immune.

Furthermore, pests and weeds are likely to adapt to the changed challenge and become more resistant.

TONY HILLS
Crediton, Devon

Gays and St Paul

Sir: Michael Hall's (letter, 13 August) claims that the Greek word *arsenokrites*, used critically by Paul in 1 Timothy 1:10 and 1 Corinthians 6:9, "has no known meaning at all" because it is seldom used.

However, the word *arsen* (males) is often used, for example by Paul himself in Romans 1:27 when he speaks of males burning with illicit lust for other men. *Krites* is also a common word - literally "bed", which like the English phrase "going to bed with" can in some contexts connote having sex or an act leading to conception. Thus when Hebrews 13:4 says that in marriage the "bed" is pure its meaning is very clear.

The compound word *arsenokrites* cannot mean anything except "going to bed with a male", and in the context refers to male homosexual acts.

Two further points. First, the word focuses on the act, not the inclination. There may be many in churches whose "natural inclination" is to homosexual acts

Sir: With the looming of the anniversary of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, could I suggest that the unbelievers amongst us press for her rapid sanctification, or deification even, so that the markish worship of her humble life could at least be contained within official buildings at officially sanctioned times?

LESLEY BROWNE
London SW1

Sir: The trouble with Scottish and Orkney MAs is precisely that they do not "differentiate their superior product" (letters, 12 August). I have

organisations I am associated with; I have not been involved with two of them, the Vehicle Security Installation Board and the Natural Gas Vehicles Association, for about a year and neither should appear in the latest edition of Lords interests.

The Institute of the Motor Industry, of which I am unpaid president, is a charity offering advice on transport safety issues to motorists, and therefore anything I said in the debate on John Prescott's statement was not relevant to my position with it. If a question arose concerning the conduct or ethics of motor traders I would of course declare my interest if I spoke.

The Parliamentary Advisory Committee on Transport Safety (PACTS) is a charity offering advice on transport safety issues to motorists, and therefore anything I said in the debate on John Prescott's statement was not relevant to my position with it. If a question arose concerning the conduct or ethics of motor traders I would of course declare my interest if I spoke.

Peers' interests

Sir: I refer to your articles on declarations of Lords interests (10 August). In the interests of accuracy I should point out that the picture was of my grandfather, who died in 1964!

On the main point of declaration of interest in speeches, I always declare any interest that I consider to be relevant to the particular debate. You mention four

fell outside the letter or the spirit of the rules.

LORD BRABAZON OF TARA
House of Lords

Sir: The researchers into women's attractiveness at Newcastle University ("Scientists unlock secrets of women's sex appeal", 14 August) seem to have left out two important considerations.

1. At a time of mass visual communication, young male students are bound to be strongly influenced by the images which daily bombard them. This has more to do with fashion than evolution.

2. The face and head, masked in the experiments, are almost certain to be of great significance in mating choice, indicating - through eyes, skin, bone structure, symmetry - health, energy, emotional character and other qualities of "reproductive potential".

I suspect, however, that lost in the mists of evolutionary time is the likelihood that women were the primary choosers, having much more to lose if they ended up with a reproductive duffer.

IAN FLINTOFF
London SW6

Sir: Evolutionary determinism has scarcely more explanatory power than Marxist relativism. But historical research does suggest the near-universal appeal of youthfulness, inextricably associated with sinfulness - for Catherine the Great, as well as Edward VII. The figure is important, but so too is the supreme gift from the genes: an alluring face.

ARTHUR MARWICK
Verona, Italy

Sir: Have the scientists forgotten that in *femme choisit l'homme qui va la choisir*? I look forward to their finding 400 male students in leotards for study, and an equivalent display of beautiful male nudes in *The Independent*. Or will I have to wait for female psychologists to do the work?

JANEY HUBER
Cambridge

Sir: In the debate about merit awards for consultants, it has been ignored that GPs, the other main clinical arm of the NHS, decided long ago that an award system for themselves would be unfair and invidious, and did not press for it. We realised that to base awards on clinical competence, an unmeasurable concept, was impossible, and to rank other contributions to medicine such as research or committee work was to risk rewarding merely short-term, or even worse, self-aggrandising contributions.

For Professor Kay (letter, 13 August) to assert that "a skilled or hard-working consultant must otherwise spend more time in private practice" is disingenuous. Consultants only do private practice if they wish to boost their income.

Professor Kay says that in his experience awards were often made "after much discussion and inquiry". I should hope so. These awards are made for the rest of the doctor's working life and have a profound effect on the pension, itself protected and index-linked. Finally, in his list of others who may be consulted over recommendation for an award, he fails to mention GPs, perhaps those in the best long-term position to judge the value of an individual consultant's contribution to patient care.

Dr RICHARD HARDING
Bath

Sir: Comments on reforming the system of consultant distinction awards on the grounds that they are handed out secretly on the "old boy network" are wide of the mark. As a trust chief executive, now retired, I played some small part on a C Awards committee. I was always impressed with the thorough and fair way in which applications were judged, it being open to all consultants to bid for the limited number of awards available.

It should be remembered that only about one third of consultants at any one time receive an award, the majority a C. Relatively few A and A+ awards exist and it is only these which double or nearly double salaries. Indeed, one of the "achievements" of the NHS as a monopolist employer has been to depress medical salaries relative to other countries with more diverse healthcare systems.

British taxpayers can rest easy in the knowledge that they get a good health service on the cheap. How else should awards be decided other than in private? Many people's pay is decided confidentially, yet only in the case of consultants is this regarded as somehow reprehensible. Involving patients in the judging process has all the hallmarks of a popularity contest.

JOHN O'BRIEN
Morphet, Northumberland

Too much cream?

Sir: How on earth do "fat cats" manage to spend all the money they are paid?

Our total family income (today's prices) has never exceeded £50,000. From this we have bought, and repaid the mortgage on, a house which is larger than we need, have run two medium-sized cars, have financed our son through private school and university, have rarely taken fewer than two foreign holidays each year and have been able to make modest donations to charity.

Now in retirement we would be perfectly able to buy private medical insurance and provide for residential care in old age if we chose. Throughout 30 years of marriage, my wife and I have been financially secure without detailed budgeting, providing that we avoided ridiculous extravagance. I cannot imagine that more money would significantly improve the quality of our lives. Nor can I imagine that a higher salary would have given me any feeling that I had performed better professionally.

Perhaps one of your better paid readers would explain the benefits of very high salaries?

GAC GARNER
Bradminch, Devon

IN BRIEF

interviewed more than 2,000 candidates for teaching posts in 20 years. I had only the vaguest idea how to evaluate one university's degree against another's. Considering the largely successful setting of the A level and GCSE boards, it irritates me that the same has not been done for universities.

All strength to the Quality Assurance Agency's arm in trying to do this.

JOHN D ANDERSON
Shipley, West Yorkshire

Sir: I note the delight with which the media greets the inclusion of the word "bonk" in the *Oxford English Dictionary* (report, 13 August). My mother, a lifelong cyclist, always knew the meaning of the word. To "bonk" meant to exhaust one's energy reserves to the point where one could no longer continue cycling (marathon runners call it "hitting the wall"). Do other cyclists of the years between the wars remember a usage that the OED has clearly missed?

ANT HARRIS
High Peak, Derbyshire

How Ann Widdecombe wriggled out of hard covers

SHE'S FUNNY, she's approachable, she's firm but fair; she's the voice of common sense. Beside the new school of grinning control freaks in their Paul Smith suits, she's the human face of politics. If Ann Widdecombe did not exist, the media would have to invent her. In fact, come to think of it, the media did invent her; after several months of casting about for a conservative politician with any discernible character.

Interviewers adore her, with her "Doris Karloff" jokes, that zany business about women prisoners being manacled to their beds (it was a mistake, all right?), her double act in the Shadow Cabinet with a production-line Tory smoothie. Yet, strangely enough, in all the profiles, one question has never been asked.

What about that novel then, Ann? Eh? So where is it? Maybe you've forgotten already. During the heady days following the election last year, a few journalists managed to drag their eyes away from the exciting, youthful vigour of the new administration to investigate what was happening to yesterday's men and women. There were heart-breaking stories of some ministers having to live off their non-executive directorships, of others having to spend two, sometimes even three afternoons a week in City boardrooms.

Ann was different. She was going to write a novel. It wouldn't take long. She would sit down in front of a word processor and just get on with it. That was her approach to life: no fuss, no bother. Spring 1998, the thing would be done.

There was mild surprise when Ann revealed that her literary role model was Pamela Hansford-Johnson, a solid, middle-order novelist whose work has been out of print for a couple of decades, but otherwise this career move was regarded as eminently sensible. The fact that, so far as anyone knew, she had not written so much as a paragraph of fiction before - the equivalent of a professional novelist announcing he was going to be a minister without bothering to join a political party - was not deemed to be worthy of mention.

It was at that moment that Ann revealed herself to be, in spite of the carefully nurtured maiden-aunt image, a shrewd media operator. Of course she should write a novel. It's what celebrities do when their careers are temporarily becalmed.



TERENCE BLACKER

In all the profiles, one question has never been asked. What about that novel then, Ann? Eh?

For actors and comedians, for example, tossing off some light fiction between engagements has

become so popular that Rada must be considering adding a creative-writing module to their core curriculum. Michael Palin, Hugh Laurie, Ade Edmondson, Jane Asher, Stephen Fry, Ardal O'Hanlon, Robert Newman, the doomy-bum-bum-bum-in-this woman from *The Fast Show*: some of them extend their acting persona into their written work, while others engage the help of a hands-on editor. Already this autumn's name novels - from Richard E. Grant, Nigel Planer, Sebastian Cole - are thundering towards us over the horizon.

Why the need to write fiction? It can't be money; most of these people could earn more from opening a few supermarkets or appearing in a TV commercial for shampoo or beer. Somehow it seems unlikely to be the sheer pleasure of creating

an imaginative world. One glance at those who write for a living - shifty, insecure egotists with disastrous personal lives - is enough to confirm Simonon's gloomy description of fiction as "a profession of unhappiness".

No, tragic as it seems, part-time celebrity novelists appear to have bought into the fantasy that is widely and sadistically peddled by journalists, that the act of writing a novel will bring meaning and depth to the triviality of existence, and that anyone - comic, politician, even a bus driver, for heaven's sake - can do it.

The fact that it's rather difficult, takes a long time and needs to be done without an audience applauding at the end of every completed page, receives less publicity. Hooked on approval, most public

figures churn out one novel in which they carefully present themselves as endearing, wisecracking, lovable people - great in life, disastrous in fiction - and then suddenly discover that opening supermarkets is a rather attractive option for a back-up career.

Sometimes even completing the one novel is too much for them. It's possible that Ann's homage to Pamela Hansford-Johnson is even now being honed to perfection by a publisher, and that her mind is swarming with ideas for a follow-up. If not, and she has given up fiction up in favour of something relatively simple like being shadow Health Secretary, it would be an act of great kindness to would-be novelists everywhere if she owned up in her next firm but fair profile.

Miles Kingston is on holiday

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There's no point throwing good money at the rouble

THE GLOBAL dominoes that began falling in South-East Asia last summer continue to go down. The "tiger economies" in the East have already tumbled, some, such as Indonesia, spectacularly; Latin America, Hong Kong and China are still under threat. But the greatest scalp of all has gone to the speculators, with the devaluation of the rouble, raising the spectre of a destructive round of world-wide beggar-my-neighbour devaluations.

The situation would be more manageable if it were indeed purely an "economic" problem, or if it involved only financial issues. There are short-term reasons for Russia's devaluation that do seem to come within the scope of such an analysis. Russian oil is now more difficult to sell with the Asian down-turn, making it harder for Russia to finance her foreign debts with money from exports. Thursday's black day on the Russian stock market was widely blamed on the intervention of a sole financier, George Soros. But Russia is, or should be, rich – especially in oil, coal, and human resources. Orthodox economic "correction" – loans to tide Russia over while she raises taxes, cuts government spending and shrinks the economy – might usually be expected to meet such challenges. Our instinct, therefore, has been to go to Russia's help.

We have been encouraged in this instinct by fear, rather than rationalism. One of our fears has been of a global crash, the threat of which is not receding. South-East Asia sinks ever deeper into recession. Prospects for the American economy, so bullish for so long, are worsening. The New York stock market seems to have come to the end of its long, strong bull run as profits and dividends fall, while the trade deficit rises. If rouble devaluation were to turn Russia into a black hole, defaulting on the huge debts it has built up with the outside world, problems might turn to crises. The West has also been fearful of bringing the right-wing populism of Lebed or Zhirinovskiy to power. We still fear, as Henry Kissinger's old joke has it, creating an "Upper Volta with missiles".

But acting just for the sake of it is futile. Russia's problems are uniquely acute; we cannot afford to over-estimate our ability to help. What is happening in Russia is unlike anything we in the West have ever experienced: it is an economic catastrophe that could engulf us all. Russia is not a stable economy, capable of "management"; nor is it a Western-style democracy. Shock



privatisation placed much of the economy in the hands of those who had ready cash at the time: the Mafia. They have extensively infiltrated the banking and credit system. Cronyism has crept all the way up the political ladder in Moscow. Furthermore, with Duma and President at loggerheads, it seems that no decisive initiative can come from central government; Russia's provincial governments appear even more corrupt.

Political malaise is intrinsically linked to Russia's economic disease. Taxes go uncollected; the Duma has repeatedly refused to pass new tax codes that might go some way to raising Russia's pitiful collection rate, and basic economic problems go even deeper. The Russian

government has been jacking up interest rates to ever more astronomical levels, in order to defend its borrowings. This has failed, since Russia's economy is just not strong enough to support the government's borrowing in roubles. Russia has been relying on Western subsidies instead. This could not go on.

No amount of foreign capital – and the IMF promised £13.7bn four weeks ago, with apparently no results – can make up for these structural faults. This is not a pleasant thought. Political extremism or financial melt-down may overtake Russia, with grim consequences. But throwing good money after bad is no more of a solution.

Let the state deal with the bombers

VERY FEW tears would be shed if the perpetrators of the Omagh bomb ceased to exist. The unity of feeling about the latest outrage is unprecedented inside the 32 counties and out, and the number of terrorists (for there is no longer any residual question of their being freedom fighters) involved very small. Their continued presence is not required.

But the peace process in Ireland has been a story about the forces of due process and legality taking on terrorism, anarchy and chaos – and largely winning. To suggest that anything other than the state should have a role in deciding the fate of these men and women would be to walk on to the same territory as the people of violence responsible for Saturday's carnage. And that would be a small victory for them and what they stand for.

Inevitably, there will be calls for internment without trial to be reinstated as a governmental tool. But this too would be wrong, and should be resisted by the Irish government – it has already been repealed as a possibility by the British – because it infringes human rights, and is counterproductive in that it produces martyrs. Extreme policies produce extremists where there previously were none, and the aim is here is moderation.

Whatever the Omagh bombers themselves think, their activities are not political: they are sociopathic. Sadly, however, it may be that in the short term, even in a "peaceful" Ireland we must get used to the activities of a tiny fringe that remains hooked on killing. We must ensure that the security and intelligence forces are initially given maximum support to capture the zealots, then encourage them to abandon terror and enter the democratic process. Let's hope that time and distance from the Good Friday agreement will see their numbers dwindle.

Smoking them out

AN INSOUCIANT smoke ring from the stationery cupboard is a thing of the past, thankfully. But docking people's wages for taking legitimate smoking breaks, as a Gallup survey shows many non-smokers would like, would be vindictive: output, not length of time chained to a desk, should be the way employees are judged. But annoyed non-smokers can take heart; like goodness, smoking is its own reward. Think smelly clothes, yellow fingers and shorter life span. Surely that is enough for even the most self-righteous ex-smoker.

Watch out Labour, the Trots are back with a vengeance

WHEN I was first at college, the most "romantic and sexy" left group on campus was Tariq Ali's International Marxist Group. They smoked dope, they dropped acid, they bonked, they argued, they parted. When they got militant the blokes all put on denim jackets, tartan scarves and black gloves, and occupied things. And the MG women were cool, too, divided between free-loving Alexandra Kollontais and Earth Mothers.

The International Socialists (forerunners of the Socialist Workers Party and political home to Paul Foot) and sections of my own Communist Party were hostile to the IMG. "IMG, IMG, idle sons of the bourgeoisie", was one little chant that we all enjoyed in those far-off days. Hour after hour we would sit up debating with IMG members the virtues and vices of Ernest Mandel's Moscow problematics.

Soon afterwards, as one does, I lost touch with the IMG. They stopped selling their paper Red Weekly (goddit?) around town. Rumours began that they had "entered" the Labour Party but I didn't know if they were true. And then, half a decade later, I saw them again – or some of them at any rate. It was the Labour Party conference of 1982, and there were my old, dispirited comrades, standing in the visitors' gallery of the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, shouting at the tops of their voices at poor old Michael Foot. They had indeed become members of the party that they had for so long reviled.

Eventually a few of them fetched up in north London, mostly in the Islington and Hackney areas (no names, but they know who they are). Their moment of glory and opportunity,

however, was passing. Neil Kinnock was transforming Labour, the GLC had been abolished, lefty leaflets were de-ionizing, and all they could hear was the tide's receding roar. Kinnock gave way to Smith, and Smith was followed by (horror of horrors!) Blair. They were marginalised.

Echoes of this past were ringing in my ears when I read the accounts this week of the attempts by Liz Davies, the ousted Labour candidate for Leeds, to get elected to the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party this autumn. She is part of a slate – the "centre-left" slate, no less – which is canvassing for the votes of ordinary Labour Party members, even as I write. She's had a very good press for, after all, what is she doing, other than trying to debate, in a party that now stifles debate? Poor Liz.

And Poor Liz campaigns more in sorrow than in anger. This is part of her election statement: "During the general election campaign, tens of thousands of Party members worked long hours... because they believed a Labour government would build a fairer, more compassionate and more collective society," she says. But what happened? "Tragically, the New Labour Government has implemented or proposed measures which will have exactly the opposite effect." So what can we do, Liz? "This year's NEC elections are a critical and historic opportunity for party members to express their disappointment with the Government and their alarm over its apparent future direction."

Liz's slate is a heterodox one, bringing together various groups. But Liz's bit of it, Labour Left Briefing, may be slightly less amazed by the



DAVID AARONOVITCH

They were the most sexy left group on campus – smoking dope, dropping acid, bonking and partying

failure of Tony Blair to be their kind of guy than is the ordinary disappointed activist in the Clapham smoke-filled room. Because, in fact, they never thought that the PM would usher in "a fairer, more compassionate, more collective society".

In Labour Left Briefing's website, in the section "Where We Stand", the reader may discover that, "Our goal is the creation of a socialist society by the mass movement of workers and other oppressed sections of society." Not a socialist government, elected by a majority, but a society created by a movement. This is not the language of 20th-century social democracy. It is the lingua franca of denim jackets and tartan scarves.

I'm not saying that Liz and Co are a bunch of lying, devious Trots who are manipulating party members for their own ends. Their politics, as detailed in their publications, are available for

all to see (including the links section of the website, which will connect you with – inter alia – just about every extant Trotskyist on the planet). But neither are they a questing band of open-minded debaters who just want to talk. No more than, say, Jehovah's Witnesses call at your door entertaining the possibility that you might convert them to Zoroastrianism.

If you want an idea of their agenda, follow the articles printed by Briefing (of which Liz Davies is an editorial board member) on the subject of Ireland. This is Bryn Griffiths, of Hackney North and Stoke Newington Constituency Labour Party, writing in 1996 just after the Canary Wharf bomb had killed two men in a newsagent's shop:

"I've never supported the IRA's bombing campaign in Britain or Ireland but yet again I will be refusing to join the hypocrites' chorus of condemnation. Neither will I pedal [sic] one of the left variants of condemnation which are trotted out when a bomb explodes in Britain." Will you not, Bryn?

After the Manchester bombing, an editorial statement said that, "Many in Britain will respond with condemnation and calls to isolate Sinn Féin. Nothing could be more mistaken." Nothing? This will be read with interest by Labour Party members in Manchester. As will the article from May 1998 – three months ago – entitled "A new challenge for republicans". The author, writing in support of Sinn Féin, says that, "The Continuity Army Council and the Thirty-Two County Sovereignty Committee are offering an alternative to the current Sinn Féin strategy. They argue, mistakenly, that

they can prosecute a similarly successful guerrilla campaign... I don't for a moment doubt the sincerity of these dissidents..."

I would invite readers to contrast this language with that, in just about any statement made in Briefing about Labour's own leadership. You will not find any sentiment half so tender, or so regretful, as you will about those who – three months later – may well have carried out the Omagh bombing. One cannot help wondering whether a Briefing member, confronted with a fleeing bomber, would see it as his or her duty to hand the murderer over to the police – or instead to help them on their way (after first, of course, having had a debate with them). Perhaps someone from Briefing would like to answer that question.

So, before you vote, oh Labour Party member, consider this from Briefing's Geoff Martin (Unionist's London Regional convener, apparently): "We've got the chance of getting three or four hard left comrades on to the Labour NEC. If that's the outcome of this tactical alliance we'll all be getting the beers in, and anything that puts the shits up the Blairites will get my backing."

Or this from Gwyn Griffiths and Graham Bash of Hackney North and Stoke Newington CLP, a few weeks before the last election: "Our role, as always, will be to base ourselves on class struggle and the strength of the working class – the only force that can, at best, save our Party, or if it comes to it, rebuild our Party against New Labour and the forces of bourgeois reaction which it represents."

As always. Nice to see you again, comrades. But "centre-left"? Please.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"We see our job to be one of stopping the activities of these people. That's the most important task facing all of us".
Martin McGuinness,
Sinn Féin deputy leader, talking about the "Real IRA"

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Success is relative: it is what we can make of the mess we have made of things."
T S Eliot,
poet, critic and playwright.

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MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
Response to the current instability in Congo



"THE NEW force which is angling to take over Kinshasa may be even weaker than Kabila's 'army' and may well be compelled to convey complete autonomy on the various provinces. This autonomy would be extremely convenient for the neighbouring countries who would perhaps develop economic, cultural and, indeed, political links with the nearby regions of Congo. If the political and military scenarios deteriorate yet further, it is important that we should insist

upon the only given which really matters: that the Congolese people may yet express their own point of view and choose their own leaders within a democratic political system." *Le Soir, Brussels*

"THE CURRENT successes of the anti-Kabila operation are essentially due to the military know-how of the Tutsi and Rwandan officers. A success which is still without obvious compensation. In the meantime Kabila is trying to find a

political and popular base to shore up his power.

But in order to effect this he is using the most pernicious methods to stir up xenophobia and ethnic division; he is en-

couraging the hunting down of Tutsis and recruiting children in order to put them on the road to becoming professional soldiers."

Le Monde, France

"THE ALTERNATIVE to military involvement is not non-involvement, but a strong political initiative. Political initiative needs to be two-pronged – one directed at the interventionist powers and the other at the government of Kabila. The interventionist powers need to be discouraged by strong peer pressure. The likely consequences of foreign military adventures by small and resource-poor neighbours need to be underlined. The Kabila government in Kinshasa needs

to be reminded that its real weakness is political, not military. It needs to be told plainly that the quid pro quo of regional political support must be internal political reform. That means recognising multiple centres of political power within Congo. It is time to recognise that political reform cannot be brought about by military intervention, and turn a crisis that looks like it could fragment Congo into an opportunity for political reform."

Mail & Guardian, S Africa

PANDORA

WITH ALL the controversy about "Tony's cronies", it is surprising that so little has been said about "Charlie's Angels", the women close to the Prime Minister's wife. In the dark ages before the dawn of our new Government, Charlie would sometimes take afternoon tea in her Islington home with friends like neighbour Margaret Hodge, Baroness (Margaret) Jay, and Baroness (Tessa) Blackstone. Hodge became a junior minister at the Department for Education and Employment in last month's reshuffle, while Baroness Jay became Leader of the House of Lords at the same time. And, of course, Baroness Blackstone became Minister of State for higher education at the DFE after last May's election. Anyone like another piece of cake?

PANDORA HAS learned that the Blairs shared cocktails last week at their borrowed Italian villa, Cusona, with ex-New Yorker editor Tina Brown and her husband Harold Evans, holidaying nearby in Tuscany. The New York power couple are avid New Labour supporters; they hosted a glittering fundraising event for the party before the last election. Indeed Pandora has been told that Tina was none too pleased to read in last Friday's *Independent* that the Prime Minister has been invited to a "British Invasion Part II" party organized by Liz Tilberis, current editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. Will Tony risk Tina's wrath by actually attending her rival British editor's event on 8 September? Yesterday the Downing Street press office said he was definitely not going to the party.

AMERICAN TV sitcom star Jerry Seinfeld has never been one of Pandora's favourite performers, so it was no surprise to learn that the hugely wealthy comic had recently offended his gracious Australian hosts by describing Melbourne as "the anus of the world". Much more surprising, however, to read of a cringing Australian attempt - in *Southern Cross*, a London expatriates' magazine - to excuse this philistine's bad manners. "It is possible that Seinfeld was only making a reference to Melbourne's geographic location," the magazine suggests. Yes, and kangaroos may only be people dressed up in costume...

HERE'S THE latest update from the States about those "on the road" *Thelma and Louise*-esque adventures of Lady Thatcher and Nancy Reagan. Having left Martha's Vineyard, the two rollicking gals were chilling out on Long Island over the weekend in the impressive Southampton beach

home of a wealthy American named Carol Petrie. How did the ladies entertain themselves? It seems they enjoyed a private home-screening of *The Rat Pack*, the forthcoming biopic about the late Frank Sinatra's glory days in Las Vegas. Oh! Blue Eyes was, of course, a close friend of Nancy. Perhaps Lady T was not immune to his legendary talents as well...

SO FAR London Transport has refused to take any action in response to our Anti-Rucksack On The Tube Campaign, save for a feeble statement about how passengers are expected to act with courtesy and common sense. Yesterday on the Underground, Pandora was amazed to see a large LT poster reading, "Don't eat smelly food". A telephone call to the LT press office elicited the response that "Burgers with onions are particularly pungent". Perhaps not as pungent as 40 pounds of canvas-covered, aluminium-strutted luggage rammed into your face by a selfish cat? Since London Transport is evidently more alarmed by odorous cheeseburgers than it is about innocent rucksack victims - many of whose harrowing stories have been published here over the past weeks - it seems the time has come to escalate our campaign. Yesterday we requested an emergency face-to-face meeting with London Transport.

Larger than life television comedienne Roseanne (below) obviously has a great big heart. She has told an interviewer from *George*, John F. Kennedy Jr.'s self-indulgent political magazine, that she would be willing to undertake voluntary intern work for President Clinton if he would increase the funding of Head Start, a governmental welfare programme for children in poverty. "If he'd do that, I'd like totally **** that guy myself," Roseanne said, adding, "I'd get a beret and the whole deal."



LOS ANGELES seemed awfully quiet after the O.J. Simpson trial. Seven years of living here had shown a pattern. Another year, another aberration of human behaviour. And while O.J. would be a hard act to follow, the city that had also produced the Rodney King riots and the Menendez Brothers, and Heidi Fleiss was due for another psychological mutation.

So it's only fitting that Monica Lewinsky came from here. Another example of excess gone awry. And while the world absorbs the reverberations of Bill Clinton's testimony in Washington, it may help to see how the affair looks from the other coast of America.

Sadly, Monica is business as usual in L.A., where divorce is too often the norm and parental guilt is assuaged by material abundance. Thousands of girls here trade sexual favours with the rich and famous for attention, access and acting jobs. And often, it works. Man, does it work.

Hell, it almost worked for Monica, too. She was set for a job at Revlon, had the scandal not broken.

SUSAN KARLIN
Kneepads and Chapstick are as valid as high heels and breast implants in the LA survival kit

She just had the misfortune to get caught. While people chastise her for poor judgement, the view from the trenches suggests that she never had a chance.

In L.A., once you have money and power, pretty much any behaviour can be forgiven; character is regarded as a sign of weakness. Therefore, all efforts are spent trying to achieve that state. Here in L.A., the end doesn't justify the means, because there is no end. There's always more money, more fame, more power, a better looking babe to bag.

The message is insinuated by the culture here at the most subliminal level. Sunset Strip is an assault of towering billboards featuring lithe,

pubescent bodies hawking TV shows, movies and underwear. Drive down Hollywood Boulevard at dusk and chances are you'll see a line of paparazzi along a red carpet for some movie premiere. Your best friend in high school probably has an agent, and will drop you once she gets her series.

Industry functions are a study of pecking orders. You haven't lived till you've seen Bill Gates enter a VIP reception and part a gaggle of network and studio chiefs like the Red Sea - like all the demigods bowing to Zeus. It's a town where privilege breeds entitlement. After all, this is the place where Robert Downey Jr. got a day pass from prison, where he had been sentenced for drug abuse, to work on a film.

So when Monica was looking for a professional short cut, kneepads and Chapstick had as valid a place in the L.A. survival kit as high heels and breast implants. (And for anyone who points out that this happened in Washington, not L.A., get a clue: politics is show business.)

It's the same reason why no one seems to be getting too bent out of

shape about President Clinton. As long as you're doing your job and not murdering anybody (although in this town, even that's relative) who cares what your hobbies are? His behaviour isn't any more outrageous than the studio executives' here.

A loving family doesn't preclude a husband having a mistress, preferably a hushy young one to ease that sting of grey hair sneaking into your sideburns. The fact that Adrian Lyne's new movie, *Loftus*, couldn't get a theatrical release here had nothing to do with political correctness. It was just hitting too close to home.

Besides, ever since Watergate Americans have come to expect a dash of crookedness in their politicians. No healthy, centred individual is going to subject himself willingly to the media scrutiny that accompanies a presidential campaign. And only the most power-hungry will withstand it. Anyway, nobody here got upset about Bosnia. You think they're going to care about a politician lying?

Even the feminists have been noticeably noncommittal. Recently,

Maxine Waters, a Democratic congresswoman, told BBC Radio's *The World This Weekend* that interest in Clinton's personal life was more press-driven than people-driven, apparently forgetting who propels circulation and ratings. "Of course," she said, "people will talk about it and they will watch it on TV. But the fact of the matter is that they are not obsessed by it. The media has more of an obsession than the people."

The last time I saw Waters was when she was giving a rousing speech at an International Women's Day celebration. In fact, she authored a Bill to make it a national holiday. Ladies and gentlemen, the voice of the Sisterhood. The party line trouncing the feminist line.

When all this dies down, what do you want to bet that Clinton will be remembered as a good president with a wandering eye (see Kennedy, John F.) and Lewinsky gets her own talk show? Then the thing people should question is not their behaviour, but why it's rewarded. That's what parents are going to have to explain to their kids. Not what "oral sex" means.

Can Russia survive the horrors that lie ahead?

"MOSCOW IS like Mahagony," says a friend - jazzy nightclubs, whores who can talk about Bulgakov, endless deals and a lot of money in suitcases. It has become the most expensive city in the world, where the hotels cost more than in Paris. This happens because there are not nearly enough competing hotels; because anyone trying to open a hotel that is sensibly priced can just be killed, or forced to pay protection money at such a level that the prices are forced up again. The children of the people who make this sort of money, incidentally, now attend language schools at Oxford, to such an extent that the taxi drivers there tell me that the foreign language they most often hear is Russian.

This is not surprising, because some Russians have made an enormous amount of money in a short time out of the process of de-Sovietisation. The exports of Russia may be somewhat less than those of Denmark but, if you are in charge of an essential process along the way, you can become quite rich, without tax, quite soon.

And then there is the Western money that goes in, for alleged stabilisation purposes. There is quite a lot of that, and each time interested parties in Moscow note that Japan, or South Korea, or Thailand, gets a hand-out, their ears prick up, and they can stage a crisis, too. That way another \$21m can be guaranteed to go in, to prop up an allegedly convertible rouble, the future sale of which, at a much lower level, can be organised. Moscow itself gets about three-quarters of the money that is invested, and it is a wonderful place to be if you are a young Western professional of some sort; it has the sinister charm of Weimar Berlin in the Twenties. And Weimar is where Russia is now heading.



NORMAN STONE

I am now deeply pessimistic about the Russian future and feel sorry for the Russians

In the Moscow traffic, you do not see it; in fact, you could pretend for quite a number of years that Russia was only going through a sort of Wild West capitalism, the sort that lifted America away from her small-town New England origins in the later 19th century.

This was always to forget two essential things. In the very first place, there were limits to the Wild West in the US; there was a sheriff, and, in the end, there was a Wells Fargo. And, beyond the Moscow ring road, there was a horrible life that did not make the obvious media. The statistic that truly deserves attention is this one. The average age of death of an adult male in Turkey is 68. In Russia it is 54 and going down. Yet Turkey was, once upon a time, the ultimate third-world country. Nowadays, she is host to 2 million Russians, fleeing their country's woes.

The present crisis shows that the ultra-shallow roots of Moscow's prosperity have reached the dry underground and are collapsing. Take a casual glance at internet reports from Russia; every day brings

its little catalogue of woes that, for a modern country full of intelligent people, are surreal.

In the far east there has been a long strike of ambulance men. The delays of delivery of coal to power stations is such that the coal has gone off in quality; the power stations cannot, therefore, operate on existing lines, and so the power goes off. Once winter gets under way we may well be seeing what some of us have expected these past few years - a black-out in Russia's cities. Which means that refrigerators will be switched, which means that the food which people freeze and depend on will go off.

At the moment, the mass of Russia's people depends on the things that they grow on allotments, much as in Germany after 1945. If these things rot, then starvation follows.

In fact, Russia's cities may be in for the sort of horrors that affected Bucharest in the bad old days of Ceausescu. Then, whether gas came on and off was unpredictable, and people sometimes forgot to turn off their stoves when the gas was still at the "on" position, and were killed when the stuff poured out again.

All of this has now affected the economy-as-seen-from-Moscow (and from abroad). I quote from the *Wall Street Journal*: "The Russian stock market has... shrunk to roughly \$20m, about the size of a medium-sized S&P company". "On Thursday, the yield on one-month Russian government Treasury bills jumped to an annual rate of 210 per cent... At one point, the price of dollar-denominated Russian bank loans was only slightly above the equivalent securities for Bosnia and Cuba, which doesn't even pay interest on its bank debt."

We are talking, here, of a country with magnificent material resources. What has happened?

A stock-market crash would, of



A man changes money in a Moscow exchange office yesterday

course, have been par for the course, had we been dealing with an ordinary "emerging market" - these things happened again and again in the US, a century ago. But such crashes occurred against a background of tremendous economic growth, burgeoning population statistics, a flourishing of good schools, of trade. None of these "real" things has been occurring in Russia; quite the contrary.

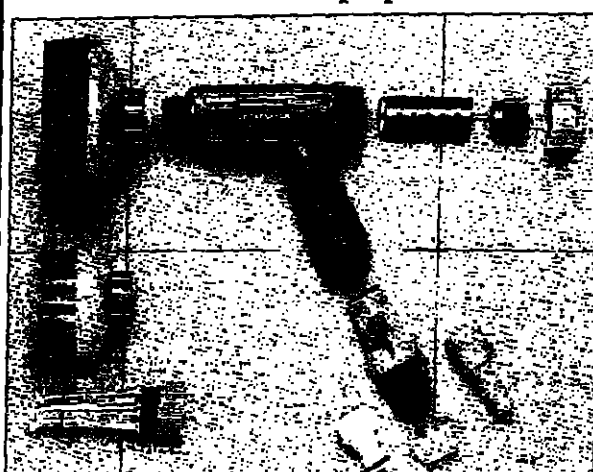
There, Communism had three generations in which to kill off everything, except a capacity for withstanding misfortune, and an acceptance of death. The horrible thing was that the kind of people who knew how to profit from Communism were lowest-common-denominator men, intelligent enough to "play" the West, and able to get thousands of millions of dollars from it, by a sort of blackmail: nuclear weaponry sold abroad, or else.

They encountered a feeble-minded generation in the West which, since the oil-shock of 1973, had been dealing with détente, and who assumed that if you were nice

to people, they would be nice back. What we have in Russia is a group of people who grew up with the idea that capitalism was by its nature nasty and greedy, that short-termism would reign, that the history of the US is just a matter of ripping off innocent immigrant gulls, and that if Russia, allegedly turned democratic and "capitalist", can just show what capitalism really means - immiseration plus *Mahagony* - then Lenin will have been shown to have been right after all. These same people expected that eastern Europe would just implode into endless little minority squabbles.

The present Russian problem is a terrible mess, and it will go on and on. I am now deeply pessimistic about the Russian future, and am very sorry for those many Russians whom I enormously like.

If, even after this, you wish to put money into Russia, I have a suggestion: buy Tatarstan. Russia started in 1562, when Ivan the Terrible captured Turkestan, Turkey and Poland, the victims of Russia's rise, are back on the map.

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The Japanese economy will recover

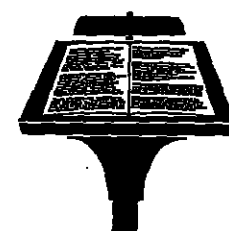
RECENTLY APPOINTED as Prime Minister, I have shouldered a heavy responsibility. The most important issues of the moment are the prolonged stagnation of the economy and the loss of confidence in our financial system. The recent Upper House elections made clear that above and beyond all else, the people of Japan regard the economic situation as extremely critical, and want an economic recovery as soon as possible. The greatest way in which Japan can contribute to Asia and the world is through the sound functioning of the Japanese financial system and the revitalisation of the Japanese economy.

The most important element in overcoming the current critical state of the national economy will be the crystallisation of the wisdom of the people. To this end, I have decided to establish a Strategic Economic Council under my direct jurisdiction, centring around members of the private sector and economic specialists. Then, I myself will make the final decisions and implement the policies which emerge. I will also lend an ear

directly to the voices of the people of Japan - workers' and managers' enterprises - and create as many opportunities as possible to explain my own views.

Japan stands at a major juncture, faced with rapid progress in terms of the ageing of society, a falling birth rate, computerisation and internationalisation. The people of Japan have begun to have concerns about the future of our economy and society. Politics must dispel these fears and give the people dreams and hopes, and they should be trusted by the people.

It is of the highest priority to address the non-performing loan problem decisively in order to reconstruct the Japanese economy. The flow of funds is like the blood of society, and the financial institutions that are responsible for its circulation assumes the role of the heart. A partial failure in the financial sector, therefore, may lead to a systemic crisis. I would never let a systemic crisis occur. Public funds will be used to revitalise the financial system. On the other hand, it is necessary that financial institutions adopt the inter-

PODIUM
KEIZO OBUCHI
From the Japanese Prime Minister's first speech to the Diet or parliament in Tokyo

nationally accepted level of disclosure and boldly engage themselves in their own reorganisation and restructuring. The management of failed financial institutions should assume responsibility for the failure of their companies; and, further, their strict responsibilities under civil and criminal codes should be investigated.

The stagnation of the economy is serious. To promote economic structural reform,

it will be absolutely crucial to strengthen the economy from the supply side, working to reform the structure of high industrial costs. Using as a guide the process by which the United States and some European countries have rebuilt their economies since the Eighties, I will promote measures for deregulation, administrative reform, privatisation of the public sector and tax system reform. In addition, I will stimulate research and development so that new industries will spring up vigorously. I will create a society where foreign companies will move into Japan, drawn by our attractive business environment. I will also push forward strongly with the fostering and promotion of venture companies and new businesses.

As to personal income tax, I will reduce the maximum combined level of individual income tax and inhabitants' tax to 50 per cent with a view to unleashing work incentives for the Japanese people.

I am determined to make my utmost effort, at the risk of the Cabinet's life, to bring the Japanese economy to its recovery path within a year or

two. Given factors such as economic and social globalisation, and the swift ageing of Japanese society, paralleled by a falling birth rate, my mission is to transform Japan's social system into one that is appropriate for the age of knowledge in the 21st century.

Japan's economy and society still have strong fundamentals. In recent years, our foreign asset balance has outweighed foreign debt. Extensive personal financial assets, supported by high savings rates and annual GDP are both on a scale that places Japan second in the world. These figures would suggest that Japan's economic fundamentals are extremely robust. Japan also enjoys good social order, with education and work ethics both at extremely high levels. Japan, in fact, has very strong social foundations as well. I would call on the people of Japan to have more confidence and pride in their country.

With such strong foundations, if Japan can overcome the current difficult circumstances, it will once again surge forward powerfully.

1505 11/11/15

The struggle is just beginning

ROY FOSTER

What kind of support can the dissident IRA groups have for a mindless war on random civilian targets?

A RECENT study of Irish republican history and strategies bore the laconically effective title *The Trouble with Guns*. The trouble with bombs has just been demonstrated with gut-wrenching horror in a quiet market town with notably relaxed inter-community relations and a low IRA profile: the kind of place called by republican zealots a "yellow town" because of its low record of hardline fanaticism.

There is no doubt, after last weekend, about the bravery of Omagh's populace – or the extent of their tragedy; the terrible image of that burst water main coloured with gore and bearing severed limbs along the main street cannot be forgotten. It was the worst single-bomb atrocity since the Troubles began. But the question that is forming itself is: didn't we think that the Troubles were over?

The trouble with bombs is that it takes a single person to make one, and perhaps two to transport it, and another (or one of the three) to telephone a misleading warning – or not. There may be only about 100 people in the "Real IRA" or "Oglagh na hEireann", but a high proportion of them are – or were – so-called "quartermasters" in the Provisional IRA, and thus know where the arms dumps are, how to get to them, and how to deploy the deadly material stockpiled therein. Speaking for Sinn Féin, effectively the voice of the mainline IRA, Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness have denounced the Omagh horror; to the fury of many commentators in the Republic and elsewhere, they at first refused to be drawn further. This is because behind the question about the Troubles being "over" lies another: how far can the mainline IRA control the dissident groups? And what kind of support can the latter possibly have for a mindless war on random civilian targets?

"They're not normal," said a Kerry neighbour to me the day after the horror. Certainly not, but a clue to their self-referencing frame of mind comes from the Irish name chosen. "Oglagh na hEireann" means "volunteers of Ireland", and is borrowed direct from the original republican paramilitary force set up before the First World War. In the view of the "Real IRA", theirs is the "normal" reality; they stand in the myopic tradition that refuses to admit that a formally partitioned Ireland has existed for several generations, and that all that has happened over the last 30 years has not eroded but solidified it.

One Sinn Féin spokesman, a supporter of the Good Friday agree-



The dissidents of their day, armed anti-Treaty members of the IRA patrolling the streets of Dublin in July 1922, during the Irish Civil War

Hulton

ment, which effectively recognises that partition, remarked at the weekend: "You can't decommision what's in people's minds." It seems clear that the republican movement has split irretrievably into the majority faction, who had decided by Easter that minds must be changed, and several small splinters that are too completely enmeshed in the politics of hatred to countenance such a change.

The political voice of these people comes through the 32 County Sovereignty Committee. It is no accident that this is led by Bernadette Sands-McKevitt, being her stance upon the reputation and name of a dead republican soldier and that money is being raised for them by reactionary Irish Americans: the tyranny of the dead, and the ignorance of those living across the Atlantic comfortably afar from the "struggle". They may be few in number and perverted in psychology, but it is an ancient and potent combination: what can Gerry Adams and his new-look comrades do to neutralise it?

In ideological terms, not much. For all Adams's statements otherwise, the fact remains that the

Good Friday agreement recognised reality by postulating arrangements for the existing six-county entity of Northern Ireland, albeit by building the Nationalist minority more closely into its governing structure than ever before, and institutionalising a level of links with the Republic previously held unacceptable by the Unionist majority. This level of imaginative but realistic politics cannot be grasped by the closed sectarian minds of "Oglagh na hEireann", even when formally endorsed by about 95 per cent of nationalists on the whole island of Ireland. And the trouble with quartermasters is that they do not respond to democratic mandates.

What they do respond to, presumably, is force: so the question now is where the force is to be exerted from. Here it may help to look back to history. After the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, the dissident republicans who refused to accept its terms took arms against the new Irish Free State in a civil war of episodic but horrifying brutality. The new government pursued its ex-comrades with unremitting ferocity, not only by internment but by executions: when people blanched at the

77 ordered by one minister, he rioted. "77 if necessary". The Civil War ended, the dissidents' arms were dumped, they eventually formed their own political party under Eamon de Valera which grudgingly entered the democratic process, and came to power a decade after giving up the armed struggle. They were faced in turn with a split from their own purist wing, who were – once again – pursued, interned and allowed to die on hunger strike if thought necessary by de Valera's government. The numbers prepared thus to suffer decreased if an irreducible though tiny core remained, their stance was usually intellectual rather than activist. When the residual IRA mounted a short-lived bombing campaign in the mid-Fifties, there was an overwhelming consensus among Irish nationalists against its perpetrators. Those who support the Good Friday agreement in Ireland must hope that this repetitive drama will be played out once more.

Since three o'clock in Omagh last Saturday afternoon, that drama looks like the story of the House of Atreus, caught in a loop of inexorable and psychotic violence vis-

ited upon the innocent. If the process is to be short-circuited, the dissidents have to be choked off. Mr Aherne has already ambivalently hinted at internment; Mr Trimble has blamed the last atrocity on a lily-livered approach to decommissioning arms.

What seems clear is that the sheer random sadism of what happened in Omagh has pushed the dissidents further out to the edges of the increasingly dysfunctional "Republican family". Formerly condemned at last by the ex-hard men of Sinn Féin, they are even more marginalised than the IRA remnants of the late Fifties. By the same process, messrs Adams and McGuinness have lost any ground they had for equivocation. Their co-operation with their allies in the peace process must now be total: all the knowledge they have of their ex-comrades behind the atrocity has to be shared with the security forces in the interests of their own self-preservation as well as that of a democratic future, north and south.

For, if Irish history shows anything, it is that the answer will lie – as before – with those who were once closest to the murderers in

"Oglagh na hEireann", and who therefore now seem – to those deluded minds – the worst traitors of all. No wonder Mr Adams is keeping quiet for the moment; no wonder he and Mr McGuinness have been frantically guarding their backs by making gratuitous (and illogical) remarks about the death throes of Unionism over the past couple of weeks. The real struggle with their flat-earthers is beginning. Whatever Mr Adams's own past in the Seventies, anyone who believes in the Easter agreement must hope to see him occupying an authoritative enough position to protect it. If this may even mean the piquant spectacle of Mr Adams introducing internment as a minister in a northern Ireland government, stranger things have happened in Irish politics – and in Irish history. And the previously unthinkable may well have to be embraced in order to proceed against the murderous wreckers who have now shown that they will unleash a river of innocent blood to destroy what was achieved last Good Friday.

Roy Foster is Carroll Professor of Irish History at Oxford University

RIGHT OF REPLY

PETER ROBINSON



The deputy leader of the Democratic Unionist Party responds to yesterday's article by Fergal Keane

WHO WOULD dare to propose that terrorists like those who poured the contents of hell upon the streets of Omagh should be offered ministerial positions in the government of Northern Ireland and, if caught, charged, sentenced and imprisoned, should be released within a period of 24 months?

Answer: Tony Blair and Mo Mowlam.

It sounds insane, yet apart from scale, the Omagh bombing is in every other respect the same kind of evil act that dots the history of the past quarter of a century in Ulster. Our government has passed legislation to free unrepentant terrorists who have not completed the sentences judged to be appropriate for the vile deeds they committed. Those to be released under the Government's scheme are people who sympathise with, have even "served" alongside, the Omagh bombers.

Omagh is the fruit of appeasement: terrorists will learn that more violence will produce concessions.

There is no easy route to defeat terrorism – terrorists cannot be bought off.

Omagh requires a response from the Prime Minister. A continuation along the path of appeasement is not the road to take. Only a strong and resolute security initiative is capable of stemming the tide of terrorism, and in that we are entitled to expect the support of the government of the Republic of Ireland.

Both Mr Blair and the Dublin premier Mr Aherne say they will pursue the Omagh bombers.

Unless, after pursuit, they intend to keep them in prison, there will be little point in tracking them down.

The master of the monster

EARLY ONE afternoon in the secluded gardens of his home in Los Angeles, 67-year-old James Whale waded into his bright blue swimming pool (where of late his "boy parties" had caused whispers of sad, menopausal behaviour). He angrily smashed his epicene head against a stone corner and – relatively senseless – allowed himself to drown. The year was 1957. He was already a forgotten man.

After his initial successes as a film director in the 1930s, a string of failures had made him unemployable. As James Curtis points out in this first comprehensive life of the director of *Frankenstein* and its camp classic sequel *Bride of Frankenstein*, there is a particular poignancy in the fact that television was to discover his oeuvre not many months after his death. Perhaps he would have had a late-flowering career, basking in the adulation of younger admirers. He was like Ed Wood – but with talent.

Whale was a highly conventional Edwardian Englishman in many aspects: he was a crashing snob and an ardent monarchist. He reinvented himself after a grim working-class childhood in Dudley, working for a while as a lowly cobbler's apprentice. As was so often the case, the First World War was his ticket elsewhere, despite spending time as a POW.

Collecting hundreds of pounds in gambling with well-heeled officers at the Holzminden camp, Whale was able to sponsor an acting career on his return home. A successful spell in the London theatre followed – then a meteoric rise in the early 1930s, when Hollywood was little more than a few parking lots and a few citrus groves.

As a virtual American, he was a dandified gay Republican four decades before Andrew Sullivan invented the term in one dungeoned-electricity-pulse. Whale was absolutely and



TUESDAY BOOK

JAMES WHALE: A NEW WORLD OF GODS AND MONSTERS
BY JAMES CURTIS, FABER & FABER, £14.99

unarguably gay all his life. Yet Curtis informs us that Whale's long-time partner David Lewis – who died in 1987 – deplored the 1960s discovery of the director by the elite forces of Gay Studies, bound to "reclaim" gay works of art.

Curtis himself, heavily influenced by his 12-year friendship with Lewis, confuses revisionism with reductionism. He is similarly scathing of the critic Vito Russo's analogy between Boris Karloff's alienated monster and the condition of homosexuality, reminding

us that Whale never bothered to conceal his homosexuality, and therefore could not have been alienated. Oh yes? He also notes, a trifle tardily, that the original *Frankenstein* was written by "a heterosexual woman". In other words – back off, queens.

Curtis is the executor to David Lewis's estate and he finishes the biography with a proud flourish about his organisation of the Lewis funeral. Lewis's co-heir and rival Pierre Poegel – Whale's young partner for the last five years of his life – is conspicuously sidelined. Curtis provides no photograph of this man, and no information as to whether he is even still alive. As a result, the book is transparently partisan to the Lewis view of Whale's life, which clearly took a different turn soon after he broke up with Lewis in 1952.

There is no particular reason why heterosexuals should not write biographies of gay people. But one can at least expect them not to think it "lamentable" that the word gay is now no longer used in the sense of happy, as Curtis – unbelievably – does. These pesky archaisms can be revealing. Having brushed aside the *Frankenstein*/gay analogy, with breathtaking self-consciousness Curtis describes "the queer disguise" that Boris Karloff wore on location for the original movie.

I believe this is the third book Curtis has written on Whale. Odd, then, that the Englishman's gayness and snobbery are beyond him even on the third go. He doesn't understand Whale's sexuality and struggles to understand Whale's desire to remodel his accent and seek out aristocratic ancestry.

"Whale was quietly obsessed with social position," Curtis tells his readers in classic American mode, "which in England depended on matters of birth, accent, and bearing." An American talking about the British class sys-



Elsa Lanchester and Boris Karloff in 'Bride of Frankenstein'

tem is pretty much like a Brit talking about American race relations. They always get it slightly wrong.

One might be prepared to forgive Curtis his reliance on David Lewis, his inept understanding of Whale's social makeup, were he able to produce a readable book. But I yearned for a decent analysis of the Gothic link between horror and camp, which is still being explored in Hollywood by the likes of Wes Craven and John Waters, and by Paul Rudnick's scripts for *The Addams Family* movies. I looked for something of James Whale's deeply hidden heart and soul. It was not to be.

I found none of the close-ups that made Whale's features so intimate and bewitching – just a chilly pan over a dead body in a swimming pool.

ROGER CLARKE

TUESDAY POEM

FRAGMENT 31
BY SAPPHO. IN A VERSION BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Peer of the Gods is that man, who
face to face, sits listening
to your sweet speech and lovely
laughter.

It is this that rouses a tumult
in my breast. At mere sight of you
my voice falters, my tongue
is broken.

Straightway, a delicate fire runs in
my limbs, my eyes
are blinded and my ears
thunder.

Sweat pours out a trembling hunts
me down. I grow paler
than dry grass and lack little
of dying.

Our poems until Wednesday comprise versions of a fragment by Sappho (c. 600BC), from Robert Chandler's new edition 'Sappho: selected poems', in the Everyman Poetry Library (Dent, £2)

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Eunice Frost

RODRIGO MOYNIHAN's large group portrait of the editors of Penguin Books in 1955 looks straightforward and realistic: about a dozen men and two women standing about with a relaxed, conversational air. But a file in the Penguin archive at Bristol University shows clearly how stylised and symbolic the picture is, and how carefully its arrangement was planned by Allen Lane, the founder and moving spirit of Penguin Books. A draft for the painting has diagonal lines drawn across it and dead centre, where the lines intersect the only figure dressed in light colours among the dark suits, stands Eunice Frost in the place she deserves.

She deserves it because for the first half of its life she was the moving spirit in the Penguin world, the first woman to be appointed OBE for services to literature in publishing, the initiator of most of the Penguin series, the one who dealt with everyone – not just authors but publishers, outside editors, agents, illustrators, artists, printers, even accountants and the banks. She was also Allen Lane's "herald" (or perhaps scapegoat), sent out to deal with his difficulties, to hire and fire and in general to face the music for him. In 1941 she went to set up an American branch in New York. In publishing circles she was the irreplaceable "Frostie".

"A literary midwife" was how she described herself. After only a week as Allen Lane's secretary, she found her role changed. "Do you like reading?" he asked, pushing a pile of books across his desk. "And that's how I learned you had to carry the baby home with you every night," she wrote. "There was no one else to hold the baby at the time. Somehow I was expected to take on all kinds of reading, negotiating with authors, agents and publishers, in addition to general office administration. I remember that in my very first week, instead of being told what to do, I was expected to do the extraordinary." All this when she was just 21.

She died last week, and was born on Guy Fawkes' day 1914, a suitable date for such a firework presence and for someone who lived in Lewes. Though her background was literary and artistic, she had no special ambition to go into publishing until Allen Lane, who had founded the first British paperback firm two years earlier, in 1936, advertised for a secretary. She arrived at the interview "dressed as if for Ascot with a huge cartwheel hat", someone who was with her was just 21.

years later, a flamboyant attractive figure employed on the spot and immediately becoming one of the team.

The team was tiny, Allen Lane and his two brothers, and when war broke out it was Lane and his assistant who kept the flag flying and did the extraordinary things necessary to expand their completely new enterprise, publishing paperback reprints of good, serious books at the (even then) minute price of sixpence (the price of a packet of cigarettes – two and a half pence). It transcended not just British publishing but to a spectacular extent, British culture and education.

"Much of our luck," Frostie wrote, "came from the fact that we fitted into a time of very high idealism – and a wish to share a kind of explo-

She was the moving spirit in the Penguin world; and also Allen Lane's 'herald' – or perhaps scapegoat

sive creativity which was so evident in all the writers and editors who themselves had so much to express, and who needed us as a forum." Paper shortage, food shortage, uncouth and uncomfortable living conditions: none of these curbed her amazing appetite for work of a Penguin kind.

By the time she retired in the 1960s (early, because of ill-health), a board member, Penguin had become much more like ordinary publishing. Others had copied its ideas and methods, it was no longer the small group of enthusiastic amateurs. But in its early days it was Eunice Frost whose hand was on the sometimes erratic tiller, whose ideas turned into reality in the special series which covered an enormous range.

Each had its own outside editor (Kenneth Clark, Nikolaus Pevsner, Noel Carrington, Eleanor Graham, E.V. Rieu, and many more), with Frostie inside keeping them all in good order and contributing a great deal herself, though her name never appears inside any of them. "I would much rather my name were not

printed as Editor of your new series [a refreshed Penguin Modern Painters]," wrote Kenneth Clark to Frost in 1954, "because I have done nothing to deserve it. You have done all the work during the last 10 years, and it is high time your name appeared and you got the credit for it."

Her main concern was the general list of Penguins, fiction, biography (the first Penguin of all, now a priceless collector's item if anyone has kept it clean, was André Malraux's life of Shelley, *Ariel*), travel, crime, memoirs, and a few uncategoryable others; the Penguin Modern Painters, and the children's book series, Puffins (picture books and story books). And there were others, in all of which she was to some extent involved: Pevsner's Buildings of England, the Pelican History of Art, Penguin Classics, poetry, music, *Penguin New Writing*, John Lehmann's literary magazine, *Science News*, gardening and cookery books, cartoons now and then. The series proliferated, and with them of course Frostie's work.

Today publishing is very different

– more solemn, less fun, more money-minded, clock-watching, if you like, professional. Eunice Frost never lost what a colleague described as her "scatty, doily air", which could be translated as gusto and energy. She spent hours on the telephone dictating letters and people down the passage would hear her talking loudly (she was slightly deaf in middle age) to her secretary or a machine then called, I think, a dictaphone. Her laugh was youthful and infectious. In a good mood, she was great company, in a bad one, not.

In the second half of her life, retired early because of ill-health to a beautiful Regency house in Lewes, she became Eunice again. "Frostie" would have seemed unsuitable outside publishing circles and she was by then Mrs Harry Kemp, married to a poet of Robert Graves's circle, a maths teacher and cricketer's wife who shared his enthusiasm for the game. The marriage failed and she had the eerily sad experience of hearing of Harry's death entirely by chance not long ago, when someone mentioned his funeral.

In a town with many more writers than most she made plenty of new friends, as inevitably colleagues and friend from the old days died off, and, inevitably too, she had her ups and downs with the neighbours, the new friends in a new world. Outside in personality, memorable, funny, immensely kind and sometimes maddening, she was lovable and, indeed, much loved, although also, for short periods, resented, avoided and labelled "impossible".

In many ways she was a tragic figure in the true, weighty meaning of the word: she rose high, lost much, knew pain and deserves to be remembered with respect and affection. She left her money to charities and her body for medical research, a typically idealistic thing to do but perhaps also a comment on her last years, a statement of lonely integrity.

Isabel Quigly

Eunice Ellen Frost, publisher: born 6 November 1914; OBE 1961; married Harry Kemp (died 1994; marriage dissolved); died Lewes, East Sussex 12 August 1998.



'Frostie' with Allen Lane discussing a volume of Low cartoons for a new Penguin Special

Geoffrey Hubbard

IN 1969, Geoffrey Hubbard became Director of the recently formed Council for Educational Technology (CET), an independent body with core funding from the Department of Education and Science.

Under his leadership, CET became an important influence on educational method in the United Kingdom. In particular, it mounted two major national programmes on computing in education – the National Development Programme for Computer Assisted Learning (1974-79) and the Micro-Electronics Project (1980-85) – and a significant programme on open learning that contributed much of the basic development underlying the Open Tech and Open College projects.

In 1979, the incoming Conservative government conducted a sweeping review of quangos. The report on CET concluded that it was a worthwhile organisation whose grant should nonetheless be cut by a third. Hubbard negotiated to spread the cut over three years, and set out to make up the shortfall from contract work. His success was such that, before he retired, CET's turnover was £2.5m, of which the government grant accounted for only 40 per cent.

Hubbard was born in Kentish Town, London, the youngest son of a cabinetmaker. Like his five elder brothers, he won a scholarship, which took him to University College School in Hampstead. At UCS, he excelled the successful school eight and began his lifelong interest in science and technology.

On leaving school in 1940, he was employed as a trainee at the Research Laboratories (now the Hirst Research Centre) of GEC (the General Electric Co) in North Wembley, Middlesex. Before long he was helping to develop, and supervising the production of, radar components for use by the British fleet.

He attended evening classes at Chelsea Polytechnic, obtaining a degree in maths and physics in 1944. At the same time, avid concert-going was developing his passion for music, and discovering the work of W.H. Auden awakened his love of English poetry. His other enduring cultural interests were architecture, the visual arts and fine writing. In a generation where much was made of the division between those with a science or an arts background, Hubbard drew nourishment and pleasure from both.

In 1948 he took an administrative post in the civil service where he remained for 20 years, reaching the

easy about his work for the civil service, and to suggest a professional shift, and in 1969 he took up the post of director of the Council for Educational Technology.

At about the same time, he joined the Religious Society of Friends. His influential book *Quaker by Conviction* was first published in 1974 and has been in print ever since. During his civil service years, Hubbard had published some short stories and poems, completed several unpublished novels and started writing radio plays, a number of which were broadcast by the BBC and abroad. He also published *Cooke and Wheatstone and the Invention of the Electric Telegraph* (1965), a biography that conveys the excitement of mid-Victorian technological invention.

When commercial television started in the mid-1950s, he was one of a team that produced *Johnny and Florry* for under-fives, the second programme ever broadcast by Associated Rediffusion, which became a series of 39 episodes over two years. Hubbard wrote the script and the words of each episode's song. Ernest J. Kaye wrote the music and Paul Hansard built the puppets and the set, and gave the performance. Many years later, CBS issued a recording of Hubbard's songs for the show, by Benjamin Luxon, Robert Tear and the Nash Ensemble.

He joined the Brussels-based Quaker Council for European Affairs in 1980, and acted as its Chairman 1982-93. Years of helping to shape the council's programme honed Hubbard's vision of how Quaker values might be translated into policy objectives at a European level, to promote "a society based on awareness of our interdependence rather than on greed and exploitation". This was the subject of his 1991 Swarthmore Lecture.

Retirement from CET in 1986 allowed Hubbard to devote more time, in a voluntary capacity, to a variety of projects dear to his heart. He had become a trustee of the Joseph Rowntree Charitable Trust in 1984 and now found himself available to play a more active role in meeting applicants and grant holders. This stimulating and rewarding work brought him great satisfaction and personal fulfilment until his death.

He was approached by Michael Young to help reverse the decline of the ailing National Extension College (NEC) in Cambridge. As a member, and then Chairman until his death, of NEC's Board of Trustees, Hubbard was instrumental in setting the organisation on more robust foundations, helping to secure the future of what is a highly successful operation. As a member of the Council of Woodbrooke College, the Quaker continuing education institution in Birmingham, he was closely involved in the late 1980s in reviewing the college's structure and organisation.

These and other activities, which made large demands on his time and energy, were somehow sandwiched between regular trips abroad to join his wife, who for much of this time worked for a succession of European organisations. Their strong bond and many shared interests brought him great personal happiness in the last 25 years of his life.

Geoffrey Hubbard will be remembered by many as a wise, liberal yet deeply ethical, irrepressibly witty and optimistic man whose strong loyalty to close friends and professional colleagues alike was matched by his commitment to the very diverse projects and activities to which he contributed.

Steven Burkeman

Geoffrey Hubbard, administrator and writer: born London 22 May 1923; married first Marian For (one son, and one son deceased; marriage dissolved), second Alison Burrell; died Bennekom, Holland 12 June 1998.



grade of Assistant Secretary. In the early 1960s, his administrative work at the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research involved regular contacts with the European Nuclear Research Organisation (CERN) in Geneva. This experience of efficient collaboration between people of different countries in pursuit of a common, non-political aim stirred his latent Europeanism.

In 1964, he moved to the Ministry of Technology, working first under Frank Cousins and C.E. Snow, then under Tony Benn. It was here that his interest in educational technology began. His growing commitment to pacifism began to make him un-

Lionel Lister

LIONEL LISTER was an amateur right-hand batsman who captained Lancashire in the four years preceding the Second World War. He is fondly remembered at Old Trafford for a very brave innings at Trent Bridge in a match so controversial that Lancashire refused to play Nottinghamshire in 1935, and for being called up, by army telegram, while waiting to bat in 1939.

In 1934 Nottinghamshire possessed the most feared opening attack in the world, two fast bowlers, in the right-arm Harold Larwood and the left-arm Bill Voce. The pair had been Douglas Jardine's principal weapons in the conquest of Australia in the infamous "bodyline" tour of 1932-33. Nottinghamshire, under Arthur Carr, had used similar tactics in county matches, causing much anger and protest.

Lancashire, a strong batting side, were dismissed for 119, Larwood 61, Voce 4-49. Lister, then 23, was hit in the chest by Larwood and knocked to the ground; in the second innings he came in with 35 needed to avoid an innings defeat and the four best batsmen out. The pitch had gone flat and with the fast attack tiring Lister (86) was able to add 182 in 130 minutes with Ernest Tyldesley (109).

Nottinghamshire were left to score 248 on what was then a turning surface and the left-arm spinner Len Hogwood, 6-58, bowled them out for 146. George Duckworth, the wicketkeeper, celebrating victory by throwing all three stumps into the air

Lancashire went on to win the championship, fielding for the first time, in the return match with Nottinghamshire, an eleven born in the county. By 1935 Carr had retired, Larwood and Voce were disillusioned with the continuing furore and Lister ended 1935 as the new Lancashire captain.

He was the popular and supportive leader of a strong side but one lacking a genuine fast bowler. He opened a new ground, at Preston, in 1936 where a local reporter wrote:

"There was none of the yelling, shouting and vulgarly you unfortunately get at most football matches. I am speaking quite seriously when I say that anyone troubled with nerves – and I'm afraid most of us are in these days of noise, speed,

wireless and gramophones – will be well advised to pay a visit."

Lister's batsmen were criticised for stodge play. They retorted by complaining of slow pitches, adding, "We have done no worse than follow the usual policy of Lancashire cricket for many years past." The committee, on a day Lancashire scored 358-6 against Warwickshire, growled that while Lancashire batsmen may have been bores it would be unwise of the present players to assume they could be both bores and failures.

Lister was at Northampton when he was ordered to join an artillery regiment. He took off his pads, said goodbye to the team and went off to become a Brigade Major. The scorebook entry read "Lister, absent, 0". Lister was the son of a managing

director of Cunard and an outstanding games player at Malvern, scored a century as a Cambridge undergraduate, for the county, but failed to win a Blue, yet captained the university at football, played 11 times for the Corinthians and won England amateur caps at right half. He may have finished with a first-class average of 18 but he did once score a century before lunch against Middlesex at Lord's. He was Lancashire's president in 1969-70.

Derek Hodgson

William Hubert Lionel Lister, cricketer: born Formby, Lancashire 11 October 1911; married 1937 Peggy Charlton (one son, one daughter); died Bridgenorth, Shropshire 29 July 1998.

Roger Luard

ROGER LUARD left one of the firmest and most unassailable legacies of any media executive Britain has known. He rode, masterfully, the key trends in the media, taking what had been an oil services company, Flextech, and creating out of it Britain's first independent supplier of pay-TV channels, worth at its 1996 high an incredible £1bn.

An intensely driven, peripatetic, agile-minded man, he worked hard and long to make his at times derided vision of the media future really happen; by the time of his death, he had secured Flextech's position at the heart of the multi-channel revolution. "He made a huge difference to establishing multi-channel TV," said David Montgomery, the chief executive of Mirror Group. "He accomplished this because he had a vision that went well beyond what others were thinking or doing."

Sam Chisholm, former chief executive of the satellite television giant BSkyB, said of Luard: "The

great thing was he had a naturally good mind. He saw angles in everything. He was smart enough to spot the opportunities as he went through."

Luard was born in 1948, trained as an accountant, and joined Flextech in 1986 after a career in industry and a stint at an investment bank. Under his stewardship, the company invested in cable operations and made one of its first forays into cable and satellite television, acquiring a stake in the Children's Channel. But it was the merger of Flextech and the UK operations of the US cable giant TCI in 1994 that really launched the modern variant of the company, a deal driven by Luard himself.

By 1996, Flextech had interests in several cable and satellite channels, and had embarked on a ground-breaking deal with the BBC to create the public service corporation's first multi-channel business in Britain.

"Without Roger's drive and determination, the deal would never



have been completed," said Bob Phillis, chief executive of Guardian Media Group and the former head of BBC Worldwide. "On several occasions over the 18 months of negotiations, we came close to failing, but Roger always found a way forward."

His negotiating tactics were legendary. Focused, highly strung, relentless, he could keep multiple agendas in his head, weighing openings when they presented themselves and shifting strategy when he sensed the need. He out-thought his opponents by staying one or two steps ahead of them. He drove his staff mad with new ideas and constantly changing strategic options. So committed a deal-maker, so active a negotiator, he had to wait several years before cashing in his stock options. "I'm always in bloody close period," he used to complain.

Frustratingly for some of his colleagues, he was more interested in the deal than in the underlying operations. "Why do we need all those people?" he used to ask his colleagues on visits to the Camden offices in north London. "We need them to run the channels you've set up," would come the sensible reply. For his part Luard just went on to the next deal, the next strategy.

Sometimes he was wrong, but not on the things that mattered. He knew more about pay-TV and the new multi-channel industry than anyone else in the country. He knew, for instance, that the key to the business was "distribution, distribution, distribution." And he proved it when he secured lucrative distribution arrangements for Flextech's channels not only with the cable operators but with the mighty BSkyB, at a time when the industry had realised, finally, that there was urgent need for improved content, and branded channels, to drive the pay-TV business.

Until recently, he played as hard as he worked. "He would always find time to see his friends and colleagues on an evening," David Montgomery said. "And he was loyal. He didn't drop you when you were no longer useful to his business."

When I, as a journalist, first met Luard in 1995, he immediately charmed me. For my benefit, his pat-

ter punctuated with "hey guys" and "you gotta understand", was geared to suit my North American ear. He tailored his speech to charm when he wanted to, but he didn't shy away from strong language when it was time to drive a point home. Certainly when I wanted to write something he didn't want to see in print, the charm was off. "You write that and I'll break your legs," he would say. Or something worse, involving a different fate to a different part of my anatomy.

He could be brash and even vulgar, and had a wicked schoolboy's humour. His jokes were often off-colour, and his dark moods before his first cappuccino of the day would always be remembered at Flextech's Great Portland Street headquarters. But he was genuinely kind, and grew far softer in his attitudes following the adoption of a son, Harry, three years ago, and the subsequent adoption of his daughter Isabella. He came even closer to his wife, Roly, and en-

joyed tremendously his weekends with the family in Gloucestershire.

Roger Luard, who suffered from an incurable neurological disease that affected first his eyesight and then his other faculties, will be remembered through the industry as a media giant. His company was more modest than some of the big media conglomerates; he was less often written about than Rupert Murdoch or John Malone; but, without him, UK broadcasting would have been less vibrant, less confident, less evolved. He was a true mogul; not a Murdoch, perhaps, nor a Malone, but he breathed the same air. Had he lived, who knows what more he might have done?

Matthew Horsman

Roger Luard, television executive: born 21 November 1948; chief executive, Flextech 1988-98; married 1973 Dervar (one son, one daughter); died London 15 August 1998.

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Inside most young men who leave their partners and children there's a Mrs Doubtfire struggling to get out. By Dave Hill

Why bad lads can make good dads

Hear the beginning of Chris's story and it seems easy to predict how it will end. He was just 19 when he moved to Norwich from his home in Hampshire - 19 and strung out on speed. He went there to join a drug rehabilitation programme and, as he embarked on his re-entry into mainstream life, he got involved with a young woman. They moved in together and had two children, Matthew, now two, and Emily, one. It was not, though, a partnership that prospered. Late last year, just after his partner became pregnant again, Chris moved out, leaving her alone with two children and the burden of carrying a third. So far, so stereotypical: young lad with bad habits leaves young mum in the lurch. But at this point the script departs from cliché, and in so doing invites us to resist rushing to damning judgements about fathers who leave their children. Of course, we have every reason to find such judgements tempting. In recent years the disappearing father has displaced the irresponsible young mother as the focal social culprit for the modern family's ills. Tory myths about young women getting pregnant to jump the housing queue have been exploded and replaced in family demonology by bad dads who amuse themselves by lobbing spanners in the works of the Child Support Agency.

There is no doubt that too many such men exist. But this grim picture of modern fatherhood tells a lot of different stories, including some which show how many apparently bad dads might be rather better. Chris makes a good case study, not least because, being a lad with

a wayward history, he comes from the section of male society which causes greatest concern. Yet, as the second half of his story proves, he is far from indifferent to his parental role. "I love my children to bits," he says. "I couldn't stand to lose them." Though he moved out of the home where those children lived, he did not lose touch. Though he fell out with those children's mother, he has maintained cordial contact. And though he volunteers the view that making his exit after his third child was conceived was "not very nice", Chris has not the slightest intention of depriving that child or the other two of the things he believes he, as their father, can supply.

What is more, Chris is presently providing more - far more - than is traditionally demanded of dads. He's too discreet to go into details, but says "there was no way the mother could cope with being pregnant on her own and looking after those two kids". Which is why, since the spring, Matthew and Emily have been living principally with Chris - though seeing their mother frequently - and why the child benefit books are currently being transferred to Chris's name. Because of his parental duties, he cannot work at the moment, but says he will try to put that right if and when he can make childcare arrangements. In the meantime, he enjoys the support of the excellent Norfolk Young Fathers Group, and he's also hoping the council will move the three of them to a more suitable home. Meanwhile, Chris's third child has been born. Little Euan entered the world 10 days ago under the doing gaze of his father who was in the delivery suite with his ex-partner's blessing. "Euan will live with his mother," says Chris, "but I'm going



Although he has left their mother, Chris has made sure he remains close to his children Emily and Matthew

Bryn Colton/Assignments

to see lots of him. After all, when she comes to see Matt and Emily, she'll have to bring him along, won't she?" Chris does not pretend he hasn't used "a bit of psychology" to ensure that his links with his children remained close, even straight after the split. "You could say I was a bit devious," he remarks. "She wouldn't have got a settee and a few other things if it wasn't for me." But just as jaw jaw is better than war war,

Women getting pregnant to jump housing queues have been replaced in family demonology by dads lobbing spanners into the works of the CSA

canny negotiations are always better than cruel recriminations, and the way Chris and his ex have shared out the burdens and the pleasure of parenting seems sane. And their solution highlights important questions. Why aren't more fragmented families reconstituted so co-operatively? Why aren't there more fathers like Chris?

Looking for answers means wading into the deepest waters of the family and gender debates and fishing for the whole truth about fathers

knows best. This unlikely confluence of opinion has influenced both the framing of family policy and the culture of the family courts and certainly underpins much of the anxiety about errant fathers. Furthermore, it has been bolstered by some frightening statistics. The one most often quoted stems from a government study of lone-mother families conducted in 1991 that found that 43 per cent of children living apart from their biological fathers had lost all contact

at least once a week. Another piece of research, conducted in Oxford, found still higher incidences of contact between children and fathers after the same period. But even if we accept that only a minority of non-resident fathers are congenital boogers, there remains the matter of why fathers lose contact in the first place. Is it because they are bastards? Or is it because their circumstances have made closer involvement undesirable or plain impossible? That some non-resi-

dent fathers are worthless pigs is not in doubt, and it should never be forgotten that some fathers use their entitlement to contact with their children to threaten their former partners. Yet other, far more deserving non-resident fathers have no such ulterior motives and are trapped in predicaments which are not necessarily of their own making. One good example of how separated fathers can lose contact with their children despite the noblest of intentions was dramatised in the film *Mrs Doubtfire*. In this Robin Williams divorces the mother of his three children and is reduced to being a classic "weekend dad". Although he loves his children passionately, he begins to find their times together awkward. Deprived of their day-to-day company, he feels himself knowing them less well and that the feeling is mutual. Only by donning drag and securing a job as his ex-wife's nanny - the Mrs Doubtfire of the title - is he able to restore the closeness. Film fantasy is one thing, real life another, yet many non-resident fathers will recognise the predicament depicted. Some simply give up.

The lesson of *Mrs Doubtfire* is also valid because it illustrates that

the damage done to children when their parents split can be reduced or repaired if they maintain close and substantial relationships with both parents rather than just one. Usually it is the father who moves out, not only of the family home, but also to the margins of his children's lives. Some argue that this is inevitable in a culture that is fearful of active and emotionally bonded fatherhood and presumes that the interests of mothers and those of children are the same. There can be hard practical and material factors, too. For example, a non-resident father - or mother, for that matter - living in a small dwelling may not have the space or facilities to make an alternative home in which his children can relax, have fun and stay comfortably overnight. At whichever point the truth about non-residential parents lies, there seems much to be said for encouraging non-residential fathers to become the good and caring fathers many of them and many of their children want them to be. That way, fathers who fall out of love with the mothers of their children may end up a bit like the beleaguered dad in *Mrs Doubtfire* and a bit more like Chris.

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Here's looking at you, Babe

Continued from page 1

exploitation, you simply couldn't argue with the numbers. Loaded's circulation exploded past its respectable rivals, Liz became rich, Wonderbra sales went through the roof. And the girls who were buying those bras felt like the exploiters, not the exploited.

At Tuller, Jane Procter never has any problem persuading celebrities to bare all. "Someone suggests it at the shoot, and the girl trusts the photographer, the hairdresser says it would be a good idea, and the fashion editor says, 'Your husband will love it'."

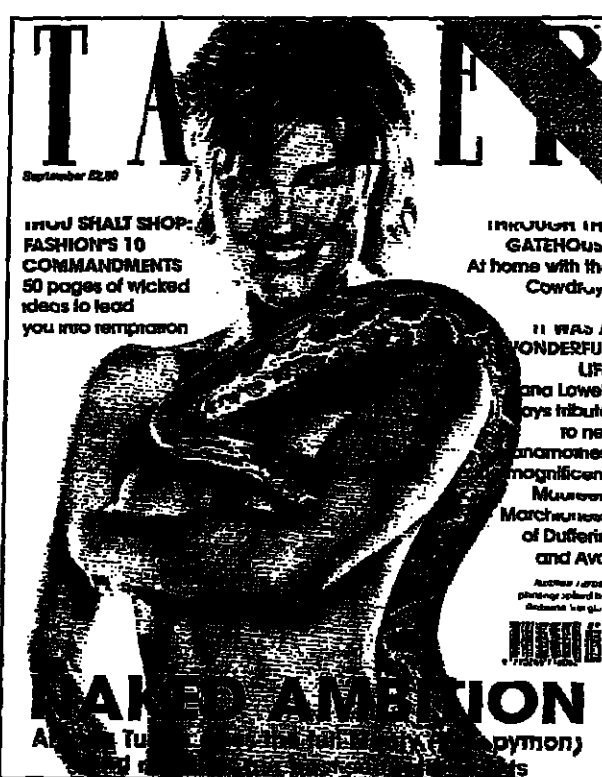
"The girls say yes because it's a jolly jape - a bit of a tease. They've got nice bodies, expensive bodies. They've been massaged and exercised down at the Harbour Club and they like showing off."

They love the publicity, too, and glossy magazines make the perfect springboard for nationwide PR. Tabloids will happily reprint the glossies' up-market smut.

When FHM's "100 Women" went on sale it was accompanied by a week of pictures of the women in *The Mirror*. Each picture was flagged as coming from FHM, which is "on sale now" and the front cover appeared next to every shot.

Similarly, when Loaded celebrated its 50th issue earlier this year, *The Sun* printed pictures of women from the anniversary issue for five days. The advertising value of a week of shots would have been worth in excess of £200,000.

"Every month I get something in the papers," says Clara Parkes, who runs Public Eye, Loaded's PR agency. "You have a contract," says Ms Parkes. "If they do not adhere to what I request they are charged for the pictures. The pictures have to run on the day of publication,



Caption Credit

they have to show the cover, and to a certain size, in colour and they have to write that the magazine is now on sale."

Most of the magazines' PR agencies have strong relationships with one or two newspapers. Much of Loaded seems to go exclusively to *The Sun*, much of *FHM* to *The Mirror*, but PRs will try to keep as many big circulation titles on side as they can. "It is an immensely beneficial relationship for us," says Ed Needham. "We have something they want, and they have 12 million readers we want."

And girls who would never want to be seen collaborating with the tabloids can bare all for a respectable glossy, secure in the knowledge that they'll still get mass-market coverage

have been trying to manipulate her image by using the magazine brand, but she still took her kit off and ended up in *The Sun*. It's the same as Ulrika Jonsson being in *Loaded*."

The other great exploiters of tabloid interest are the gossip magazines *HELLO!* and *OK*, but given that Anthea Turner's former lover Grant Bovey and his wife made substantial sums from *HELLO!* and *OK*, it was also unlikely that she would have given her first interview and pictures to those magazines since they broke up.

But Procter has something else to offer: protection. Pictures are only released to the press under very strict conditions. "We can control their exposure in the tabloids," she explains. "If the girls are not models, they are celebrities, so we have to protect them. If we gave, or sold on, pictures that were used to go with a knocking story we would lose trust in the celebrity world."

Some old-fashioned journalists might wonder if their function in life was really to protect celebrity egos. As one show-business reporter comments, "If celebrities start getting copy and picture approval from magazines, they will start to expect it from newspapers. We could create celebrity monsters like they have in the US who want to control everything."

We could. And we could sell what remains of our principles down the river, too. But as long as the sales are so good, will anyone really object? Even the Americans may be changing their ways. Last year the editor of the US men's magazine *Details* decided that he could learn a cover featuring lingerie-clad TV stars that was an exact copy of an *FHM* cover. And guess what? In the prudish US of A... sales went through the roof.

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THE TUESDAY REVIEW
The Independent 18 August 1998

FEATURES/9

When Russian tanks came to Bognor

Thirty years ago Czech student
Zuzana Slobodova awoke at a
Butlins holiday camp to news
of her country's invasion

Get up, the Russians are in Czechoslovakia! Can't she give me a minute of peace? It's only 7am and I went to bed late.

"Don't you understand? Russian tanks are in Prague! Listen!"

My room-mate knew very well that I couldn't understand the news in English on the loudspeaker, even if I'd listened all day. She must be having me on, it was one of her tricks.

It was impossible to go on sleeping; half awake, I set off for the washroom. A very stuck-up boy from Prague stopped me on the way. For once he had lost his aloofness.

"Have you heard? The Russians have invaded Czechoslovakia! There's fighting in the streets of Prague."

So it was true. The news sank in on my way to the coffee bar. The horrible supervisor, who never allowed us to sit down because it didn't look good in front of the guests, was suddenly all smiles. She wore a special expression I was to see often on British faces in the months to come: poor you, what are you going to do next? But, at the same time, how very interesting. She even allowed me to drink a cup of coffee, a treat normally forbidden.

The date was 21 August 1968 and I was working at Butlins' holiday camp in Bognor Regis. It was the year of the Prague Spring and for the first time since 1948 Czechs and Slovaks could travel freely. Everybody feared it was too good to last and wanted to catch a glimpse of the forbidden West. Hard currency was in short supply, so students flocked anywhere in the Western world that offered a working holiday.

The Bognor Regis Butlins employed 80 Czech and Slovak students that summer. We were terribly grateful for the opportunity to work incredibly long hours for £4 a week, with disgusting food and a bunk bed with sheets that were never changed. We tried to avoid each other's company; we couldn't waste precious time in England speaking our mother tongue.

That disappeared after 21 August. We just wanted to be with others in the same boat - to exchange news, to discuss plans and listen to the radio. Those with transistor radios were constantly surrounded. The airwaves were suddenly filled with Czech: it took time to distinguish between the official Czech radio, the collaborative

Radio Vltava which praised the invincible Red Army, Radio Tirana in Czech, China broadcasting in Czech (the Chinese were overjoyed at the opportunity to upset the Russians), Radio Free Europe and Voice of America. We wanted only the Czech official radio; the rest was strictly for amusement. Its signal was very clear in England, even on the cheap transistors of the Sixties. It was our main source of information. We saw pictures of Prague in English newspapers, but nobody's English was good enough to read them. We were too poor to buy them, anyway.

Someone was always listening to the news; any Butlins workers off duty would listen to the radio outside restaurants, coffee bars and Wimpy bars where their friends were working, and would call out the latest information. The girls on duty would come out during breaks, bringing food and hot drinks for everybody. We would cry whenever the national anthem was played.

It was my first experience of patriotism, which had always been an object of fun in cynical Czechoslovakia. Girls with fiancés at home took the first available plane home. The rest were undecided. Immediately after 21 August, Britain offered us the right to reside indefinitely, but our Czech exit permits were valid only till the end of summer. We knew we could extend our stay only as long as Dubcek's people were still at the embassy, so we hurried to London.

pered to us in the corridor that we were much safer staying put. But they extended our exit visas by 10 months, no questions asked.

When I got back from London the mood in the camp had changed. "Switch that bloody radio off," said my room-mate. "It gets on my nerves. And, by the way, can you sleep somewhere else tonight?"

'The invasion was my first experience of patriotism, which had always been an object of fun in cynical Czechoslovakia'



The old embassy was a much more modest affair than the current monster. It had a garden, full of students whose time abroad was up. They didn't dare to return home, but had nothing else to do. They spent most of their day in the embassy garden smoking, drinking and flirting in the best tradition of the Sixties. The embassy was in chaos. One member of the embassy staff advised us to return, while another whis-

I walked around the camp till 3am but nobody had a free bed so I reclaimed my bunk bed. It was occupied by my room-mate and the cook from the restaurant where she worked. The cook was wearing only a flower in his hair. I felt bad about it, but I had to get some sleep.

"OK," said my room-mate. "I was getting fed up with him anyhow. Out!" She was in a talkative mood after he left. "I took quite a few pairs of tights from

the shop today," she said proudly. "Do you want a pair?" My room-mate was a sales assistant in a Butlins shop during the day, and she already had a suitcase full of stolen stuff. It was not only my room-mate.

The whole place was indulging in wild behaviour. A few boys who were in the camp enjoyed the privileges of a Turkish sultan with a huge harem. The atmosphere was apparently similar among young people during the Second World War: people began to live for the day.

Representatives of the National Union of Students came to the camp to spread the news that we should apply to British universities and that there was an English course in London to prepare us for an interview. They also found jobs for us, and people all over London offered us free accommodation.

The management of Butlins wouldn't let them in. It did not want to lose staff in the middle of the season. Of course, we found the information anyhow. By that time I knew I was going to stay as my parents had already fled Czechoslovakia. I had fallen in love with the British calmness over matters that would drive a central European mad, and with British tolerance. I had to start working on my future. I decided to go to London, and handed in my notice to Butlins.

"I'll stay on here till the end of the season," my room-mate

said, obviously happy to have the room to herself from now on. "Then I'll see what to do next. What do you think about working in Soho? At least I would get paid for what I give free of charge anyhow."

I was quite sorry to part from her; she was a pillar of strength in her peculiar way. I have never seen her since.

"What do you do?" a couple of students I knew from Bratislava later asked me at a dinner in the International Students House, which gave us free meal tickets and consequently became a meeting place for all the Czech and Slovak students in London.

"I lick stamps and envelopes in an office," I said, "and make tea. I don't think they really need me; they just want to be charitable. What do you do?"

"We are unemployed," the couple said proudly. "The jobs on offer are stupid anyhow. It is wonderful. You don't lift a finger and the money keeps flowing in." They were elegantly dressed, as they always used to be in Bratislava, suntanned and well rested. I looked at them with horror; as we all came from the country where not to work was a crime, I did not understand how they could have sunk so low as to receive alms from a state that was not even their own. But we were all on the receiving end of charity, in one form or another. Old clothes were even collected for us. We were housed with British families who had offered rooms in their homes. There were more on offer than there were Czechs and Slovaks in need of them, and some of my

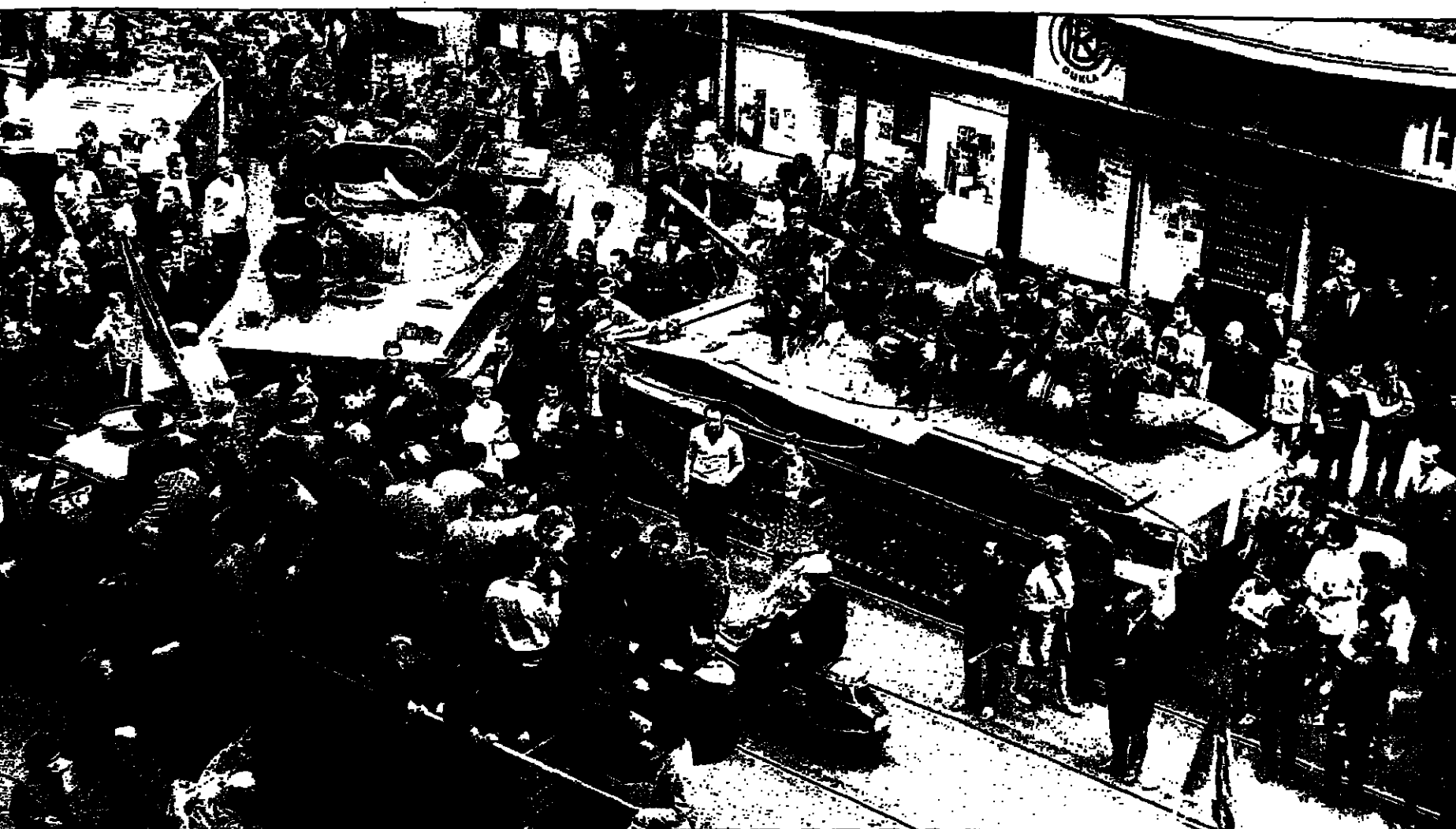
compatriots picked and chose: when they became fed up with one family, they would just move in with another. One, I remember, moved because his hosts would not pay for his Underground tickets. But most of us are still friends with our hosts after 30 years.

Everybody pampered us. Everybody treated like us like heroes, which was a bit much, seeing that we were sitting in safety in England while our homeland was being stripped of its independence and dignity. The NUJ, with the help of Jan Kavan, a Czech student who has just become the Czech foreign minister, organised boring meetings for us, and our university interviews.

The Czechoslovak embassy invited us to a party. We were all in jeans and T-shirts, and we

were treated politely by diplomats in grey suits. Served escalopes and potato salad - which we all craved, after English food - on silver plates, and given lots and lots of Czech beer and wine. Most of us got drunk. Then a man who had recently arrived from Prague gave a long speech claiming that everything was all right at home and we should return as soon as possible. He also said that Hungarian students from 1956 had never finished their studies here and most had ended up in menial jobs. People ate, drank and made merry, and realised that a different wind had begun to blow at home.

Most of us refused to give our new addresses: "to be invited to the next party". That was my last contact with the Czechoslovak embassy for 21 years.



On 21 August 1968, the people of Czechoslovakia woke up to find that Russian tanks had rolled in to their capital city. The 'Prague Spring' was over

JOYS OF MODERN LIFE

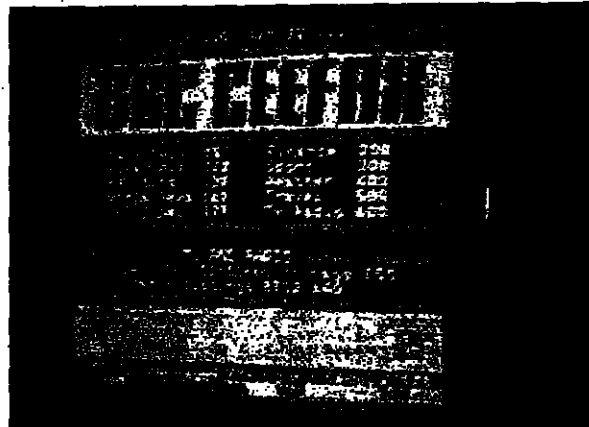
10. CEEFAX
BY LAURA THOMPSON

TO MOST people, no doubt, the joy of Ceefax would be that it is an efficient means of eliciting accurate facts on a wide range of subjects. Although I use Ceefax only for its racing service, my relationship with it is not quite so simple.

It is, in fact, my belief that the joy of Ceefax can only truly be appreciated by someone who lives in a basement flat, who is too mean to buy a proper television aerial, whose TV reception is therefore highly eccentric, who desperately wants to know whether the second leg has come in on their double and who, when they press the button for the result on teletext, reads the following:

"4.90 Ywrl!!"
"1. ?hx USqrp 37112"
Ceefax is at my fingertips, but only in theory. For this reason, I can't treat it as a plaything for when, sated with Internet-surfing, I fancy a cheap Luddite thrill. To me it has an elusive glamour, because it always keeps me wondering.

What will happen when I try to penetrate that mysterious world, that lurks behind the fuzzy facade of my television set? Will it yield up its secrets and tell me the winner of the 4.50 at York? Or will it hold fast in



its codes, to the language of qw-wv-wry?

For some of us, uncertainty strengthens joy, which means that I love Ceefax in a way that people with proper television will never know. But my God, it's a hastyard sometimes. The tricks it pulls, the frustration it causes.

For example, I may use Ceefax to find out the greyhound racing results. What can be guaranteed is that, if I want to know about a dog running at Catford, the alphabetical lists of tracks will start at Crayford. This means that I have to sit through the results of the 20 other meetings that day before getting back to Catford - or Clitted - again.

Ceefax moves in stately fashion across my television screen. About an

hour after I first started looking for them, the results from Catford approach. "Walthamst&w... W&mbld&n... Bel'e V+e..." yes, yes, praise the Lord - page two of the 29 is coming round again. Give up thy wisdom, O Ceefax, and tell me what won the 9.28!

And then, as it across the synapses of a schizophrenic, Ceefax will make a leap quite staggering in its sadistic waywardness. The gaps between pages one and three will be filled, not with the Catford results, but with an advertisement which reads: "ROGER THE DODGER LANDED THE GAMBLE OF THE SEASON AT PONTEFRAC LAST WEEK FOR HIS NEXT HOT THING RING 0891-

123456 ONLY A FOOL WOULD MISS OUT." Every word of these adverts is always reproduced perfectly.

Occasionally, of course, I want to experience Ceefax in the normal way, as, for example, when staying with my parents. There, I am a mistress of the situation. Hazards arise only when my father confuses the television remote control, which also works Ceefax, with the remote for Sky TV. Numbers get pressed with ever greater panic, ever more pinpoint inaccuracy, until a quest for tomorrow's runners at Newbury leads us to Bayern 3 and You Rang, My Lord? dubbed into German.

But the true joy of Ceefax lies, for me, in the land where qw-wv-wry is spoken. There, all the hope, the tension, the delirium that come with waiting for the racing results is stretched almost to breaking-point; is that row of dashes and pound signs, which came to the screen only when I lambada-ed across a table with the remote pointing at the microwave, really the name of my horse?

If, after 10 minutes of decoding, I decide that it is, what joy abounds! I shall never buy a television aerial with the winnings.

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*Based on taking gas as well as electricity (single rate credit meter) from us and comparing our national average monthly direct debit price with the average of the local monthly direct debit tariffs of each local electricity supplier as at 1st July 1998. Based on an annual consumption of 3,000kWh.

British Gas
Home Energy

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL '98

When all the parts add up

Mathematics made exciting: Pi in the sky? Not when horror meets sci-fi in a thriller. By Liese Spencer

MATHEMATICS = DULL. If that equation sums up your attitude towards the subject, then two independent movies by debut directors at this year's film festival should change all that. Imaginative exercises in number crunching, *Pi* and *Cube* apply very different formulas to their subject. Directed by Darren Aronofsky, *Pi* charts the story of tormented maths genius Maximilian Cohen (Sean Gullette, who also wrote the screenplay), a brilliant but reclusive student of number theory who holes himself up in a cramped apartment in New York's Chinatown to seek not only the patterns that govern the stock market, but the numerical key to the universe.

Obsessed with finding perfect order in a chaotic world, Max works feverishly at his massive computer, taking time out only to visit his mentor for the odd game of Go. As he seems to be reaching some kind of mathematical epiphany, however, his story takes a dark turn. Caught between a group of Hasidic Jews plotting the divine importance of Talmudic numerology, and the more worldly interests of a shadowy Wall Street brokerage house, Max finds himself increasingly plagued by monstrous migraines and paranoia. He begins to hallucinate horrors on the subway.

"If you don't have the science, then what you are doing is not mathematics, it's numerology," Cohen's teacher fumes at Max. *Pi*, with its wild sci-fi speculations and conspiracy theories, is undoubtedly the latter, using sometimes hokey plot devices to figure a metaphysical frisson from maths' sexy permutations. But with this much originality, who cares if the



A scene from Natali's 'Cube'

film's logic doesn't bear scientific scrutiny? Strikingly shot in binary black and white, this richly atmospheric film is more than the sum of its sums. An intriguing play of Pythagorean mysticism and uncanny imagery, *Pi* makes for fascinating and sometimes unsettling viewing.

Mathematics meets horror sci-fi once again in Canadian director Vincenzo Natali's visually inventive *Cube*. More literal in its nightmare, *Cube* sees a seemingly random sample of strangers trapped in a giant, Chinese box of interlocking, different coloured chambers that resembles some lethal Rubik's cube. As they try to escape, Natali's cop, thief, maths student, psychologist, autistic adult and surly architect stumble across a deadly collection of booby traps, while picking their way through their own moral maze of conflicting personalities and beliefs.

Why are these characters here? Natali chooses to keep the audience as much in the dark as the characters, so that they, too, can share in the confusion and claustrophobia. Occasionally moments of visceral violence erupt.

In some ways, all films are mathe-

ematical problems, requiring directors to think in three dimensions, to draw up their own visual geometry and orchestrate time and space. Filmed entirely on a 14-ft square set in a Toronto warehouse, *Cube*'s labyrinth presented Natali with a more elaborate puzzle than most. "The idea originally came from the need to shoot it all in one location," says the director, "but it was actually a very restrictive set to work on. We shot most of the film with one whole wall out, which left me with only 180 degrees to film in. So instead of moving the camera, what I'd frequently do was move the actors. That's where it became a bit of a strain on my brain, because I had to stay on the right axis, keep track of which directions the rooms were moving and keep my eyelines matched."

Afraid that audiences would be confused by the geography of the *Cube*'s identical rooms, Natali carefully storyboarded the film so that its characters were always moving in one direction. A mathematics consultant was brought in to check the film's vital statistics. "It's funny," says Natali, "because the maths consultant said, 'If I were really to design this place, that would get me another PhD. To work out all the permutations for those rooms would be so complex.'"

There were other problems. The wood and plexiglass set was like a furnace, and the different colours had a strange effect on the actors. "The red room was always particularly disturbing," recalls David Hewitt, "you got this constantly heady feeling, and everyone got really angry between takes. Whereas the green room was all calm and



'Cube' presented its director, Vincenzo Natali, with an elaborate puzzle

Geraint Lewis

lovely. It really was like some weird psychological experiment." Luckily, Natali believes the tight shooting schedule and physical discomfort helped lend the actors' struggle for survival a certain authenticity.

When the film was finally finished, Natali says he had "the pleasure of seeing all the different pieces fit seamlessly into place. *Cube* seemed to define itself independently of my con-

tribution. In this respect I felt less like the man in charge than the subject of my own experiment." The ability to marry abstract ideas with human storylines is helping to put an exciting new spin on the traditionally despised genres of horror and sci-fi. They may even get the figures to add up where it matters most to Hollywood: at the box office.

For Natali, they are part of a new

wave. "I think science fiction is the most relevant genre for our age," Natali sees this future as computered. "I think the next few years will be very exciting. I think eventually the digital medium will replace film, and people will be making movies in their basements and distributing them on the Web." Perhaps the mathematical fantasies of Natali and Aronofsky aren't that far off.

Brecht allied to slapstick

THEATRE

SQUIRE PUNTILA...
ALMEIDA/RIGHT SIZE

BRECHT'S PUNTILA is the Jekyll and Hyde of the class war. When he's plastered, this Finnish landowner drips with sugary human kindness; once sober again, he's a tyrannical bastard.

Wearing waywardly between these two extremes, he'll hire new farm hands, then summarily dismiss them; arrange to marry his daughter to a foreign office attaché, then insist that she wed his sardonic chauffeur, Matti, and then overturn that decision. In his schizophrenic reversals, the alcoholic millionaire of *City Lights* poses similar problems for Charlie Chaplin's tramp. The important difference is that Matti is no guileless innocent; he plays a cagey game of trying to nudge his master in the direction of justice while making sure he knows which side his own bread is buttered on.

In Kathryn Hunter's vigorous and very funny co-production for the Almeida and the Right Size, the central couple are played by Sean Foley and Hamish McColl, the physical comedy duo. The knockabout tone of the proceedings is established with an added jokey prologue in which, to the puckish plunkings of ukulele and double bass, the cast offer a bracingly unipious crash course in Brecht and his theories. The famous preference for drama that promotes action rather than identification in an audience comes out in this pithy ditty as the Brechtian method that "denies the viewing public Aristotelian catharsis." Which means that all of you lot should get off your big fat asses.

With mad, penetrating eyes, distraught hair and a silly moustache, McColl's Puntila finds a perfect physical foil in the thicker-set, calmly subversive Foley. Trying to pull off his clothes like a ludicrous latter day King Lear to get down to the common humanity, McColl lets you see the absurdly sentimental self-regard in Puntila's drunken visionary flights, along with the drivenness that makes you feel that, in a peculiar way, there is more genuine energy for social change in him than in the pragmatic chauffeur.

There's a *Complicité* feel to the production from the opening when the furniture and the drunks in a hotel bar are presented at crazy, inebriated angles to the stage, to the moment near the end when the row of wooden doors on Tim Hatley's atmospheric set is violently kicked down to become the steep incline of an imaginary mountain.

The multi-racial cast deliver a punchy new version of the play by Lee Hall that mixes in-yer-face contemporary slang ("gagging for a bit of posh") with endearingly out-of-control jokes such as: "What did I do to bring such a daughter into the world?" "You shagged her mother?"

Of course, you're sent home with a neat moral in a doggy bag. But still, it's not often that you can write the words "Bertolt Brecht" and "knockabout fun" in the same sentence.

PAUL TAYLOR

If music be the food of laughter, play on

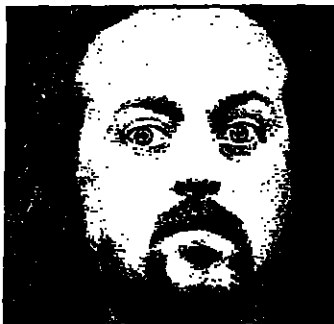
WE WERE crammed into what looked like pews at the Palladium in Edinburgh on Sunday night. But we weren't there to listen to a Bach oratorio or a rousing rendition of "Onward Christian Soldiers". We were instead treated to Abba's long-neglected political output. One particularly affecting song dealt with Sweden's war effort, accompanied by the tune of "SOS".

Welcome to the warped world of Bill Bailey, perhaps the only comedian who doesn't have audiences dashing for the exits the moment he picks up a musical instrument. He may look like a cross between Meatloaf and Lemmy, but appearances can be deceptive; he actually has the sensibility of the classically trained musician that he is. He can send up a 17th century piece of harpsichord music because he is skilled enough to play it in the first place.

He is a consummate creator of pastiche, able with the merest bit of tweaking to bring out, say, the hidden similarities between The Doors and the theme to "The Magic

COMEDY

BILL BAILEY
GILDED BALLOON



Bill Bailey: Abba and politics

Roundabout", or the inherent absurdity in a Jethro Tull-type number. "Who stole the leg of time?", he croons in finest prog-rock fashion. "Was it the man with the key to the door of reality underneath the mat of insignificance? No."

Chris de Burgh does not emerge

unscathed, either. In a wicked parody about protecting "beautiful ladies in danger", Bailey sings: "I'll save the pretty ones with their smiles and sparkling eyes but the ugly ones die."

He goes on to play "Katie's 20 Diddie-doo Hits" (which all sound suspiciously similar) and "my tribute to the 70s": a halting, tuneless version of the intro to "Stairway to Heaven", followed by a cry of: "I'll be down in a minute, mum." In what may be a first for stand-up comedy, Bailey even manages to fit in a spoof of those irritating Shakespearean troubadours who brandish mandolins and an incomprehensible sense of humour. "But soft, here follows excellent foiling. Oh, thou hast heard it."

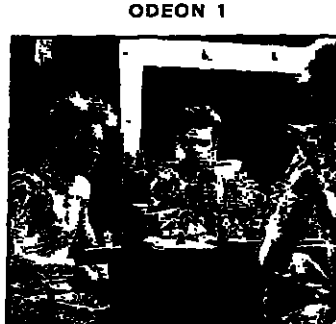
And so never more can it be said that the arts of music and comedy get on about as well as Gazza and Glenn Hoddle.

Bill Bailey continues at the Palladium, Edinburgh until Saturday. JAMES RAMPTON

Beneath the glitter lies an awful lot of gold

FILM

VELVET GOLDMINE
DIR: TODD HAYNES
ODEON 1



Those glam gender-benders

moreland) and manipulative manager Jerry Divine (Eddie Izzard).

The film is a feast of false eyelashes, feather boas and delicious decadence. However, the refusal to conform to traditional chronology does throw up some problems. After an inspired prologue, which situates

Oscar Wilde as the great grandfather of glam's subversive aestheticism, *Velvet Goldmine*'s narrative scatters in all directions. Slade's relationship with his wife, Mandy, and drug-fueled affair with Wild are compelling. Haynes attempts to imagine an Orwellian Eighties from the perspective of the Seventies less so. Indeed, Bale's journalist, who should provide a thread of continuity, proves one of the weakest links in the film, his parallel journey from suburban repression to glam groupie an extraneous contrivance.

The decade-hopping narrative also allows little room for psychological depth. Given the gorgeous superficiality of the characters, this is not too damaging to the film - although the uneven performances are.

However, despite the flaws, *Velvet Goldmine* is an ambitious and sometimes brilliant musical that captures the mood of its time with spectacular style.

This review appeared in later editions of yesterday's paper. LIESE SPENCER

DAY PLANNER

YOUR GUIDE TO WHAT'S BEST AT THE FESTIVAL AND FRINGE

10AM

CHILDREN

10.10-11.45 Circus Workshop. Try your hand at the unicycle, tightrope and bed of nails, all under expert supervision. Magic Carpet Theatre (venue 82), 117 Nicolson Street (S67 2TJ). To 31 Aug.

12 NOON

THEATRE

12.00-1.45 Joy. Futuristic thriller. Abbottford Scott (venue 103), 18 Morningside Road (A47 122). Price £4 (£3.50). To 22 Aug.

1PM

THEATRE

1.50-3.05 An Immaculate Misconception. A brave new world story of twin births by Carl Djerassi, who invented the Pill. C too (venue 4), St Columba's by the Castle, Johnston Terrace (S25 105). Price £5 (£5). 12-31 Aug.

2PM

THEATRE

2.15-3.45 Letter to a Daughter. A meditation on parenthood written and directed



Peepolykus: deranged comedy

by ex-angry young man Arnold Wesker. With live music. The Observer Assembly (venue 3), Assembly Rooms, 54 George Street. Price £3 (£2.50). Until 5 Sept Not 19/23 Aug.

3PM

DANCE

3.30-4.30 A Moovin' and a Groovin'. An entertainment complete with a chance to

learn to dance. Graffiti (venue 90), on the corner of Broughton and East London streets (S57 8330). Price £4.50 (£3.50). 17, 19-28, 31 Aug.

4PM

COMEDY

4.50-5.50 Peepolykus - Horses For Courses. Acclaimed comic thriller from the deranged school of comedy. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £7 (£6) until 31 Aug.

7PM

THEATRE

7.50-9.10 Jordan (TWO). Shirley Jones is accused of killing her child. Here she tells her story while awaiting judgement. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £8 (£7). 17, 19, 20, 23, 24, 26, 27 Aug.

COMEDY

7.50-9.15 Jenny Eclair is Mrs Nosey Parker. A curtain-twitching new solo play, an ideal showcase for the brassy standup. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £8 (£7). 17-31 Aug (not 25).



Peter Kay: Channel 4 winner

8PM

COMEDY

8.15-9.15 Mark Doherty - Fascinating Things. Unique, surreal standup. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £7.50 (£6.50). 17-20, 23, 25-27 Aug.

9PM

COMEDY

9.30-10.30 Chris Addison. The star of Channel 4's "Gas", straight from touring with Jenny Eclair. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £8 (£7). 18-20, 23, 24, 26, 27 Aug.

COMEDY

9.35-10.35 Peter Kay. Stand up from the host of BBC 2's "The Sunday Show" and winner of C4's "So You Think You're Funny Award". Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (S56 6530). Price £8 (£7). 18-20, 23, 24, 26, 27 Aug.

10PM

THEATRE

10.15-11.45 Rupert Street Lonely Hearts Club. Bittersweet play by Jonathan Harvey. Bedlam Theatre (venue 49), 11b Bristow Place (S25 8831). Price £6 (£4). 12-22 Aug.

12 MIDNIGHT

MUSIC

12.00-3.00 Club Graffiti. Amsterdam's New Cool Collective. Graffiti (venue 90), corner of Broughton and East London streets (S57 8330). Price £3/£5 (£5/£7/£8).

TICKET OFFERS

Take a copy of today's Independent to one of the venues below.

The Pleasance (venue 33): 5 pairs of tickets: 20.15-21.15pm: Andy Parsons.

Southside (venue 16): First three tickets bought on the day are 3p each. 16.30-18.30pm: The Threepenny Opera by Bertolt Brecht. Music by Kurt Weill.

Calder's Gilded Balloon (venues 36 & 38): 5 pairs of tickets for both shows.

Calder's 2: 12pm-13.00pm: The Devil in Miss Jones.

Calder's Studio: 15.00pm-16.00pm: Argentina 78 - The Director's Cut. Homage to the legendary Scotland manager, Ally McLeod, 20 years after his, er, finest hour in Argentina.

Does evil make good art?

A photographic exhibition of Nazis in the movies – a work of post-modern irony or another attempt by a gallery to get shock headlines and punters through the door? By Tom Lubbock

A letter from the Photographer's Gallery, earlier this month: "Dear Gallery Supporter, You may have come across some news reports regarding our forthcoming exhibition, *The Nazis*, by Piotr Uklanski. I am writing to reassure you of the Gallery's considered position and that we are not mounting this exhibition to cause a sensation, or to cause any offence to any part of the community, in particular the Jewish community. The Gallery has no intention of glorifying the evils of Nazism or becoming a magnet for neo-Nazis."

Oh dear. But you get the picture at once. It's one of those situations galleries find themselves in. Protesters arrive which might have been foreseen and everyone groans – naturally, no one's seen the show – then public statements are issued making such extravagant declarations of innocence that reassurance is the last thing achieved, and the wording always goes away. Their "considered position"? What could their unconsidered position conceivably have been? Was there a moment of madness when becoming a magnet for neo-Nazism was on the agenda?

Artists only imagine outrage as a kind of spicy aesthetic resource; a bit of hot stuff to toy with

A year ago, a similar statement was circulated by the Royal Academy. The cause then was Marcus Harvey's painting, *Myra*. Of course, it would have been difficult for the organisers of *Sensation* to have claimed persuasively that they were "not mounting this exhibition to cause a sensation".

Nevertheless, they too managed an awkwardly ringing affirmation of what ought to have gone without saying: "The Royal Academy shares the universal public revulsion at, and abhorrence for, the crimes committed by Myra Hindley and Ian Brady" – though going on to add, by way of defence, with a phrasing that was remarkably negligent or mischievous: "The painting, *Myra*, is a terrible reminder of the horrors of which human beings are capable."

Still, the painting was displayed – and picketed, attacked, repaired and displayed again behind security glass and under guard. At the time, many were reminded of a yet earlier incident. In the 1994 Whitechapel Open, Jamie Wagg had shown an enormous photographic blow-up, *Shopping Mall*, derived from the video images of James Bulger being led along by the boys who killed him. That also, despite protest, stayed on view.

Contemporary art rows abound, but this is a class apart, quite distinct from human-body-part rows, or religion rows, or I-don't-call-that-art-rows. The protection of moral landmarks is involved. Some established evil seems to be being glorified or trivialised by art. Outrage. Naturally, on these occasions one tries to stay calm. But often the only alternative to outrage is weary irritation.

I mean, those art galleries, what do they want? They're always up for being confrontational, provocative, challenging and disturbing. But at the first sign of trouble, they immediately



Stars as Nazis, once an essential part in any leading actor's portfolio – clockwise from the top: Omar Sharif, Dirk Bogarde, Jerry Lewis, Oliver Reed, Richard Burton, James Mason, Piotr Uklanski

stately run off, saying: "didn't mean it, not really, you got us all wrong." Or then, those artists – they just don't think the world exists, do they? They only think the art world exists. It's not so much that they're out to outrage. It's more that they simply don't imagine that there are people who really could feel outraged. They find the reaction in its normal form unreal. They only experience it as a kind of spicy aesthetic resource; a bit of hot stuff to toy with and be cool about.

These are fair enough points to make. But actually, the distinctive element of this particular art row is media imagery and how we take it. That's where minds divide. Some look at *Myra* and see a famous murderer magnified, and are disgusted. But others, more ready with media studies' savvy, look at it and see something quite else: a famous representation of an iconic image of female evil periodically trundled out by the press for knee-jerk moral fits.

So when people called Harvey's use of this image insensitive or exploitative, there was an obvious reply: and what about the tabloids, has their use of it been so sensitive then? Haven't they been mercilessly trifling with your affections for the last 30 years, and did you ever bother to complain about that? You react as if this police mugshot were a holy image being stolen by profane hands, and as if Hindley were a madonna. And so she is, really; an anti-madonna.

Seen like that, I think the painting becomes potentially more than just provocative. The point of rendering the dreadful icon using kids' handprints could have been to redeem the reality of a crime from its heady mythologisation. But I don't think it worked that way. The painting's enormous size – "terrifyingly powerful" as was stupidly remarked – made it too ironic about, too complicit in and too enthralled by the lamentable power of the mythic mugshot. Incidentally, it's startling how the current Adidas ad-posters make a straight visual steal from *Myra*: black and white heads rendered in foot-prints. Surely they don't want the connection? Or maybe they do? Maybe contemporary art controversy plus horrifying crime has a certain chic.

And *The Nazis*? The publicity seemed to promise a show of very cool irony, dubious moral brinkmanship and a dose of what Susan Sontag called "Fascinating Fascism". Indeed, the catalogue quite quivers at the thought of these handsome, masculine stars, all wearing a uniform that "has attained a certain dark glamour; a look which has been sexualised, fetishised, Nazi chic... They are looking their very best. They are dressed to kill. The effect is uncanny: provoking in the viewer an uneasy sense both of repulsion and attraction".

Good grief – but also, it's quite off the mark. Doubtless it was this excited language that mainly provoked the protest, and perhaps the writer hadn't yet seen the work either, because the

The catalogue quite quivers at the thought of these handsome stars in a uniform of 'dark glamour'

show's nothing like that. It may be insensitive, but not in that way.

It's a joke, obviously funny. It's hardly about Nazism at all except as stage villainy in war films. It's a joke about cinema and acting. Here, in rows, are 100 large stills of top actors – Brando, Mason, Burton, everyone – straining to personify evil: monocles, scars, cigarette-holders, brutish rage, icy sadism – no cliché is missed. Half are black and white, but half are in garish colour, which de-cools it further. It's all exhibited in the Gallery's busy cafe. I don't see neo-Nazis, sadomasochists, or anyone finding dark glamour there.

Culture-buffs, however, may be drawn. The show sheds curious side-lights on post-war cinema: at one time, no male actor could have a Hollywood career without playing a Nazi, including notable nice guys and comics such as Sinatra, Roger Moore, Terry Thomas and Buster Keaton; stars may play Allied grunts, but they only ever play Nazi officers.

But, of course, behind it all there's a blasphemous bathos joke – a laugh at the absurd gulf between these movie portrayals and what they pretend to portray, but also at the very enormity they so signally fail to imagine. Insensitive? Sensitive? Blasphemy is always both. What it mocks, good or evil, it recognises too. It's certainly a more sensitive response than any "uneasy sense of attraction and repulsion" – though it's curious that no gallery would offer it as an artistic justification. The question about *The Nazis* should be how seriously it blasphemes. The worst thing would be if, through forgetting, such blasphemy couldn't be aroused at all.

Piotr Uklanski – *The Nazis*: Photographer's Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, London WC2; until 12 Sept; free admission.

Manhood up against the wall

INDEPENDENT COLLECTOR

JOHN WINDSOR'S GUIDE TO BUYING AFFORDABLE MODERN ART

ARE THESE the West's most beautiful penises? Sara Davidmann decided it was high time that Western art started using men, and not just women, as objects of beauty and desire.

Her *Wall of Wangers*, Part I of *All That Glitters* – 88 life-casts from more than 50 males – is an attempt to turn the tables by putting male bodies in the voyeuristic context usually reserved for females.

There is nothing at all anti-male about it. She has adorned and decorated the plaster cast "wangers" (it is an inoffensive American word) with brightly coloured fabrics, diamanté, tassels, mirrors and metal fragments, glitter and paint, to make them seductive and resplendent.

"The work is intended as a celebration of maleness," she says: "I wanted to present the male form without crudity in such a way that no one could deny that it is beautiful."

Which is all very confusing for those of us brought up to believe that women do not eye up men in the same leering way that men eye up women. Women are after inner strength, not surface appearances, aren't they?

Davidmann is not so sure. Besides beautiful penises, she makes 88 by 88 montages of 20 to 30 photographs of naked, fat men on transparent film that she adorns with glittery fabrics and translucent cellophane.

of 88 male responses to a female artist advancing on their exposed genitals with a handful of cold, wet plaster. Some are expectedly erect. Others appear to be covering. "I have to be quick," says Davidmann.

And women's responses? When the *Wall of Wangers* was shown at the Atrium Gallery in Whiteleys, Bayswater, this year, the management relocated it away from its original spot next to the baby changing-room. Nursing mothers, it was thought, had seen quite enough of that kind of thing for the time being.

Davidmann is 44 and, having taken university degrees in fine art, spent two years apprenticed to the New York minimalist sculptor Carl Andre. His pile of 120 bricks, *Equivalent VIII*, had caused a public outcry in 1976, after being bought by the Tate Gallery.

She is no minimalist: her penises are highly decorative, but their arrangement in a grid echoes Andre's repetitious formats. Her *Part II Wall of Wangers* will also have 88 penises, this time more closely ranked and in more noble colours – gold and silver. A sort of rising aristocracy.

Davidmann bought much of the glittery fabric and jewellery in Pakistan and Turkey. Beyond the West, decorating body parts as art is not half so strange as it is here. The anointed, flower-decked lingams of Asia are a prize example. So is the



These are no Adonises, she says, but they have "fascinating bodies and wonderfully curved stomachs" that, with the addition of sumptuous trimmings, look "utterly splendid, very, very beautiful". She hopes that people will be transfixed by them – and then start questioning whether only thin can be beautiful.

Take a good look at her penises. Does their beautiful form transcend their rampant sexuality? Perhaps it does. But the average male will be hindered in engaging in Davidmann's conceptual boundary-breaking by the traumatic thought that here is a true-life record

Catholic sacred heart – she saw many versions of that during her travels in South America.

Prices: the *Wall of Wangers Part I* is for sale as a whole, at around £25,000. Individual, decorated penis casts, which she makes for males known to her range from £150 to £300, depending on decoration (not size).

Sara Davidmann (0181-674 6361). The *Wall of Wangers* will be in the Well Hung gallery's Christmas group show: 39 Ledbury Road, Notting Hill, London W11 (0171-727 1357). Next week: Aimee Cattrell's glass heart and lungs

The last act of an emotional volcano

IT'S A long and winding road down which the final measures of Elgar's Third Symphony – as assembled, elaborated, imagined by Anthony Payne – eventually disappear. There's no knowing where it ends, when it ends, if it ends. It is, and always will be, open-ended. The last music we hear is martial, the weary vestiges of a once-proud Empire advancing and then retreating towards an uncertain future.

Actually, it's not quite the last music we hear: just when you're thinking that the rest might indeed be silence, a fade to black, Payne introduces – as if by accident – a faint, faded remnant of the symphony's opening motif – a chivalrous motif itself drawing upon the past to reinforce the future. So past and future are briefly reconciled. But the circle

doesn't quite close. A hollow tam-tam stroke echoes and re-echoes from somewhere deep in Elgar's subconscious. It is finished, but it doesn't end. One question is answered with another. And so ends Payne's masterly "elaboration". "No one would understand... no one... no one," said Elgar from his death-bed, instructing his friend and confidant W H Reed to burn the "bits and pieces" (130 pages of sketches) which constituted the unfinished symphony. But somebody did understand.

And the depth of Payne's understanding can be gauged from those closing pages. In alluding so poignantly to that terrible unrepeatable thing called childhood (the advancing-retreating march idea comes from the extraordinary movement "The Wagon Passes" from Elgar's *Nursery*

PROMS
RICHARD GOODE
BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
LONDON

Suite) he has tapped into something very dark and distant in the composer's psyche. The whole symphony sounds and feels like a throw-back to it. This is no assemblage, this is a composition. And at the risk of suggesting that Payne had what one might call "a Rosemary Brown experience", there is no question that his total immersion in these sketches and all that preceded them has enabled him to think and feel like Elgar. Yes, even to second-guess him. And even where the seams of "completion" show most (in

the first movement, where I'm still not entirely convinced by the development) there is a sense in which this entirely "new" Elgar – sparer, darker, more elliptical – is a departure from all that has gone before.

Hearing Payne's elaboration "in context", as it were, so soon after performances of the other two symphonies (the Second just two days before in a glorious account from Leonard Slatkin and the Philharmonia), served only to intensify that feeling. We are about as far removed from the ethos of the First Symphony (or indeed the Second – as witness the opulent Edwardian splendour, the communal tragedy of its *Marche funebre*) as Mahler's Tenth is from Mahler's First. The Mahler parallel came upon me most forcibly watching Tadaaki Otaka conduct the Elgar First

a couple of weeks back. The "formality" of his manner concealed a passionate inner-life. Rather like Elgar himself. Outwardly the fine, upstanding English gentleman; inwardly, an emotional volcano. If he'd been born Austrian, he'd have been called Mahler.

And Mahler stalks the *Adagio solenne* of the Third. Not so much in manner (though the reach of the very first interval suggests Mahler about to embark upon one of his celebrated adagios) as emotional instability. Elgar wrote that the opening bars of this movement would "open some vast bronze doors into something strangely unfamiliar". It's true, we've never passed this way before; we may never pass this way again. But thanks to Payne's intuition and daring – a daring that honours Elgar's

unpredictability – we are close companions on the journey. So close that the public and private Elgar are almost indistinguishable now.

In one of the finale's most dramatic ideas, a full-throated, eminently hummable (and staunchly English) tune is memorably transformed into something darker and more personal than you could ever have imagined possible. If there is any Payne in this moment, I don't hear it. Watching and listening as Andrew Davis and the BBC Symphony threw themselves so wholeheartedly into this Prom premiere over six decades after the BBC first commissioned the symphony, one could not escape the feeling that somehow or other it had been with us all along.

EDWARD SECKERSON

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Can you fight cancer and the medical establishment at the same time? By Jeremy Laurance

Building a better life in the shadow of death

When Marina Ricciardi was told she had melanoma, the aggressive form of skin cancer, she decided to take on the medical establishment and use every means, alternative and orthodox, to defeat the disease.

She embarked on an extraordinary odyssey that cost her more than \$100,000 (£33,500) in the four years before her death.

Her search for a cure took her to clinics in Mexico, Los Angeles and the Dominican Republic. She tried the Gerson diet, a challenging regime requiring rigorous self-control, in a clinic that charged \$500 (£157) a day. At a second clinic, she drank wheatgrass juice until it made her retch.

In January this year, when she was clearly dying, she went to the Institute of Magnetic Therapy in Santa Domingo which charges thousands of dollars for a treatment devised in Russia to destroy the cancer cells with magnetic waves. Her mother, Mirella, said: "If we hadn't had friends, I don't know what we would have done."

Tests revealed no sign of cancer. She was a completely changed person - she had escaped from the jaws of death. We began to breathe again

From early childhood, Marina was a willful and opinionated girl. When cancer struck she insisted on taking charge of her own health.

Her mother said: "I was struggling alongside her for four years while she tried to go the alternative route. Now we have lost her I have begun to question so many of the things that we were convinced about. Even she had to admit that she had taken a calculated risk and lost. In one moment she burst out crying 'It's not my fault, Mummy, if I'm dying.'"

When the small dark mole on her foot was diagnosed as melanoma in 1994, Marina's doctors advised that the lymph nodes in her groin should be removed to reduce the chance of spread. She reluctantly agreed. She was a dancer and musician, living

in San Francisco, and feared the effect on her legs, which she had been warned might swell. She was admitted to hospital and prepared for surgery.

But as she was being wheeled towards the operating theatre she leapt off the trolley and ran down the corridor and out of the hospital, crying: "I know I mustn't do this. It's wrong." For Marina, then aged 33, it was beginning of the end.

She was brought up in Kenya, and the family has homes in London and Europe, but she had moved to San Francisco where she had become a Buddhist and joined the alternative movement. She was learning to do healing massage.

By the time her mother arrived to join her at the beginning of her four-year battle against the cancer, she had amassed a vast quantity of information on alternative therapies and treatments.

With her mother, she went to the Gerson Institute in Tijuana, Mexico (it is not licensed to operate in the US) which charged \$500 a day. Mirella said: "There are incredible stories of hopeless cases who have been given up by doctors and who have been cured by the Gerson Institute. They boggle the mind. But in order to succeed you have to follow this incredibly difficult diet. If you don't stick to it to the letter for two years, it doesn't work."

Marina stuck it for three months. The diet involved preparing and drinking eight ounces of freshly squeezed juices every hour on the hour and four "horrific" coffee enemas each day, to "de-toxify" the body, plus regular injections of liver extract and hormones.

"She did it as if she was going to war," said her mother. "I have never seen anyone bite the bullet as she did. Then one day she rang me and said: 'Mummy, we have licked it.'"

"Hospital tests had revealed no sign of the cancer in her blood."

The remission lasted almost a year. Marina visited the family home overlooking the Indian ocean on the Kenyan coast. "She was a completely changed person. She had escaped from the jaws of death. We all began breathing again," her mother recalled.

Marina returned to San Francisco and her life took off. Then, one evening in April 1997, the phone rang in the Ricciardis' Kenya home. Marina had been for a hospital test and the results showed that the cancer had returned. "She was screaming on the phone 'Mummy, it's positive.' I will never forget that



Marina Ricciardi searched desperately for a cure for her melanoma

voice. One year after that phone call she was dead."

Mirella flew once more to San Francisco to support her daughter. Although still committed to the alternative route, Marina's opposition to orthodox treatment weakened as her desperation grew.

She underwent experimental vaccine therapy at the John Wayne Cancer Centre in Los Angeles, and also spent three weeks with her mother at the Institute for Optimum Health in San Diego, where they both drank wheatgrass juice and ate raw food.

Tumours were dug out of the lymph glands in Marina's groin, and X-rays showed that the cancer had spread to her lungs. She reluctantly agreed to undergo chemotherapy, but after the second dose

the doctors told her that the treatment was not working.

Her mother Mirella said: "When the cancer returned, it came back with a vengeance. It took off, and devoured her."

By the time she made her final journey, last January to the Institute of Magnetic Therapy in the Dominican Republic, her mother knew it was too late. After three weeks, the institute sent her back to San Francisco and refunded the \$10,000 cost of the treatment.

Mirella said: "I got a fax in Africa saying it had failed and she wanted to come back to Kenya to die at home. Then I got another fax saying she couldn't make it. I flew to San Francisco and there I found her covered in tumours. They were everywhere - on her stomach and on her

neck. But she never lost her soul. She said to me one day, 'My body is collapsing but my spirit is soaring.' But two days later she said: 'Mummy, I don't want to go.'"

Marina died on 15 March, 1998, having planned her own Hindu funeral and cremation. She gave each member of her family and her friends *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, telling them: "I am just moving on."

From the start of her illness, she had been determined to prove the Western doctors wrong. Although the alternative therapies failed to defeat the cancer, she remained in control of her treatment.

Her sister Amina said: "Marina died with some dignity. It didn't work, but in the end it was not as bad as it might have been."

Let's see more women wield the knife

A QUIET revolution has taken place in the NHS over the last 20 years. It may be termed the feminisation of medicine. In some ways it could be more significant than all the managerial and market reforms of recent decades put together.

In the last 10 years the number of women hospital doctors has risen by 72 per cent. They are still in a minority, accounting for one in three of all hospital doctors, but that is a striking improvement on the situation a decade ago when they accounted for only one in four.

Increasing numbers of women are also moving into the top career posts. The proportion of consultants who are female has risen by almost half in the last decade, from 14 per cent to 20 per cent. In five specialty groups, including paediatrics, obstetrics and surgery, the number of female consultants has more than doubled in a decade.

That is the good news. The bad news is that hospital medicine remains a male-dominated, macho profession where performance on the golf course and in the locker room may count as much as in the operating theatre.

Take surgery. It is true that the number of female consultant surgeons has more than doubled in a decade, from 75 to 180. But before you applaud, consider that male consultant surgeons number more than 3,800. The women account for less than one in 20 of the total.

This is worrying for every patient faced with an operation - and not just for reasons of gender politics. Unless more women are recruited to surgery, standards will inevitably decline.

Simple arithmetic shows why. Women account for more than half the number of students now admitted to medical schools and the proportion has been above 40 per cent for more than a decade. If surgery draws on only half the student pool - the men - then the quality of its recruits is bound to fall relative to those specialties that draw from the whole pool of talent.

There is another reason why women are needed in surgery. In some specialties, such as orthopaedics, which involves the manipulation of large bones and joints, it has been thought that a degree of physical strength was required which would be beyond most women.

That is almost certainly another macho myth - but we will let it pass.

More importantly, modern keyhole surgery, which requires dexterity and good hand-eye co-ordination, is more akin to sewing than to carpentry and may in fact be better suited to women, who often acquire skills in fine hand movements from an early age.

There are some signs that women are becoming more interested in wielding the surgical knife. At the junior doctor level 22 per cent of surgeons are women, but by the

HEALTH CHECK

JEREMY LAURANCE



The bad news is that hospital medicine remains a male-dominated, macho profession

time they become specialist registrars only 9 per cent are female. The rate of attrition is high.

Seven years ago the Royal College of Surgeons established a specialist unit to encourage more women into surgery, but it has had limited success.

A spokeswoman said that it took a minimum of seven years to train a surgeon.

"We have moved from a very poor situation 10 years ago to one that is not quite so poor," she said.

The lack of a role model is felt keenly by women surgeons who are struggling to make an impact in a world where male values prevail.

"It is the loneliest feeling in the world when you are operating alone late at night on a patient who is rapidly going downhill, and the anaesthetist looks at you and asks how long you are going to be," said one female surgeon. "Everything hinges on you. You go to bed wondering whether you have done all right, and if next morning the patient is doing badly you take it all on yourself."

Senior surgeons like to see people with the "right stuff" coming up the ladder, and patronage is important. Playing golf with the consultant is recognised as something that junior surgeons do to further their careers.

Women, on the other hand, are more often patronised - seen as someone who can provide the male surgical staff with tea and the patients with tea.

Although opportunities for part-time training have increased, most women medical students fear that a career in surgery will be incompatible with motherhood and a normal domestic life. More provision needs to be made for women doctors to train and work flexibly. They also want to be valued more highly for their skills, not just seen as a shoulder for the patient and their relatives to cry on.

Therapy comes to the rescue of the me generation

THE SPREAD of therapy is often put down to self-indulgence but the truth is simpler: more people are in need of it.

Depression has risen three- to ten-fold (depending on which studies you believe), even allowing for our greater tendency to talk about our problems. Compulsions such as alcoholism, illegal drug abuse, eating disorders and gambling have mushroomed. The number of crimes of violence against the person recorded by the police rose from 6,000 in 1950 to 253,000 last year, only partly caused by increased reporting. Given that three-quarters of violent men are depressed, and half of them abuse drugs or alcohol, this is also indicative of the rising tide of misery.

But how else, apart from being more numerous and prone to seeing therapists, would the depressed, compulsive or violent patient of 1950 have differed from a patient today with the same symptoms: the depressed mother with small children, her alcoholic husband or her violent brother, all of whose presenting symptoms would be identical in either era? In what ways are we

really different beings, in our thoughts and emotions?

The short answer is that today's patient has much higher aspirations and a greater drive for individualism, both often contributing to their ending up on the couch. One of the most important surveys showing this, by Joseph Veroff, compared answers to identical questions asked of 2,000 Americans in 1957 with 2,000 in 1976.

Whereas in 1957 the tendency was to see yourself in a role - a wife or mother, or in terms of your class or educational background - even in 1976 you were likely to describe yourself using psychological words (eg "introspective", "outgoing"). This was especially so among the young, who placed great emphasis on their uniqueness as a source of satisfaction.

Inflexible moral concepts, such as good and bad, right and wrong, were far less likely to be used to define self or others in 1976. Intimacy and relationships were regarded as the prime cause of both satisfaction and unhappiness. Both problems and successes were attributed to internal, psychological aspects of

self rather than to external ones, such as social roles.

There was a substantial increase in emphasis on achievement and power-seeking as work goals. Long before the term "wannabe" was coined, young people had become much more aspirational. They relied on work as a hoped-for source of satisfaction, especially young women. But in this they were often disappointed.

Whereas 38 per cent of young women in 1957 had said they were "very satisfied" by their work, only 29 per cent reported this in 1976. Both sexes reported "wanting more satisfying work" and "lack of achievement" as sources of dissatisfaction but especially young women (13 per cent reported work as a major cause of dissatisfaction in 1957 compared with 25 per cent in 1976). There was also increased conflict at work, and more competitiveness and distrustfulness, which Veroff put down to "the constant pressure for more individualism, more achievement and more evaluation of performance in comparison with others". Veroff also made explicit the possible

OLIVER JAMES

BRITAIN ON THE COUCH



Today's patient has higher aspirations and a greater drive for individualism

effect of raised aspirations, especially among the most privileged groups: "In the process of becoming very ego-involved in work, the more educated come to expect too

much from that role. Do they develop such high expectations for individualism through a job that job gratification may be possible only in rare settings?"

Although dissatisfied by her job, 1976 woman also rejected the traditional female role. Given the choice, more women than men would prefer to be "excellent" at their work role than as a spouse or parent, and would work even if they did not need the money. There have been numerous other comparative surveys like Veroff's, extending the evidence to the present, with similar results. Female dissatisfaction with both the role of homemaker and their job prospects is rife.

A recent British survey found that career aspirations were outstripping job opportunities at an alarming rate. Of the 18-34-year-old single women, 55 per cent wanted management responsibility and 67 per cent sought "greater possibilities for advancement". Yet, despite these high hopes, fully 42 per cent reported no promotion opportunities in their present jobs. These statistics are a classic recipe for relative

deprivation: high wants and sense of entitlement, yet poor prospects of their fulfilment.

In 1991, an international survey of 85 leading European analysts of social trends showed that they regarded increasing acquisitiveness, increasingly high and specific aspirations and increasing individualism as the key trends in their countries. Trends such as the decline in the birth rate, and studies showing that much higher proportions of people now approve of keeping possession of a lost article found in the street, were taken to be signs of increasing self-interest and desire to look after number one.

In reviewing this body of evidence, one authority concluded: "People have become more demanding. Consequently, pay is not enough: people today - and especially young people - expect work to be interesting and well paid."

Along with these differences in values, today's patients are also more likely to have suffered a number of traumatic childhood experiences that were rare in 1950, such as divorce (up from 12 per cent to 40 per cent) and

parental alcoholism. But change in values is probably the most significant cause of the increase in unhappiness, not changes in child care alone.

Do therapists, listening to their Bridget Jones or Woody Allen patients, bear these crucial changes in mind when evaluating what they hear? I suspect not. Most practitioners have been trained in a highly individualistic tradition.

Therapists must help their patients to develop more realistic expectations, rejecting the *Cosmopolitan* or *Loaded* magazine type in favour of the reality of what they are individually capable. Sifting through the media diet of junk consumer individualism and helping patients to find the unique potential that each personal history represents should be a major component of therapy.

These issues will be discussed with Oliver James at a public seminar in London on 26 September. Tickets from the Institute of Group Analysis (0171-431 2693), 1 Daleham Gardens, London NW3 5BY

July 11th 1998

MEDIA

Digital television is poised to offer hundreds of new channels. But what will they show? By Jane Robins

Coming soon to a screen near you – weather-porn

Television weather is about to undergo a transformation. In addition to the sight of Suzanne Charlton ushering in cold fronts from the Atlantic, viewers are shortly to be subjected to an outbreak of documentaries on tornadoes, hurricanes and floods.

These are the core subjects of a new genre that, in practice, can include anything to do with nature that is dramatic, earth-shattering and a suitable subject for a Seventies disaster movie. "Weather-porn", as it is known, also embraces programmes on volcanoes, earthquakes, meteors and dinosaurs.

The genre is far more than the latest television fad. It is typical of the new programming that is being concocted by television bosses to fill the dozens, and, in the case of Sky, hundreds, of new channels about to be introduced on digital television.

These programmes, under the collective banner *New Television*, are about making television finances stretch further, and programmes cheaper, without any huge decline in programme quality – a tall order.

Already, Channel 4 has produced its *Raging Planet* series, and ITV, along with its prime-time *Eye of the Storm* programme, has come up with a set of documentaries with the titles *Savage Skies*, *Savage Seas* and *Savage Earth*. Channel 5 had an early success with *Asteroid*.

Audiences like weather documentaries, and say they want more programmes like them. When the media-buying company Western International asked people what they wanted from digital television, it discovered them to be far more hungry for new documentary and nature channels than for football, cricket or golf.

Also, they are cheap to make and ideal for "reversioning", a new programme-making technique that is taking off as fast as weather-porn itself.

Under a reversioning deal, a British television company invests in a programme along with several overseas co-production

partners – each buying the rights to show the programme in their part of the world. It differs from a traditional co-production agreement in that, in the old days, the British company would usually keep all the programme production in house, in order to maintain production values and ensure that the finished programme appeals to a UK audience.

With reversioning, though, the investor can be more arms-length. Usually, an American company will go off and make the film on tornadoes, volcanoes or whatever, and then return a rough-cut to the British editors, who will customise it. The advent of digital editing allows the UK television company to make the changes relatively cheaply.

Sara Ramsden, commissioning editor for science at Channel 4, sees a lot of potential for the expansion of reversioned weather-porn on UK channels. "Everyone is interested in volcanoes," she says. "And these films have a long shelf life. You know that if you make a dinosaur documentary now, it will still be possible to sell it to a dinosaur channel in 2020."

Most important, though, is the finance side. "In the past, companies have been prepared to put in the megabucks towards an individual programme. Now everyone pays a little bit to have a slice," says Ramsden. "In ball-park terms, we can now make a £300,000 programme for about £40,000 – over 10 programmes, that can save a significant sum."

Tim Gardam, head of news and current affairs at Channel 5, is a pioneer of reversioning. It is a technique that has allowed him to come up with well-received documentaries on a tight budget.

Asteroid was a good example. Gardam took possession of an essentially American programme, containing some scenes that might have appeared slightly ludicrous to a British audience – such as an elaborate reconstruction of a news bulletin about an asteroid on the point of hitting earth. "It didn't work for a British audience," he says. "So we took it out."

For just a few thousand pounds, the British editors can put a new commentary on an American programme, change the story-telling style, and slow down the pace. "It is a different approach to programme-making," says Gardam. "It is collaborative and about sharing ideas, not about possessing them."

But reversioning has its downside. In general, it is only possible for subjects such as the weather, which are culturally neutral and have a big international market. Indeed, some television executives are starting to wonder whether the technique may produce a concentration of politically safe programming.

"You only get the funding because these programmes do not offend anyone," says Sara Ramsden. "When you try to do a deal on programmes that ask difficult questions, the money is simply not there." She cites the Channel 4 programme *Why Men Don't Iron*, which looked at the genetic basis of gender behaviour. "There was a lot of nervousness about it, and we couldn't get co-production money."

It's a criticism that can be held at bay all the time television executives use the money they save on reversioned programmes to invest in the questioning journalism that can be done only in house. So far, both Channel 4 and Channel 5 have done exactly that, but few doubt that the pressures for wall-to-wall cheaper programming will increase once the new multi-channel systems are launched.

The BBC, too, is busy reversioning programmes for multi-channel outlets. At *Tomorrow's World*, for instance, a different form of the technique is being developed. Each week the half-hour programme is converted into *Tomorrow's World Plus* which, with commercial breaks added, manages to fill up an hour on the new UK Horizons channel.

On a tight budget, the producers of *Tomorrow's World Plus* add into the original programme a chunk of material from the 34-year-old archive, get a researcher with a sophisticated



TV programming will have to weather dramatic changes

Image Bank

video-camera to do a short up-date film, and have a presenter do a little slot about the viewers' letters.

The remaining question is: is this padding? A spun-out programme that has

brought down the quality of the *Tomorrow's World* brand? Or is it simply offering the programme's fans more of what they like? The viewers will judge.

In the meantime, the main effect of

reversioning is the plethora of programmes about turbulent seas and skies. The search is now on for another internationally popular subject that lends itself to the technique.

THE WORD ON THE STREET

FANS OF the surreal comic Chris Morris have been short-changed. A recent episode of *Blue Jam*, aired at 1am, was cut short by a sharp-eyed Radio 1 editor. Mr Morris had delivered a tape for broadcast that contained an extra item, not previously agreed with Radio 1. Because of his past history of messing with broadcast tapes, an engineer decided to play simultaneously a previously recorded tape. Towards the end of the show, the sound of the Archbishop of Canterbury's voice at the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales came on air. The engineer quickly faded to the pre-voiced tape. This means we have yet to hear Britain's greatest satirist on the subject of Britain's greatest unexploited satire target. The diary would be grateful to hear from anyone who has such a valuable piece of our comedy heritage.

NICE TO see Paul Johnson back in the, er, saddle. As it were. After months of absence from the *Daily Mail* after he was exposed as an adulterer who likes to be spanked, his column has started to reappear regularly. For months, his only missive had been an innocuous piece. Now he's back, we look forward to hearing again about the strength of his marriage



and the strength of his religious and moral convictions. In fact, we'll be making a point of looking out for them.

IN THE future, not only will everyone be famous for 15 minutes, but everyone will have a personal publicist. Caroline Aherne, the troubled comedienne who plays Mrs Merton, emerged from the rehab clinic, The Priory, earlier this month and issued a press statement. As you do. It said: "It's lovely to be home and I especially want to thank everybody for their love, support, cards and flowers. It's touched me so much. I've realised I am an alcoholic and I am now in the process of starting my recovery." While the Word

on the Street has every sympathy for someone at such a difficult time, and admires her openness, we note that this was faxed to every newsroom in the land. It could set a worrying Nineties trend: the celebrity confessional by fax.

THE *DAILY* Telegraph has been known as the *Hellograph* by *Private Eye* for some time, but even regular readers of the paper were amazed to see so much space given over to a naked Anthea Turner last week. She and her snake were played across page three in a way that could have killed off colonels right across the Home Counties. In fact, one or two wrote or phoned in to complain

about the paper's tabloid news values. The *Hellograph* gave the lottery presenter even more space than *The Sun* did.

ALL THOSE "Camp Clamper" headlines about Ray Brown (pictured), the traffic warden from the BBC soap doc *Clampers*, have clearly done the man's career no harm. Having been accused of making it up for the camera anyway, he will now do so for the satellite channel Gay TV. He is to host the channel's version of *Blind Date* – *Gay Mate Date*. He promises to ask contestants how the sex was on their night out.

POOR OLD Tina Weaver. The *Mirror's* deputy editor was offered the pictures of Prince Harry abseiling. She decided not to use them, on the basis that they would infringe the Prince's privacy and she might get her knuckles rapped by the Press Complaints Commission. The *News of the World* daily snapped them up and the resulting furore about the Prince's safety swamped any talk of intrusion. The *Mirror* had to follow the story the next day, using the same pictures. Welcome to the post-Diana world.

ANALYSIS PAUL MCCANN

It never rains but it pours...

GLASWEGIANS BELIEVE that it rains all over the world during the second two weeks of July because that is the date of the annual "fair fortnight" – when the whole city traditionally went on holiday. Looking at July's ABC figures, "It always rains for the fair" seems to be a publishing truth almost as much as a Glasgow legend.

Out of 20 daily and Sunday nationals, 14 papers lost circulation compared to June, but the really worrying thing is that the same number lost sales compared with July last year. This might be accounted for by a lousy British summer sending more people overseas, but with the daily market selling 240,000 fewer than last year and the Sundays selling 700,000 fewer, it must have been a very good year for Thomas Cook.

The only quality paper to buck this year-on-year trend was the *Financial Times*. The pink paper lost 10,000 sales month on month, but is almost 8 per cent up on July last year. This may offer a crumb of comfort to the rest of the newspaper market because the *FT's* sales are the ones most insulated from vagaries in the British weather and holiday season. This is thanks to an overseas sale of around 150,000 out of its 350,000 total.

In all, the quality market is down by 65,000 copies a day compared with July 1997, an average fall of 2.28 per cent. Month on month the broadsheets fell by 44,000 copies a day, a drop of 1.57 per cent. This fall was greater than the tabloids' monthly fall of just 0.18 per cent, or 19,000 a day, so it seems the tabloids weathered the end of a home interest in the World Cup better than the broadsheets. Both television ratings and newspaper sales were buoyed in June by an unprecedented interest in the 8-nats. Oh, to have been a French newspaper publisher.

Daily Star's extensive redesign earlier in the summer has done little to protect it from the seasonal slump and it is the fastest falling tabloid both month on month and year on year. Indeed, the *Star* and *The Express's* joint tabloid market share are now a full five points behind that of the *Daily Mail* on its own.

In the Sunday market, *The Observer* stayed above the 400,000 mark by a grand total of 747 copies. The newspaper has in effect lost 30,000 sales in the past six months of experimentation with the form of the Sunday newspaper. Its new editor's return to straightforward news journalism, rather than feature-based articles, is none too surprising.

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION

Daily newspapers	June 1998	July 1998	% change
<i>The Mirror</i>	2,340,080	2,375,064	+1.49
<i>Daily Star</i>	574,086	557,243	-2.93
<i>The Sun</i>	3,701,447	3,678,152	-0.63
<i>The Express</i>	1,133,356	1,123,172	-0.90
<i>Daily Mail</i>	2,312,168	2,345,794	+1.45
<i>Daily Telegraph</i>	1,066,875	1,063,216	-0.32
<i>Guardian</i>	400,005	391,238	-2.19
<i>Independent</i>	224,559	220,968	-1.60
<i>Times</i>	769,742	751,274	-2.40
Sunday newspapers			
<i>News of the World</i>	4,165,320	4,201,864	+0.88
<i>Sunday Mirror</i>	1,970,869	1,976,934	+0.31
<i>Sunday People</i>	1,716,906	1,726,184	+0.54
<i>Mail on Sunday</i>	2,182,294	2,234,040	+1.90
<i>Express on Sunday</i>	1,033,241	1,027,365	-0.57
<i>Independent on Sunday</i>	255,664	250,968	-1.84
<i>Observer</i>	403,300	400,747	-0.63
<i>Sunday Telegraph</i>	833,678	827,896	-0.72
<i>Sunday Times</i>	1,320,265	1,297,990	-1.69

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SPECIAL REPORT: AMERICAN NETWORKS WOO BRITISH COMICS

Me and Mr Bobo's booze

Boothby Graffoe, stand-up comedian, went to Los Angeles to talk about making a TV show. Here is his diary

Monday 21 July 1997

9.45pm
I am on the tenth floor of the Park Hyatt Hotel in Los Angeles. They do not know I am here. I am hiding. I wonder whose room it is?

Tuesday 22 July

2.13am
There is a man on the telly who killed his partner by drowning him in a vat of cheese. Americans are weird. I sat in a room today with about 15 of them. Only two of them spoke, five of them were taking notes. I think the rest were there for feng shui. One of them stared at me all the time. Maybe that was his job.

The one that talked the most looked a bit like Sid Caesar. I didn't say much. I tried a couple of funny jokes and they just stared. A woman did laugh. She had too much hair and every time I said anything she peed herself. One time she started laughing before I got to the punch line. Just before I said the very funny part she was rocking back and forth in her seat and slapping her leg as if she was trying to get a vein up. A few others sitting around her started to laugh so I pretended that was it and didn't say the end of the joke. I'd love to hear her try to tell it.

Anyhow, she likes me. I met my manager after the meeting with Fox to find out how it went. Weird how I was actually in the meeting, and I have to ask someone who wasn't there how it went. The manager was his usual evasive self. "They hated you," he said. What about the woman with the hair? I said. She loves me. "Of course she does," he said. "She's your lawyer."

7.35am
Turns out she's on 7.5 per cent of anything I earn. She wasn't laughing loud enough.

Wednesday 23 July
12.06pm
Wednesday has not been good, but it was Tuesday's fault.

4.14pm
Met NBC an hour after Fox. There

were even more people in the meeting with NBC, at least 25, maybe even 30. It was like playing the Gullity Pea. They laughed at all my funny jokes and the hotel just moved. Jesus! What sort of country is this? They build high-rise hotels on wobbly ground.

9.34pm
Point four or something on the Richter scale. Hardly got a mention on the news. They were more concerned about the man who drowned his friend in cheese. I swear the newsreader just said the man's case was being processed. These people are way ahead of me.

11.30pm
So, Fox are fed up. They feel as though I have wasted their money and time. Then, an hour later I meet with NBC. NBC sit around on low, comfortable chairs. Fox sit around a big table. NBC have a bowl of sweeties. There are no sweeties in the Fox office. Well, there are, but they're not in a bowl. They're in an Armani suit, sitting opposite, staring.

As usual I have to wait until after the meeting to find out how it has gone. My manager is waiting outside. He has raised the flap of skin around his neck, so he is either happy, or suspects someone may be trying to steal his eggs. He is happy. The meeting with NBC went so well that Fox now love me. They heard about it before I did. It seems that Fox don't want me as much as they do not want NBC to have me.

Saturday 26 July
1.30am
My lawyer gave me a lift back to the hotel. I noticed she only laughs at my jokes when there are other people around. Both Fox and NBC have made offers. Fox felt they had first refusal because they paid for the trip over. I said I felt better about NBC because I wasn't over-keen on Rupert Murdoch's politics. She said I'd probably be happier with NBC then because they were part of General Electric. The biggest single arms



'Studios send fruit and booze baskets, networks don't. That's the only way I can tell them apart so far'

Geraint Lewis

manufacturer in the entire world. Who says Americans have no sense of irony?

3.09am
Me. It was me. I say it all the time.

Monday 28 July
5pm
Both Fox and NBC have made offers and baskets of fruit and booze have begun to arrive at my hotel room. One of them addressed to Bobo Graffoe. I like that. NBC are prepared to spend all that money, and they aren't really sure what my name is. I forgive them though, because their basket has the most booze in it. The one from Fox Studios is mostly wood shavings, a couple of bottles of Miller Lite, and a tin of Captain Treacle's New England Sweeties. They are obviously trying to make up for the lack of sweeties in their

network office, but it is too late. Whosoever sent the booze-laden hamper has won my hand in marriage. I have drizzled the very nice vodka stuff and the weirdy liquid in the blue bottle. Ooh, don't feel well...

Tuesday 29 July
10am
I am beyond hangover. I have fallen off.

10.30am
Today we start meeting networks. The difference between studios and networks is confusing. Studios send fruit and booze baskets, networks don't. That's the only way I can tell them apart so far. I don't feel well. NBC seem like the best deal to me. They're more relaxed, the people in the meetings don't seem as paranoid about losing their jobs as they do at Fox.

Jobs are delicate here. If you back a turkey you lose your job. If you pass up the turkey and someone else takes the turkey and turns it into Christmas dinner you lose your job even more. Fox had clearly finished playing with me and put me down. NBC toddled over and picked me up. Fox saw this and came and snatched me back. Baby children.

12.20pm
I talked to the manager about what we should do. He was down by the swimming-pool, basking. I told him I was ready to sign with NBC. It had been a difficult decision to reach as Fox had been very kind and really looked after me, apart from the premium economy bit, but NBC had impressed me more with their commitment to produce a quality programme we could all be really proud of.

12.22pm
Signed with Fox.

12.30pm
Well, they offered more money. They say they're going to pay me thousands of dollars and all I have to do is not work for any American TV company, except them, for a whole year. I am considering asking them to backdate it as I've never worked for any American TV companies ever.

7.30pm
When I got back to the hotel there was a note from the concierge. The concierge wrote apologising because he had delivered a basket of fruit and booze intended for a Mr Bobo Graffoe, the Indonesian champion wrestler, to my room by mistake. Mr Graffoe was arriving later so could he have it back please?

Home videos of public tragedy

MERE SECONDS after the bomb exploded in Omagh, there were people on hand with video-cameras filming the scenes of devastation. Graphic images of people, shocked and bleeding as they fled the scene of the blast, were soon on the television news.

One video, being shown repeatedly at the weekend, captured the injured lying in the street before the emergency services could get to them. In one scene, a video-camera user films another video-camera user as he films the devastation. Increasingly, eyewitness footage is captured by members of the public who neither help nor escape scenes of tragedy, but simply switch on their video-cameras.

Some are motivated by money, although most channels claim to pay only a token amount.

Michael Wilson, news editor of Sky, which showed amateur footage in the aftermath of the Omagh bomb, said: "We are offered a lot more material than we actually use, but when there is a really big story, it helps to be able to show the first moments after the incident."

"We pay good money for good pictures but sometimes we don't pay at all. I'm fairly sure that we didn't pay for the footage of Omagh."

A spokesman for the BBC said there were strict guidelines governing the use of amateur footage.

"We are very careful how we use it but it does mean you can show things that you would not normally get."

"Some people are motivated by money but others just want to share the film that they have got. We have no standard rates of payment but it would certainly remain in three figures rather than four."

While news editors are coy about what they pay for pictures, there is money to be made in having a video-camera handy. One young woman, who filmed a hijacked Boeing 767 crashing into the sea, later sold the footage for £40,000.

Given the high-speed nature of electronic news media, once video footage is available, it starts to be used by news media all over the world. Wire services buy it and distribute it, newspapers take video grabs off the television screen and the value of a tape can quickly mount up. Whatever the owner of the tape was originally paid, it is likely that it is the news organisation which buys it from them that knows how to make real money from it.

Such "witness films" can make up an entire, voyeuristic programme and real money can be made from these "footage shows".

In America, the Fox network has made the genre its own by taking the funny home video show to its logical extreme. It airs programmes such as *When Animals Attack* (Paris I and II), *When Disaster Strikes*, and *Cheating Death: Real Near Death Encounters*.

These shows are filled with video-camera footage of people falling off buildings, getting run over by cars, burning, drowning, and, of course, getting partially devoured by animals.

Fox airs these programmes at 9pm on Monday nights, right in its peak viewing schedule, so the genre is not just late-night cheap fillers. The network pays well, and given that it uses the film months after the disaster, the owner of the footage is usually by then more interested in money than just getting the news out.

KATE WATSON-SMITH

Comedy in Canada: it's no laughing matter

The Montreal Comedy Festival makes Edinburgh look like a Buddhist love-in. By Julian Barratt

I USED to think that the Edinburgh Festival was too television-industry-oriented. Too many producers, not enough art. Herds of comedians dancing for a paying mob of hungry television people. Me, naked and bedraggled, raging forth from Arthur's Seat at the superficiality of it all. Then I went to the Montreal Comedy Festival and was roundly slapped out of my illusions.

Montreal makes Edinburgh look like a Tibetan festival of inner light: a beautiful and languid gathering of artistic souls, indulging in the free and open exchange of ideas (imagine white-robed comedians drifting around smiling at each other in a futuristic way).

In Montreal things are more blatant. All the comedians stay in one hotel, called the Delta. The Delta bar is the after-gig booze and schmooze for all the producers, comics and agents. It is a kind of hell.

One evening, as I was drinking with a friend, a passing agent noticed the fellow I was with, paused and then, in a serious tone, announced "Hey! Great face", as though my friend's face was something he was working on. He then offered his name, some company acronym and a limp hand (in that order), all the while scanning the room for more

important people. This was to be the first of many Hollywood handshakes.

A British manager was telling me that he had been approached in Montreal by an American with a project and asked if he had a "piece of talent" that would fit. A piece of talent. A piece of ass. A portion of product. It was odd to become a piece of talent for a week. To be hartered over even while you're within earshot.

After perfunctory hellos your agent and the interested party move about two feet away from you. Suddenly you are being talked about in the third person.

"How old is he?"
"Got a good few years in him yet."
"Yeah. Can he act?"
"Yessie. He can do most anything he puts his mind to."

The American turns to me and appraises me again. I feel like Mandingo.

It was in fact quite thrilling and novel to be so brazenly objectified for a week. But I was always leaving, and never had time to take it seriously. Any longer, and I would have had to have started swinging at people with a wooden club.

The competitive basis of the whole festival makes for a divisive atmosphere. You gig. The agents bite or they don't. You walk away with a



Julian Barratt in agent-tempting mode

Andrew Buurman

clutch of business cards or you stand around with your manager till the bitter hopeless end, desperately trying to look as though you could not care less whether anyone were interested in you or not. It took me straight back to school discos.

It was a tribute, however, to the British comics' style that, even in the midst of such a Babylon, they still found time to enjoy themselves on stage and not sell out.

At one club there was a house

band, a sort of Letterman-style arrangement. Acts were punctuated by a seamlessly slick funk outfit called the Cherry Pickers. I was standing at the back with daytime's Tim Vine. Every time an American comedian came on stage they did the same thing. They'd announce their name and then, indicating the band, say: "Let's hear it for the Cherry Pickers." The audience, without fail, would break into rapturous applause. We were killing ourselves.

Tim went on later, half-way through his set, which was going well. He looked over at us and said: "Let's here it for the Cherry Pickers." The audience applauded Pavlovian style. The British comics at the back were on the floor. Obviously the irony was lost on the audience. But it was at that moment that I felt an extremely rare feeling of national pride.

In Montreal you have to be on your guard at all times. In the lift, by the pool, at breakfast, the most unlikely person could be the ticket to your very own three-camera sitcom. In the elevator going back to my room, two comics get in and stand with their backs to me. I sense a tension in the air, we ascend in silence for a few floors, then one of them suddenly explodes: "F***in' LA pricks!!!" Suddenly they turn to me, panic in their eyes, wondering who they might have insulted. They clock my laminate British. Relieved, they get out. I carry on, and it dawns on me that Hollywood has arrived. After that I tended to avoid the Delta bar. Far too scary.

At Montreal comedians do six-minute slots. An hour is unheard of. When I mentioned to Americans that a lot of British comedians aim at doing an hour-long show in Edinburgh I was met with puzzled pity.

The attitude was, why make the suit without first showing the sample?

I did a gig at a great venue called Club Soda. Backstage an incredible man approached me with a clipboard, dwarfing me with his massive width. "Hi, Julian, welcome to Montreal. I'll be looking after you backstage here at Club Soda, you'll be on stage at around about... - he squinted at his clipboard - "7.48." Such precision. "You'll do six minutes. At five minutes thirty a red light comes on. At six minutes it starts flashing. At six minutes thirty we fade the microphone volume down. At seven minutes I come on and take you off stage personally." He laughs. I smile weakly. He slaps my back and crunches my shoulder with a burly paw: "Go get yourself a deal, Julian!"

After a series of gigs where I was met with baffled stares, I eventually managed to iron out the culturally specific references in my act and started to get into the swing of things. I had to cue the audience into the irony a little more boldly than I do in England, but it worked, and I started enjoying the gigs. I shook many hands and took many cards. Expect to see me soon in an obscure corner of some late-night cable schedule as Baines, the trookie English butler.

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Let's clear away the anxiety



Don't panic. The higher education Clearing system can find you that place of study. By Tony Higgins, chief executive of UCAS

Clearing. The very word seems to strike terror in prospective students, their families and teachers. It's what the press so often call the annual scramble for places at university or college. UCAS calls it something else: part of the application process when students still without places, following the publication of examination results, are matched to vacancies on courses.

There is no reason to be terrified by Clearing. It really does work and, provided prospective students have a little patience, are prepared to be flexible, do not panic and, when necessary, act decisively, there will be a place at university or college for them by the start of the academic year.

Recent research, conducted on behalf of the Educational Counselling and Credit Transfer Information Service (ECCCTIS), which received some press coverage a month or so ago, suggested that, because students who went through Clearing were disappointed with the process, then Clearing does not work. That, of course, is a quite facile conclusion because, by definition, the vast majority of students who go through Clearing have not made the offers of their first or second choices at Confirmation and are, by definition, going to be disappointed at not having gone to their preferred university or college.

Rather, it is better to acknowledge the statement made in the report on student drop-out, commissioned by the Higher Education Funding Council for England. It noted, with some surprise, it has to be said, that there was no greater disappointment or drop-out rate among those who were admitted through Clearing

than those who had got in to university or college via the more measured route throughout the whole of the applications cycle. Perhaps we should not wonder at this, because those who are admitted in Clearing are taking decisions on what they wish to study after they have their qualifying examination results and when, by definition, they are more mature and more secure in the knowledge of what they would like to do than when they first filed their application a year earlier.

The Dearing Report into higher education recommended the introduction of a system in which candidates apply after they have their examination results. This has since been supported not only by UCAS but also the Committees of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, the Standing Conference of Principals and the Government. Whether the time constraints imposed by the current examination timetable and the start to the higher education academic year will ever permit the introduction of a post-qualification applications system remains to be seen.

Certainly, those admitted in Clearing do have a second and later bite at the cherry. I recall a couple of years ago two headlines appearing in the national press: "Clearing works - almost too well" and "Good news for A level students". Clearing is obviously a worrying time, not only for applicants but also for the higher education institutions who are wanting to ensure that they can meet their targets. Basically, the procedure is that anybody who is applying *de novo*, ie after 30 June, or anybody who has failed to make the required grades at GNVQ or A level, or anybody who is not holding an offer, is sent a Clearing entry form by UCAS. The applicant should then

take advice from school or career staff about future options. A different subject? A different kind of course? A different kind of institution? Re-sit examinations? Take a year out and re-apply?

The applicant then needs to consult the official vacancy lists in *The Independent* and contact the admissions staff at any university or college which he/she has researched and is apparently still offering places. It is vital that it is the applicant who contacts the institution and not the doing parent. It is the student that the university or college wishes to admit and not mum or dad. If the institution sounds impressed with the student, then it will probably ask him/her to send the Clearing entry form for consideration. Note: it is important that the original is sent and not a copy. This is to ensure that applicants are not dealing with more than one institution at a time and playing one off against the other.

It will be interesting to see whether Clearing will be different this year from previous years. Throughout the applications cycle, leading to entry in 1998, there have been forecasts of massive decreases in the numbers of applicants, particularly in those coming from the lower socio-economic groups, because of the Government's decision to introduce tuition fees from the academic year 1998/99, and to change the methods of student financial support by the eventual abolition of the maintenance grant. So far, all those forecasts have turned out to be incorrect. In other words, demand has been as buoyant this year as it has in previous years.

What we now need to look for is whether that demand will be translated into students. There are those



Good news or bad, Clearing can be an anxious process for those chasing university places

Ed Sykes

who suggest, using anecdotal evidence, that large numbers have applied for a place at university or college without being certain that they will necessarily take up the place offered. Those predicting doom and gloom say that when students are faced with the realisation of paying tuition fees, they may withdraw their application and try to go straight into employment. Time will tell, but so many forecasts

this year have turned out wide of the mark that it would be foolish to make any predictions at this stage.

I had one pet theory that there would be an increase in applicants this year wanting to take a year out so that they could secure a place for entry in 1999 but then spend a year working to save towards paying their way through college. Quite the reverse has happened: there has been a fall in applicants for de-

ferred entry of 16 per cent.

The universities and colleges may face an unusual challenge this year. There have been very wide fluctuations in application rates between institutions, with some having considerable reductions and others considerable increases. It has been noticeable as to how many former polytechnics have had large percentage increases this year.

These pluses and minuses appear

to be quite random across the country so it may well be that the strategy of comparing themselves with others adopted over the years by individual institutions might this year be invalid. Whatever happens, can I urge calm on all those involved, whether it is directly, such as applicants, parents, teachers, advisers, universities, colleges and UCAS, or peripherally, such as commentators and politicians.

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